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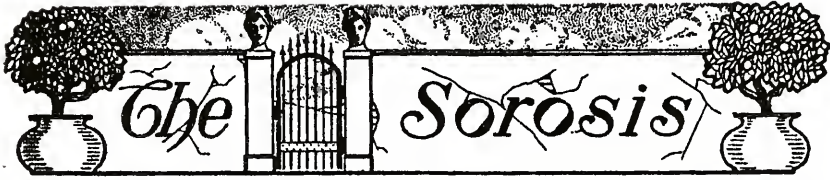






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Vol. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 1.

### THE SENTINEL

Emily Kates, '18

Alone, standing sentinel,  
Here on the mountain side,  
I, the green fir tree,  
Guard fields and valleys wide.

I love all kinds of weather,  
Storm and sun are alike to me;  
Swishing and sagging, swaying and sighing  
With a heart bold and free.

Once other trees grew with me,  
Here on the mountain side;  
When the winds bellowed and wailed,  
Frightened they drooped and died.

But valiant and dauntless still,  
I withstand all weather;  
I cling to the rock and live  
Ever, forever and ever.

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### THE PLACE AND FUNCTION OF THE MODERN HIGH SCHOOL

Leila Hill, '16

The place and function of the modern High School may be taken up first in its relation to the grammar school. For a long time the grammar schools and the high schools had a common aim, not in that they prepared the student for a higher educa-



tion, but in that they prepared for life. During this time there has been a pronounced break between the grammar and the high schools. Modern educational ideas tend toward the bridging of this gap. This break has been made prominent by the change in subject matter in the two schools; the different methods of discipline, the change in the school building and the change in the pupil. The six-six plan has been proposed to bridge this gap. By this plan the grammar school period would cover six years and the high school six. Thus the high school subjects would begin in what was formerly the seventh grade and there would be a gradual transition to the upper school. The six-six plan is gaining in favor, but has not yet established a firm foothold for itself. There is an ever-increasing tendency to lessen the gap by introducing some high school subjects into the grades and by doing away with graduation from the grammar schools, a custom which makes the pupil feel that he has completed his education and is not merely prepared for obtaining a broader one.

Secondly, the place and function of the modern high school may be taken up with reference to higher institutions of learning. For a quarter of a century it has been generally conceded that the secondary school should prepare for college. However, there has been a growing opinion that it should do more than this, that it should prepare for life. Comparatively a small percentage of high school graduates enter a higher institution. Therefore, the secondary school should prepare this majority for the places that they shall fill in life. The Committee of Ten reported, in 1893, that the secondary school should prepare for life as well as college, but its belief seems to have been that the subjects that prepared the student to continue his school were the ones that best fitted him for his life in the world. A tendency is growing more and more toward the practical. Commercial and trade courses are being introduced into the high schools for those students who, either from choice or lack of means, cannot continue their education beyond the high school period. These courses contain a curriculum consisting of about half of cultural subjects and half of those that will give them practical knowledge of the work they choose to do. The present

question is whether or not the higher institutions should not accept a pupil who has creditably completed any four years preparatory course, although he may not have the required credits in foreign languages or some other cultured subjects.

That the introduction of these practical courses into the high school curriculum has been meeting the needs of the American youth has been shown by the ever-increasing percentage of attendance at the secondary schools. The student, who has not the means to enrich his mind by a higher education, may get in the modern high school that training and practical knowledge that will fit him to become a good citizen and to fill his place in society.

The introduction of vocational guidance into the high schools tends to direct the student into that place which is best fitted for him and also may prevent a foolish choice of courses which will afterwards be regretted.

Thirdly, the modern high school may be considered in its relation to the pupil. The first function of the high school is cultural; that is, in giving to the student the best in literature and art that has existed. Cultural subjects also have a practical value in giving power and incentive but their main significance is in cultural worth. These subjects are included to a certain extent in all the commercial and trade courses. Along with cultural goes the practical, those courses that train the pupil in actual acquirement of skill for life use, aside from the transference of skill that comes from the cultural subjects. The function of the high school is also to give attention to the physical, as well as the mental, development. This is done by the which athletics and physical culture finds in the school. At the secondary school should teach the student self-control. Through the discipline of the school he should learn self-discipline and his place with regard to other members of society. The secondary school should give inspirations. Here is the place where the great wealth of world culture is opened to the youth and from it should be grasped the spirit which has moved the best minds of other ages. It is in the secondary school that the student discovers that his desires and abilities are for his per-

manent place in the world and it is the function of the school through those who are closely connected with the pupils, to assist him in his self discovery. The introduction of commercial and trade courses brings with it a respect for labor. It is a problem of the modern high school as to how there may be prevented a feeling of separation between the commercial and the academic departments. Rousseau believed that every youth should learn a trade, not that he intended to use it, but that it gave him a respect for labor. So the contact with those in the commercial courses should tend to give this respect.

In high school the student is also trained in habits of study. By the disciplinary character of the curriculum and by the regularity of the school system, the average pupil should acquire habits of study and exactness that will be of service to him throughout life.

Aside from all these things the modern high school gives a moral training. By the ideas of fairness and justice learned in athletics and by the contact with instructors whose influence extends in many ways, by the discipline of the class room and the contact with others, the student gets an idea of the correct morals, although at this age he cannot be expected to have any definite code of ethics.

Fourthly, the modern high school has a place and function in society. The object of all education is to prepare for complete living; that is, to increase the efficiency of each individual to the fullest enjoyment of his powers, that he may realize his place in society and may enjoy his work and his leisure. Today education is a conscious and purposeful effort on the part of society to produce better citizens. So the modern high school aims to prepare each pupil for the place he must fill in society and for his service as a citizen of the state—in other words, it trains him for the world.



## EAGLES MERE

## "THE CHARLEY HIKE"

Helen Pardee, '17

(With apologies to Tennyson)

"Come to the hike on the Blue Arrow Trail:  
See Nature's true beauties on mountain and dale."  
Thus the announcement read,  
" 'Twill be by Charley lead; "  
Charley, the bell-boy in the summer hotel.

Most of the girls of our cottage at once  
Planned to be ready to go with the bunch.  
What mattered cold or rain,  
Some people's certain bane?  
Sweaters and raincoats appeared after lunch.

Down by the lake shore and ready to go,  
Eighty-four girls gathered all in a row.  
The little steam launch at hand  
Bore off the happy band,  
Took them across the lake where breezes blow.

Half a mile! Half a mile! Half a mile more!  
Down the steep mountain side tramped eighty-four;  
All in a single line  
Through fern and fragrant pine,  
Every one happy and eager for more.

Stopped not by brook or fence, deep woods they  
sundered,  
Past Panther's Den and Rock Glen though it  
thundered.  
Blue Arrows to right of them,  
Straight path in front of them,  
Yet spite of all of them, somebody blundered.

## THE SOROSIS

Charley was leading the line at the head,  
 Some farther back stopped for pictures, they said.  
 Rustic bridge, rippling brook,  
 Lovely in snap-shot book.  
 Thus a large part of them got far ahead.

When the trail stopped at the small railroad track,  
 Some followed it and still others went back.  
 Some to Wenonah Falls  
 Hiked spite of many calls.  
 Others tramped on through woods gloomy and  
 black.

Half a mile! Half a mile! Half a mile more!  
 Up the steep mountain toiled small groups of four.  
 Where were their comrades bold?  
 Lost in the damp and cold?  
 All that was left of that grand eighty-four.

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 THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EAGLES MERE

Jane Errett, '17

In June you voted to send certain ones of us to the Eagles Mere Conference, when we scarcely comprehended what we were going to do during those ten days. But since we have worshipped by that clear mountain lake, and gazed across the mountain tops, those days signify experiences from which we have gained such a view of God's mightiness, and of Christianity, as, perhaps unknown to us will enrich future experience. Well known Bible stories, and the texts we had known many years, were reinterpreted as we listened to Miss Conde, Miss Seesholtz, Dr. Fosdick and the other leaders. Then we began to understand that "God is a Spirit," and to know the genuine delight of worship "in spirit and in truth"; and we approached that place, where, for the time we could forget our backwardness, and could sing and talk from the heart.

Nor did these leaders evade disturbing questions; they rather pointed out to us how we might keep our faith in God, not in spite of, but rather because of Science's discoveries.

As we recall these days we want to thank you for the privilege you gave us, of enjoying them and we desire that you may want to, and may be permitted to attend such a Conference.

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## SPECIAL DAYS AT EAGLES MERE

### I. Impressions of the First Day

Ellen Crowe, '18

"Our first Saturday away from home, Pat, and in our Senior year, too, and would you gaze upon it! Rain, rain, rain,—sky gray all over, don't believe it's ever 'gonno fair' as Maggie says. Our hike to Blue Springs all spoiled; no movies to go to. Oh, I wish I were home, Pat, yes, I do. I'd give anything to be back in our kitchen helping mother with the ginger cookies. Just think——"

"Oh, Jude, do keep still; learn to be thankful for what you have. We can go to Blue Springs some other day and, you scamp, you can help your mother with the ginger cookies every Saturday morning next year and you won't have me there, nor these dear old halls, nor those banisters to slide down, nor honorable Mr. James staring at you from your desk, longing to be studied—think of that, Jude, and then, why this is just the day we've been waiting for. You've been ding-donging at me ever since we came to tell you all about Eagles Mere and with all those first night parties, etc., you've heard just tiny bits from those ten happy days; so now, if you're good and promise to cheer up and not interrupt and not eat all of my last layer of R. V. B.'s, why, I'll tell you about the place that's more than twice as nice as Paradise', and you'll forget the rain, mother, and the cookies."

"Pat, you old philosopher, you always did twist the kink out of everything. What would I do without you? Sounds like a man, nicht wahr? Wait till I stick 'Busy' up. Now, fair one, throw me a pillow. All right—go!"

"I said I'd tell you all, but, Jude, I'd have no voice left to



make my speech in Vespers tomorrow night. But, I'll do my best. Now, 'hon', please don't ask too many questions.

"It's an awful trip from here—takes twelve hours—but, oh, you don't mind it a bit. We didn't take the night special for, well, you see, none of us had traveled very much, so we wanted to see the country. So, on June 27th, at 8:15, we left East Liberty Station. There were Helen, Jane, Marjorie, Martha Temple and I. Some of the girls had come to see us off, so it was a gay start. Martie Crandall was to come later. We all sat in a bunch and talked about everything—but our gayety had sort of a jolt at Greensburg, where we were to pick Kassie Keck up. Each one of us scanned the station to welcome her with a screech, but—the train pulled in and out—and no Kassie. Poor 'Mother' Jane was worried most fearfully. We tried to make her forget it but—well, it was pretty hard to do until we prepared to eat. We had a real picnic lunch and everything was mighty good and just like little thoughtful things, we saved some of everything for Kassie, for fear we'd find her along the road half-starved.

"The scenery—we were in the mountains by this time—occupied us most of the afternoon, but, oh, Jude, what do you think? At Cresson, while we stopped, a whole train load of our boys, on their way to Mexico, passed us. It was almost romantic for they waved to us. Wave back? Why, of course, and even 'Mother' Jane forgot her dignity and fluttered her little white 'kerchief to the wind. And the best looking man on the train waved his in answer. At every place we gazed for Kassie, but in vain.

Williamsport is a nice town, but we were glad to get out of it and on to our next change, Halls, no town at all. On the way from Halls to Sonnestown, we were so hot and tired that 'Mother' got out our train letters to comfort us. There was one from Ethel and one from Estell and one apiece from Louise. If they only knew what comfort these brought. What did they write? Oh, nothing much, only—well, it helped.

"And then, the trip up the mountain! Will I ever forget it? It was almost dark by this time. The train—a little dinky one with oil lamps which made no light—was jammed with girls

from all parts of the country. Suppose we'd have made more noise, only we were so tired. Perhaps 'twas better so, for as it was, there was one lonely man who took flight to the baggage car. If we had all known each other—oh, my. Bedlam? Worse, I think.

"By the time we had climbed the fifteen miles up the mountain it was raining—a fine drizzle—not a very cheerful outlook. But what did we care for rain when the first sight that met our eyes as we hustled off the train was Kassie, in her blue sweater and with two huge umbrellas. Glad? Well, you should have seen us rush toward her. We almost upset Miss Conde! The matter? Oh, Kassie had just gotten a little mixed and counted the days wrong and had gone a day early. No harm done, only a slight addition to her board bill.

"We all felt better after our good, hot supper. Then Kassie lead us to our cottage. Yes, weren't we fortunate? And it was the dearest little place, set right among tall, tall trees and right across from the tennis courts. We met the Lake Erie girls who were to live with us—three of them; all very nice, and one with distinguishing initials: Beatrice Virginia Detling!! After our first short delegation meeting we were all glad to get to bed. While we undressed, from away down the street we heard some one's Alma Mater and just as their song died away, out over the mountain air floated the clear notes of 'taps.'

"What's that? Why, Jude, it's the boys calling us, and look! the sun is shining. And when did it stop raining? Too wet for Blue Springs, but we're to go some place else. All right. Ready in five minutes. Poor Eagles Mere. But we'll hook away tomorrow afternoon, Jude, and I'll finish."

## 2. Sport Day

Katherine Keck, '17

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do,' is an old expression, but the proper modification for that expression among our P. C. W. delegation was "to do what you could." Since Eagles Mere's chief feature is the mountain lake, encircled by a beautifully wild laurel path, the chief sports were naturally water sports.

When the first gun fired the signal for the initial boat race, P. C. W. was lined up on the pier to cheer for her friends. Where was our boat—and boatsman? Martie, our “experienced oarsman,” having already undergone several embarrassing experiences in regard to rowing on the lake during a storm, and also in regard to losing an oar-lock in the middle of the lake, we concluded that the safest place for her, on this particular day, was under our protection, on the dock, amid the rooters.

Boat races were worked in relays, as the racing area permitted only room for five boats at one time. Single oar- double oar, and canoe races held our interest for most of the afternoon, as well as Bryn Mawr’s especially noticeable manner of giving its peculiar yells and cheers in the school-room vernacular.

Diving took part of the afternoon’s interest. High and low diving, fancy and plain diving—all were alike interesting and amusing. Most of the girls were unique in their choice of method for the fancy dives. As a bunch of rooters we rooted, but felt the lack of a P. C. W. diver.

An egg race was the next fun for the crowd. Blowing and puffing, the participants tried to swim ashore forcing a hollow egg shell before them. Some stopped, others were completely out blown by the wind, their eggs going off at right angles to the proper course, and still others reached shore safely with their little cargoes.

A tilting contest followed, which, though last, was the most unbalanced part of the whole contest, due to the primary aim of all tilters.

Basketball was a land sport possible for delegations having enough girls to make up a team. Two good tennis courts also afforded much pastime, as well as many covetous desires during quiet hour between two and three o’clock in the afternoon. Ellen and I played together in the tournament but lost 7-5, favoring Cincinnati. Although we were not noticeably proficient on water, nor overwhelmingly successful on land, our enthusiasm waxed strong as far as hikes, drills, picnics, and P. C. W. songs were concerned.



### 3. Sabbath at Eagles Mere Martha Temple, '15

Our one Sabbath at Eagles Mere was one of the pleasantest days of the conference and one that will long be remembered.

At nine in the morning we gathered, as usual, in the auditorium for a few minutes of prayer and Bible reading. These meetings, led by Miss Seesholz, were of the greatest help and inspiration to us every day.

The church service at eleven o'clock was held in the auditorium and the sermon was preached by Dr. Auld, of Philadelphia.

But the meeting which impressed me the most and which I am sure I will remember longest was the vesper service, held out-of-doors at four in the afternoon. Everyone sat on the ground where the afternoon sun threw "long, cool shadows on the grass" and where we were cooled by the breezes from the lake. The whole thing was very informal and the talk given by Miss Butler was very impressive. Her subject was "Sins of the Disposition" and she spoke of how easy it is to hide behind your disposition and to say "Oh, that's all right for some people, but I can't do it. That's not my disposition." She was wonderfully sympathetic and I'm sure her talk went to the hearts of all. After singing several hymns, which sounded especially beautiful out in the open, the meeting was over in time for us to take a walk down by the lake before supper.

The speaker at the evening meeting was Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of New York, who was always received enthusiastically and whose sermon was as good as usual that evening. About the middle of the sermon a very hard thunder storm came up; the lights went out and the rain made such a deafening noise on the roof that Dr. Fosdick had to stop preaching for a few minutes and we sat there in the darkness and sang hymns until the storm was over. Although, as he said, his lecture was "punctuated by punkies" and "illuminated by lightning," this did not have a dampening effect upon our spirits and we went back to our cottages as enthusiastic as ever about Eagles Mere and Dr. Fosdick.

Our Sabbath which had been enjoyable for so many reasons ended with our own little prayer service in our cottage.

#### 4. The Fourth of July.

Marjorie Errett, '19

To have what happened to us at Eagles Mere on the Fourth fully understood and also fully appreciated, something must be told of several days previous.

We were divided into companies according to our states, with one hundred in each company, and were to practice for drills which were to be given on the Fourth in honor of the day. For it was quite a novel occurrence to be there on the Fourth.

We assembled on the lawn near the Assembly Hall, only to find out that the leader was disappointed in her plans and had absolutely no others in her head. She couldn't even direct us. And we could see so plainly the Ohio group quarter wheeling right, etc.

But finally one kind-hearted girl from State College volunteered to lead the best she could and we struggled long and hard and then made arrangements to come back the next day. We did return, but our numbers were fewer and our field of practice had to be given up, owing to a baseball game. However, we did our best, in spite of these drawbacks. Our leader told us to pay strict attention to her and to put lots of "pep" in our marching.

That was the last thing we heard as we marched into the field. We did put all our spirits into it for we had seen some very good drills before us. Some companies wore little red, white and blue caps and others went through strange manoeuvres. We marched in and finally arranged ourselves in four lines of four each, with a space between each group. Then boxes were formed by the second line's quarter-wheeling left, the third quarter-wheeling right, and the fourth moving forward. After the boxes were formed, we all saluted the flag and sang "America." Then came the fifth and last company. Then the report of the judges. We were almost too surprised to get in line and march when we were requested to go and receive the prize, a large flag.

After the drills all the companies marched to the Hall, where the girls were to take complete charge of the meeting. It was a splendid meeting and our company had honor seats. It seemed splendid to see those college girls get up before that large audience and speak in such a lovely way.

After the meeting in the evening we went as usual to our cottage meet after, perhaps, some of us had been at the Jigger Shop and had a treat.

## 5. The Departure

M. J. C.

The sun hadn't been peeping over the hills more than half an hour, when three violent blows on the outside of our cottage woke us out of a deliciously comfortable sleep. It took us several minutes to realize that this was the "rising bell" for the unfortunate girl in our cottage who needs must depart on the six o'clock train. With a thought of sympathy for her, and one of relief for ourselves, we turned over for a short nap, until we who were to take a later train, should again be unmercifully awakened.

Being up and dressed and ready for breakfast at seven o'clock wasn't such a novel proceeding as it may sound, for those of us who had taken long hikes several mornings before breakfast. (This really happened, although we did resort to snap shots of ourselves on those particular mornings, in order to convince some unbelieving individuals that we voluntarily arose before we had to. Even Ellen and Kate were enthusiastic about it—more enthusiastic about the plans than about the fulfillment of them at times.)

The dining-room was a place of hub-bub that morning, with girls scurrying from one table to another for good-byes and fond farewells; and others rushing off before they had finished their breakfast, to make final arrangements about baggage. (Even then, some trunks went astray.)

But at last, in a mighty rush, we reached the station promptly at seven-thirty. But no diminutive mountain train was waiting for us, as we had expected. Instead, our patience was tested

by having to wait about half an hour for it. But the time was well occupied with snap-shots, good-byes, college songs and farewell glances at the glorious little lake surrounded by mountains.

The air echoed with cheers when the little toy train puffed into sight. After a violent rush for seats, and a general confusion of five or ten minutes, the little train started on its winding, woody course down the mountain, amid songs and cheers for Eagles Mere. Underneath this apparent gayety, there was a feeling of regret in every heart that this was the termination of ten of the most wonderful days we had ever experienced.

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### FOR HER SAKE

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

Prince Windischgratz sat before a table littered with dispatches, in the council chamber of the Prague town hall. His eyes were moody, his stern face lined with bitterness, and he leaned his head wearily upon his short-fingered, massive hand. A dusky silence held sway within the large room; but the dull red light that penetrated the heavily curtained windows suggested the glare of a mid-day sun, and through the thick walls came the muffled sounds of a hideous struggle. At times, when the clamour seemed loudest, a cynical smile of satisfaction played about his lips, and his eyes flickered with dumb hate. At last he arose from his chair and striding over to the great window, pushed aside the heavy curtains impatiently. He looked bitterly down upon the clashing throng below, and listened to the clanking steel and the human wails without a shudder, watched the grappling figures without a tremor. For hours he stood there motionless. As the shadows lengthened into afternoon, the turmoil grew less and less, the bullets ceased to hiss and spit, and the horrible cries trailed into silence. The general drew himself up and dropped the heavy curtain.

He clenched his powerful hand exultantly. "And thus," he cried, "I am avenged."

He rang the bell upon his table vigorously. An orderly appeared and saluted nervously.

"Get me my horse," commanded the general tersely.

Without a word the fellow shuffled out. Windischgratz started to walk the length of the room, but paused before Brozik's painting of "Huss before the Council of Constance." He regarded it with a fixed sneer and laughed harshly, "Of such as you, Sir Hypocrite, are the inhabitants of this backsliding country."

The orderly returned and saluted. "Your Excellency, the horse is at the door," he said.

Without answering the Prince strode out into the hall and down the broad staircase to the street door and mounted his impatient black horse. He looked mechanically at the tower clock of Teyn Church, and then rode on. The streets bore hideous witness to the heartlessness of his commands, and his horse trod upon the slaughtered bodies of the people, but the soldier merely stared morosely ahead, and went onward till he came to the Karlsbrucke. The guards saluted him and when he returned their salute stiffly, they cursed him in their hearts.

He crossed and entered the Altstadt. In the distance could be heard a woman's shrill scream. The grim warrior paid no heed. The cries grew louder. "Is some of that canaille still alive?" he muttered. He came within sight of the scuffling group. A stalwart soldier was grappling with a desperate citizen while a woman stood by and screamed wildly. In a moment another soldier came running up, and the first called to him breathlessly, "Shut up that squalling woman."

Windischgratz leaned forward, a satisfied gleam lighting up his cruel face. The second Austrian approached rapidly, grasping for his revolver as he came. A sudden cloudiness came over Windischgratz's vision and a former scene crossed his mind's eye. Once more he stood reviewing his troops in the Prague streets, when there came a sudden cry of warning. Looking up, he saw a man with an upraised pistol aimed in his direction. A shot whistled through the air and in another moment he was standing with the body of his murdered wife in his arms. He opened his eyes with a shudder, and passed his hand over them mechanically. Then he aroused himself.



"Halt!" he cried peremptorily.

The two soldiers stopped in amazement, drew themselves up and saluted.

"Go to your quarters," he commanded.

They hastened away, eager to relate the strange tale.

The poor Bohemian woman fell into her husband's arms crying hysterically, and he clumsily tried to comfort her. Windischgratz looked at them longingly; then he sighed deeply and with bowed head rode quietly away.



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# THE SOROSIS

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PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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## EDITORIALS

Vacation is ended, and the call to return to work is bringing absent ones from mountain and lake, home and summer resort, back to their respective colleges, where, with renewed strength and vigor, they expect to

**END OF VACATION—** pick up the thread of study which  
**RETURN TO WORK.** they willingly let drop in June. With what attitude are we, here in our own College, going to pick up that thread and return to the daily routine? The way we start out will have a vital influence upon

our future work, our fellow students, our College and ourselves. A girl who returns from vacation, eager to begin work, interested in College activities, enthusiastic about helping confused Freshmen start out in the way they should go, is of far more importance to her friends and her College than the indifferent type of girls who returns, uninterested in anything but home affairs, who finds fault, and who begins as soon as she arrives, to count the days until she shall start for home. We all know both types—one girl comes to College for all she can get out of it and all she can put into it; the other comes "because she is sent." May none of us be guilty of coming to College for the latter reason.

Rather let us be broad-minded enough to realize that a little thoughtfulness, a little discretion, a little enthusiasm, rightly placed, will accomplish inestimably valuable results for the good of our College, our friends and ourselves. Try it and see.

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Are you interested in the growth of our College, not only materially but also intellectually? Of course you are, or you wouldn't be here. Although your abilities may vary, each one of you has in her power the real **YOUR OPPORTUNITY** ability to do something to help this growth—something that no other person can do. One thing you all can do, that is stand by your College paper and do all in your power to make it a success. As it is not confined within the limits of our own College, but is read and criticized by people in the outside world, it is the means of forming public opinion in regard to our College activities, our literary ability, and our ideals. Remember it is the duty of a College paper to be representative of the student body.

The editing of such a publication is not for the Board alone. We need the co-operation of each individual. Those of you who can write (stories, essays, poems), can be of value by contributing material; those who are not gifted in that line, can stand by the paper, approving rather than thoughtlessly criticising the articles printed therein. But the opportunity to build up our College paper is shared not only by the students, but also the alumnae. We are always proud of our former students and eager to know what

they are doing; and so, alumnae, remember that "all donations are thankfully received." If sometime you have a few moments to spare, let us know what you are doing so that we may keep in touch with you.

We need you all in the support of The Sorosis. As the efficiency of a wagon depends on the perfect working, not of one wheel or of two, but of all four wheels, so the success of a College paper depends on the harmonious co-operation of not only Board and contributing students, but of Board, contributing students, enthusiastic supporters, and alumnae. However slight your efforts to help may seem to you, do not withhold them, for you have no idea how valuable they may prove. Make use of your opportunity. We will do our part. Will you?

"To all who say you can do but little,  
I would say, 'Do only the little thing that you can.'  
The greatest things have been done  
By the aid of the smallest."

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### THE CLASS OF 1916

A great many of the 1916 girls have entered the teaching profession: Ethel Bair, Braddock Grade School; Frances Boale, Indiana, Pa.; Rebekah Crouse, Sharpsburg High School; Dorothy rett, Carnegie High School; Gertrude Frame and Margaret Lee, Marietta High School; Kathryn Robb, Juniata High School; Grace Woodrow, Substitute in the Pittsburgh Schools; Martha Gibbons, Decatur, Indiana; Alice Greer, Houston Ohio.

Alice Laidlaw is still in the advertising department of McCreery & Company.

Melba Martin is working for the Associated Charities.

Helen Steele is continuing her music under Mr. Whitmer. She and Alberta Bannerot are taking cooking and sewing at the Y. W. C. A.

Mary Stratton is doing volunteer work with the Associated Charities.

Seba South is assisting Miss Meloy in the Social Service department.

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### CLASS OF 1915

Of the Class of 1915, Lorna Burleigh is teaching Latin and English at Crescent, Pa., and Margery Stewart is assisting Miss Butterfield in the Science Department.

On Monday, September 25th, Miss Mary Jeffries entertained the Class of 1914 at a luncheon in honor of Miss Virginia Morris, whose marriage to Clyde Speer took place in the early summer.

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### MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Music Department welcomes as its new director, Mr. Gabriel Lincoln Hines, who comes to us from Swarthmore. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the Institute of Musical Art in New York City. He also studied in Berlin with Scharwenka. Mr. Hines has already delighted us with his playing and we expect to enjoy him equally well as a teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew spent a part of their time while on this summer in looking over the new issues of all the leading music publishing houses, and brought back with them a large number of new songs, some of which we shall expect to hear from the lips of some of our budding young geniuses after a while.

These are the musical numbers from the program of the Matriculation Day exercises:

"The Address of Gitebe Manito" (from "The Peace Pipe").....Frederick S. Converse

Mr. Mayhew

"Prelude in C Sharp Minor".....Rachmaninoff

"Rigoletto Paraphrase".....Liszt

Mr. Hines



## Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. opened at 9:30 Wednesday, September 27th, with everyone of its members bubbling over with energy and proposals for the meetings throughout the year. The influence of the Association, this year, we know, will be at its height, because there are so many more girls to serve in it, and to help it become a more integral part of the great National organization.

October 11th has been set aside for "Eagles Mere Day," when the girls who represented us at the summer conference will bring greetings to us from there.

During the year, there will be a great many different student secretaries visiting us, among whom will be Miss Ruth Pearson. She was formerly Student Secretary of Cornell, but has now become a member of the East-Central Field Committee. Bible and Mission Study classes are also being planned, which will begin in the early winter.

Friday evening, September 22nd, the Social Committee planned a delightful entertainment for the whole College, at which every one had a lovely time. The whole year promises to be as successful as it started out to be, if we all work together for a good time.

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**THE DRAMATIC CLUB**

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club was on September 25th. A great many new ideas for the coming year were suggested, and the remainder of the board elected. The officers for this year are: President, Ruth Gokey; vice president, Elizabeth McClelland; secretary and treasurer, Aline Van Eman; Junior members, Charlotte Hunker and Josephine Paul.

One of the first plays to be presented this year will be another children's play, owing to the wonderful success of "The Silver Thread," given last year.

There will be four meetings of the Dramatic Club this year, at which Miss Kerst and some of the girls will give readings. It is hoped that at one of these the Drama League will be entertained, with Stewart Walker, the originator of the porte-manteau theatre, as a guest.

Let every student share the enthusiasm of the club, and help it grow by swelling the audiences to the doors, and spreading abroad its fame and reputation.

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### OMEGA

The members of the Omega Society opened the year with a business meeting on September 28th. It was decided here that the program for this year will be a study of the drama and the novel at alternate meetings.

It was voted to invite five new members into the club. They are: Winona Sterling, Katherine Keck, Elizabeth McClelland, Elizabeth McKenzie and Virginia Jeffers.

And on October 5th they were all ushered in with the rites and ceremonies due to every initiation feast.

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### THE MANDOLIN CLUB

Under the well-ordered management of Josephine Paul, and the splendid enthusiastic leadership of Dorothy Stoebener, we are looking forward to a year of real sport and enjoyment from the Mandolin Club.

The first meeting of the year was held September 21st. The girls are making their plans on somewhat the same scale as last year, since they met with so much success and encouragement then. Their trips last year included the Heinz Settlement, the Home for the Aged, several church affairs, and social clubs.

This year the programs will be varied. Besides being accomplished along musical lines, the club can boast several members who are gifted in reading and speaking, who will do their part in modifying the programs given.

Three or four of the best girls were lost through graduation, but in number their places have more than been taken by the six new members, whose talent we are anticipating, will overbalance their number.

Every one feels honored to welcome Helen Steele, a last year's graduate, as accompanist again.

To the mandolins and guitars, this year, will be added one or two ukeleles and a Spanish guitar. With such equipment and prospects, the club is indeed fit to vie with the sweetest strains Orpheus ever produced.

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### ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association welcomes the Freshman and Dilworth Hall. We hope they will revive interest in the organization and spur it on to higher goals. The number alone would be a great help if all turned out and cheered those who are participating. Just at present every one is looking forward to the tennis tournament and hockey. If enough enthusiasm is aroused there is a probability of a field and track meet this fall. Girls show us that you have grit. Come out and practice whatever in your line of exercise. Wake up and awaken your neighbor.

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### COLLEGE NOTES

#### Student Government

On Wednesday, September 20th, the first Student Government meeting was held in order to introduce some amendments to the Sorosis Constitution. The amendments were: That the College Notes Editor be chosen from the Senior Class rather than from the Junior Class, and that The Sorosis Staff be permitted to fill vacancies occurring during the year. These amendments were passed in a later meeting.

On Wednesday, September 27th, a meeting of the Student Body was held in which the presidents of all the organizations

and the editors-in-chief of The Sorosis and of the Year Book introduced the organizations to the new students and solicited their enthusiasm and support in the activities of each.

### Matriculation Monday

Matriculation Day for the Freshmen was held on Monday, September 25th, in the Chapel. The service was impressive and inspiring, not only for the Freshmen but for all who witnessed it. It opened with an academic procession led by the Faculty, who were followed by members of the alumnae, Seniors and then the Freshmen class escorted by the presidents of the Senior and the Junior classes. Addresses of welcome were given by representatives of the Alumnae Association, the Faculty, Student Government Association and Young Women's Christian Association, and a musical program was furnished by Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Hines. Dr. Acheson summed up and concluded the welcome address and everyone enjoyed the service and hopes that a similar one may be held for future Freshmen classes.

We have with us several new faculty members to whom we extend a hearty welcome and who we hope will enjoy their work and life at the College—Dr. Lawson, in the Psychology department; Miss Allen, teaching French; Miss Margery Stewart, as assistant Chemistry instructor; Miss Stoess, teaching conversational French. We hope they may find the year at P. C. W. both interesting and profitable.

We all miss Dean Coolidge very much, but we hope that her months' vacation in her New England home will rest her and s. Coolidge and send them back to us strong and happy after pleasant and refreshing absence.

Hurrah! for the dens. When things did not go smoothly last year or when class spirit wavered, everybody was sure that the cause of the trouble was the absence of dens. Now we have our dens again, so everybody ought to be satisfied since the classes are working so hard to decorate their dens. The Senior den decorations are works of art, and everybody is curious to see what the others are going to be like.

## WHEREABOUTS OF THE FACULTY

During vacation Dr. and Mrs. Acheson motored to Kentucky and spent about three weeks there.

After leaving the College, in July, Miss Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge plunged into house-repairing, and now are beginning to "enjoy the fruit of their labors." Miss Coolidge has enjoyed several auto trips in the neighborhood of Boston, Gloucester and Deerfield. We shall be glad to have her with us again, after she has enjoyed a much-needed vacation.

Miss Ely spent the summer in Colorado, motoring about 3,500 miles.

Miss Brownson did some research work at Harvard, and later spent some time at Woodshole, Mass., the center of scientific activity.

Miss Meloy studied at Columbia for six weeks. She also visited friends, in the neighborhood of New York.

Miss White spent six weeks at University of Wisconsin, doing research work.

Miss Green, after studying at Columbia, attended a classic conference there.

Miss Bennett spent most of her vacation at her home, in Cleveland.

Miss Holcomb was at Columbia, and enjoyed a series of lectures given by Prof. Milliken.

Fraulein Randolph spent some time at Lake Carey, and also at Carnegie.

Miss Mackenzie studied music in Chicago.

Miss Craig stayed at home and worked on illustrations.

Miss Abbot attended the School of English Folk Dancing, at Amherst, Mass.



Mrs. Drais was in Michigan for part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew visited in the vicinity of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam spent their summer in the Berkshires, Mr. Putnam chopping wood as a pastime.

Miss Stewart spent her vacation on the Maine coast. On her way back to Pittsburgh, she visited Miss Coolidge.

Miss Llewelyn was at home this summer and "went to the movies every other night."

Miss Marks hasn't had her vacation yet, as summer was the busiest time of the year for her. Our large Freshman class shows the result of her work.

Miss Butterfield spent part of her summer at her home in Vermont.

Miss Brownlee was at the Chautauqua Assembly grounds for several weeks.

Miss Lovejoy was at home during the summer.

Miss Proctor and Miss Hooker also spent their vacations at home.

Miss Allen enjoyed her summer in the woods of Maine.

Miss Lindsay was East for a few weeks.

Miss Marshall spent part of her summer in Kentucky.

We can tell by the favorable condition of Woodland Hall that Mrs. Rowe spent part of her summer here.

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### ALUMNAE NEWS

We are very anxious to have the Alumnae interested in the College and in the school events. The best way to keep posted is to subscribe to The Sorosis. We are always pleased to know what our Alumnae are doing and we would greatly appreciate any items that are sent in.

## SENIOR NOTES

The Eagles Mere-ites are just as enthusiastic as ever. Between breaths, Jane gave us vague hints of strolls through those romantic woods in Carnegie and constant allusions to a dog. We could find no connecting link for these items, but you may figure out for yourself who the lucky dog was.

Our Dutch friend (the real Holland Dutch one, you know) is very fond of the rural districts. No doubt she was continuing her psychological researches among the lower animals. She also favored Chautauqua with a fleeting visit.

Estelle spent a month near Baltimore, not to mention two hours in the village of Baltimore itself. As the train stopped at Gettysburg, she stepped off there for a few days and became acquainted with a certain White family—not a bad sort after you get to know them.

Katherine Keck graced Eagles Mere with her presence in order to recuperate she spent the rest of her time at a ... whose cognomen was "Duodecius Yune." If you don't understand the French, consult Miss Keck.

You have heard of Ada's house-keeping, haven't you? When Leah went down to sample it and, being very much impressed, she returned to her paternal domicile and washed the breakfast dishes twelve times with a copy of "Epictetus" propped up before her. She is on the way to recovery.

Miss Martha Crandall, of Warren, Pa., was the guest of Ruth Gokey, of Jamestown, N. Y., at her summer home on Lake Chautauqua. Miss Gokey promptly repaid the compliment. Miss Crandall also looked in on Eagles Mere, just to see that things were going according to schedule. We hear she was the "experienced rower" of the crowd.

Martha made a tour of Ohio and also stopped at ... burg for a few days. When approached on the subject, she refused to give any more particulars. You want to watch ...

"Dot" spent a month in Atlantic City and the month preceding getting ready to go. She can also qualify as a first-class chauffeur, guaranting to give you all the thrills of pole-climbing and fence-vaulting. Contrary to her custom, she did not attend summer school.

We called on Louise several times but she was not at home, so we were forced to interview her on the telephone. She said the children were all well and as good as gold, the dear things! She assured us that by the diligent use of cold cream she had kept the freckles away. Poor Louise, she'll never look the same.

Helen Bowman visited Valeska Jarecki, on Lake Eric, and declares that she learned how to swim. We won't believe it hough until we see it. It is rumored that a wild automobile running around town. If found, please return to Miss Bowman as it is really her property, having escaped from her in a of absent-mindedness.

Helen Pardee had a wild time at Eagles Mere. She was spoenaed to court the other day, but we'll all stand by you, den, no matter what happens.

We are very sorry to lose Jo Herald and Louise Kindl, who ave gone to Western College, Ohio. What will we do without our tennis champions? We shall also miss Dorcas Beer, who is aving a marvelous time in California.

Ruth Law spent the summer at home, where she became te expert in house-keeping. If there is anything you want know about this art, just consult Ruth.

Betty McClelland spent two exciting weeks in Toledo, Ohio, visiting a Wellesley cousin, which experience made her thankful that P. C. W. is her Alma Mater.

Edna Balsiger spent two weeks in the country, where she with the little birds and gamboled with the lambs.

erie paid several visits to Pittsburgh and spent some a house party, the nature of which she refuses to divulge.

Kate MacKenzie surprised us all by spending eight weeks at the University of Pittsburgh. Kate will be a regular student yet, if we don't watch her. After that experience she took her camp-fire girls on a camping expedition, where she lost her pocket-book and almost her mind.

Dorothea Eggers spent five weeks doing play-ground work on the North Side. If the Sophomores would like to know of any games with which to amuse the Freshmen, just apply to Miss Eggers. Games suitable to all ages.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that the eminent author and lecturer, Miss Elizabeth B. White, has published three books during the summer. The titles are "The Social Anthropology of Electro-Chemical Reactions," "Personal Relations Between Napoleon and Richard the Lion-hearted" and "German Myths as traceable in Moliere's Plays." These are among the best sellers and may be obtained at any time at Henrici's. Outside of this, Miss White did some really serious research work at the University of Wisconsin.

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### JUNIOR NOTES

The jolly Juniors are together again in their palatial and artistically decorated den. To be sure, a few modern luxuries such as wall paper and draperies will be added in the near future, but the absence of these has not prevented us from bestowing our full affection upon it.

Most of our members spent a most profitable and pleasurable summer doing nothing in the morning and resting from it in the afternoons.

A few staunch souls such as Esther Evans aided humanity under the auspices of the playground directors.

"Dot" Minor labored nobly for the welfare of The Sorosis during the month of August.

"Betty" Sheppard returned a trifle late from a summer of camping in Canada.

Ellen Crowe, we are very glad to hear, will join us the second semester. She enjoyed a pleasant vacation at Eagles Mere.

All of us regret very much that Gertrude Bradt has moved to Duluth, Minn., and will be unable to keep on with our class.

Charlotte Hunker has been elected in Gertrude's place as business manager of the Year Book.

Helen Leitch, as our secretary, will have the privilege for the next year of writing the Social and Otherwise Notes of the Junior Class.

Betty McKenzie is the treasurer of our vast finances and is sinking under heavy financial responsibilities.

Molly Davidson and "Dot" Minor have been appointed official cheer-leaders for our class activities.

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### SOPHOMORES

Eva Weston had a delightful summer touring by automobile. Part of the time was spent at the Delaware Water Gap.

Henrietta Leopold was at Wildwood, N. J., this summer.

Eleanor McEllroy had a wonderful time at Bedford Springs.

Mary Crawford spent the summer at Binghampton Farm, not far from Pittsburgh.

Since June, Mary Richards and Augusta Rogers have been "drinking in the beauties of their own beloved land—Kentucky."

Mary Philput spent the summer in the east, about two miles from Delaware Bay.

Cecilia Blatt was engaged all summer in playground work



at the Watt School and at Lawrence Park—both in the city—as a physical training woman.

Ethel Davis camped this summer at Ellwood City.

Winifred Black spent two weeks at the sea shore, being at Asbury Park.

Cristelle Jefferson spent several weeks in Cleveland.

Laura Taber was at home all summer enjoying the attractions of the city.

Jeannette Spira spent two weeks at Atlantic City, and also at Buckeye Lake.

Eleanor Salinger was at Cincinnati two weeks and returned to school after visiting her room-mate in Columbus.

Margaret Smith spent her vacation at home recuperating from her social duties of the year.

Florence Farr spent two weeks in Atlantic City.

Valeska Jarecki was at Rye Beach, on Lake Erie, all summer.

We have lost several members of the class this year. Gladys Leech is attending Wells College; Bonnie Taylor is at Smith; Camilla Emery, at Oklahoma University; Marion Post, at Smith, Emma Wolfel, at National Park, and Ethel Spencer at Radcliffe. Marjorie Evans is at home this year.

We are glad to welcome some new members this year—Clara Miller has come from Wells, as a member of the Sophomore Class; Viola Cox comes from Westminster, and Helen Bell from Dennison University.

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Bardsley, Eleanor Marshall.....	Bridgeville
Barnhart, Catharine Agnes.....	Greensburg
Brosius, Grace Alice.....	Crafton
Caughey, Catharine.....	McKeesport
Cristie, Rita.....	North Side, Pittsburgh
Cukerbaum, Sorly Helen.....	Pittsburgh
Davidson, Elizabeth.....	Pittsburgh
Davis, Elizabeth.....	Pittsburgh
Felmith, Edna Cordella.....	Pittsburgh
Flemming, Elizabeth.....	Ebensburg, Pa.
Fournier, Margaret Gladys.....	Beaver Falls
Fredericks, Doris.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Graham, Clara Williams.....	Pittsburgh
Hare, Margaret.....	Pittsburgh
Hartman, Esther.....	Pittsburgh
Henry, Hazel.....	Washington, Pa.
Herron, Elsie.....	Washington, Pa.
Hill, Dorcas Elizabeth.....	Scottdale, Pa.
Iseman, Geraldine.....	Ellwood City
Jamison, Mary Elizabeth.....	Ellwood City
Knox, Mildred.....	Bellevue
Kutscher, Helen Vandergrift.....	Braddock
Lobmiller, Jane.....	Wellsburg, W. Va.
Lowman, Ruth.....	Pittsburgh
McKee, Anna.....	Pittsburgh
McFarland, Katharine Russell.....	Pittsburgh
Moore, Margaret.....	Pittsburgh
Morris, Mary Rosalie.....	Pittsburgh
Morse, Chloe.....	Wellsburg, W. Va.
Nair, Lillian.....	Canton, Ohio
Newell, Elinor.....	Crafton

Norman, Mary.....	Pittsburgh
Penn, Katharine.....	Morganza
Perry, Ethel Lois.....	Pittsburgh
Phillippe, Isabelle.....	Pittsburgh
Rutherford, Dorothy.....	Washington, Pa.
Shiple, Bessie.....	Pittsburgh
Stevenson, Mary Luella.....	West Newton
Stoess, Frieda Margareta.....	Pittsburgh
Trimble, Mary.....	Ben Avon
Volkommer, Dorothy Louise.....	Pittsburgh
Weirich, Loretta.....	Washington, Pa.
Wilcox, Virginia.....	Wilkinsburg
Wilson, Gladys Margaret.....	Saltsburg
Woodburn, Ruth.....	Avalon

### Specials

Armstrong, Marie.....	Pittsburgh
Bigg, Ida.....	Latrobe
Forsythe, Mary.....	Monongahela
Hartzel, Gertrude.....	Edgewood
Hutchison, Mary.....	Wilkinsburg
Johnson, Gwendolyn.....	Jamestown, N. Y.
Marsh, Rose.....	Pittsburgh
Miller, Clara.....	Pittsburgh
Miller, Estelle.....	Scottdale
McGrew, Minnie.....	Pittsburgh
Paul, Mary Jane.....	Pittsburgh
Seaman, Helen.....	Swissvale
Steele, Elizabeth.....	Pittsburgh
Tait, Mrs. ....	Pittsburgh
Tipper, Mary.....	Pittsburgh

We are glad to welcome the girls from other colleges. Mary Jane Paul, who graduated from Vassar last year, is now a Social Service special at P. C. W. Rose Marsh, from Bryn Mawr, is specializing in English.

## HOUSE NOTES

The Woodland Hall girls gave a tea for the Freshmen on Thursday afternoon, September 21st. It was then that we began to connect names with faces, and if we don't know the new house-girls now, it is our own fault.

At Vespers, Sabbath evening, September 24th, Dr. Acheson gave an interesting as well as beneficial discussion on the Book of Ruth. He emphasized Ruth's self-sacrifice as an example for the modern girl. Miss Butterfield sang a very pleasing solo.

Miss Marshall has been ill for the part week. We are glad to have her with us again.

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EXCHANGES

The June "Pharetra" is an excellent publication. Its short stories are interesting and unusual. Some good cuts would greatly add to its appearance.

We also wish to acknowledge the "Franklin Weekly."

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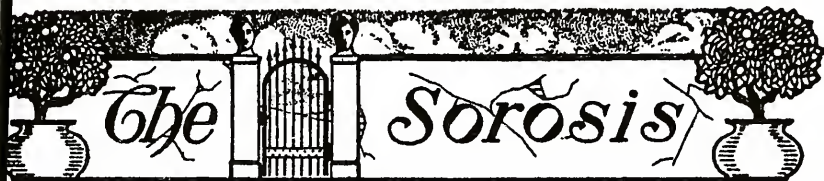
East Liberty

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No. 2.

### VESPERS BY THE SEA

Dorothy Errett, '16

Close beside the sea I wander,  
Weary at the even time,  
When the sunset's golden splendor  
Tells of glories all sublime.  
Birds soar in the dark'ning heavens,  
Flocks wind slowly o'er the lea;  
While afar from shelt'ring haven  
Rocks a sailboat on the sea.  
On the shore the mighty ocean  
Breaks its waves in flying spray,  
And with never-ceasing motion  
To and fro its billows sway.  
As I walk I hear sweet music,  
Mingled with the billows' roar—  
"There's a wideness in God's mercy—"  
Floats in strains along the shore.  
As I pause and list intently,  
As the breeze comes back to me,  
In those words so soft and tender—  
"Like the wideness of the sea."

### A RESPECTABLE DEATH

Olive Wolf, '18

Billie Smith went to bed in deep despair. For a long time he lay with wide-awake eyes and thought with all the philosophy of his ten years. A tragedy was to take place on the morrow—

his dog, Trip, companion, confederate, friend, was to be shot and Bill knew he was innocent!

"If Dad'd only believe me," he thought. "Why, before that postman came today Trip was as happy as ever,—but what dog wouldn't bite a man that would kick him? Wish't he'd a-bit his arm off—he ain't a real man anyhow. Dogs like real men. Only kind o' dogs he likes are old sore-eyed French poodles like his wife's. Just wait till I get a chance to kick that dog of theirs. Poor Trip! Guess he sort o' knows what's goin' on. He was so quiet tonight. He didn't jump up and unlatch the gate like he always did, when I sneaked down the yard to see him. The idea o' Dad not lettin' me go around him cause he might bite me! Sometimes Dad's awful mean!"

Thereupon a few secret tears dampened the pillow and Bill flopped over to the other side. Suddenly he swallowed hard. An idea had occurred to him. "They won't shoot my dog. I'll fix 'em. It's easy to drown—that's what that fellow said that was nearly drowned down at the swimmin' hole. He said the only thing he remembered was just a little chokin' at first and then he forgot everything. It's awful agony to be shot—'member how my finger hurt when I shot it on the Fourth of July. They drown the dogs they take in the dog-wagon—Dad said so. I hate to see Trip ridin' with those other dogs in the dog-wagon, but it'll be better for him."

Then followed a few more tears, a long-drawn sigh, and Nature asserted itself. Bill slept, but only to dream that once more he and Trip were romping on the lawn when the meanest postman in town arrived, and this time was relieved of his whole arm instead of a few drops of blood from his right hand.

Bill was up early. He ate his breakfast in silence and listened meekly to more family discussion of the event of the preceding afternoon. He took his father's orders to keep Trip locked in the yard until the policeman came to shoot him.

He waited until peace had once more settled upon the household. Then he slipped out to the yard and released his dog. He tried to have a last romp with him—but Trip refused to be playful. Something was wrong. Bill stooped and patted him, "Poor

old fellow—you know what's wrong, don't you?" He opened the back gate, and together they went out—to wait for Trip's doom. A half hour passed. Bill grew nervous. "Gee! I wish't it'd come. Mebbe that policeman'll come too soon."

Presently the "dog-wagon," that instrument of torture to the boy with an unlicensed dog, passed down the street below. Bill stooped and once more patted his dog. "Good-bye, Trip—I'm doin' this for you." The dog blinked and looked as if he knew. Together they ran down the street, but today Trip was a little slow. He lagged behind his master. The snappy little bark was lacking. Bill turned and looked at him with a puzzled expression, and then ran on. They reached the cross street and half a block below was the dog-wagon.

"Here, mister, take my dog!" Bill shouted. The surprised dog-catcher turned, looked at the boy who had made the unheard-of request and then! in two minutes Trip was a prisoner on his way to execution.

Bill turned away, rammed his hands deep in his pockets, and stalked down the street. At the corner he sat down on the curbstone in dejection. A policeman appeared on the other side of the street. "Comin' to shoot Trip, I s'pose. Well, I've fooled him!"

With that, around the corner shot the self-same Trip, who swerved in his course when he saw his master and with a bound was at his feet. He dropped, panting, looked up at Bill and then fell over. Bill dropped on his knees beside him. "Well, how did you—" He stopped short. Trip's breath came slower. Bill patted his side and the dog whined. In a few seconds the dog-catcher appeared around the corner, net in hand. Say, kid, that's some dog!" he exclaimed. "Why, he just opened the latch of the end-gate like a—huh—guess he's done for. Y've no use for me now, kid." He stood looking on, while a few breaths came and Trip was no more.

Bill picked up his dog and carried him home. He laid him carefully on the straw in the stable. "I'm glad you died respectable," he whispered, "'stead o' bein' shot." He slipped off the dog's collar, turned and walked slowly to the house.

## HOW THE TEACHING OF BIOLOGY CAN FULFILL THE FUNCTION OF THE MODERN HIGH SCHOOL

Grace Woodrow, '16

The whole function of the modern high school may be summed up in the expression "social efficiency", two words that are decidedly overworked in this day, but which seem to express just what is needed in this case. No one has ever lived entirely to himself. This is especially true today in the complex structure that our modern city and industrial life has brought about. The citizens of the future should be prepared for this social life and be prepared to live it in the best way—the most efficient way—using efficiency as meaning the greatest good for the greatest number. It is the special function of the high school to promote this spirit in the pupils and to instil its principles so thoroughly that when they leave the school, they will not leave its influence, but will carry its training out into the world with them and will use it to promote better citizenship.

In order to live up to this duty, the high school must put into its curriculum subjects that will enable the pupils to train for this social efficiency. The high school exists for the pupil, not the pupil for the high school, and it is the high school that should make any concessions. Social sciences should be put into the curriculum and taught in a manner suited to high school boys and girls. All institutions should be made so practical that the students and community will see its real value and take advantage of it. Every effort should be made to have the pupils see that they are citizens even during their high school years, although they are not of voting age, and that they have duties and responsibilities to meet then as well as later. The habit of social responsibility fostered during these susceptible years of the boy's or girl's life will not be forgotten after he has left school.

Among the subjects preparing for social efficiency, biology holds an important place. No subject affords more or greater opportunities to teach social responsibility. Formerly biology, falling into its natural divisions, botany and zoology, was taught

primarily for the facts concerning the specimens studied, and little connection was made to the bigger questions involved. With the growth of our modern large high schools with thousands of pupils enrolled and all the questions of moral and physical welfare that have risen with them, biology has taken on a different aspect and risen to the rank of one of the most important subjects. There is much discussion over the method of teaching it, the wisdom of requiring it, and the time it should be required. Educators are agreed that it is the one subject that gives an opportunity for instruction and training in sex questions, personal and social hygiene and all manner of questions requiring delicate and yet positive handling. They are also agreed that social conditions are at a stage where something must be done.

In teaching Biology for this purpose the first requisite is good common sense in the handling of the subject. There are facts that must be presented to clear up the questions in the pupil's minds, but there are aspects of the subjects that need not be dwelt on. Social pathology is one of these. Many of the pupils coming from families of the highest moral standards have never heard of social diseases. To bring up the question in a mixed class for the first time is nothing less than cruelty and leads to greater evil than good. The sensitive and naturally reticent pupils may get a wrong idea of the whole social structure and develop a morbid attitude that is most undesirable, and hard to overcome.

The best results are obtained from going at this subject the same as any other science, working first with the simpler and easier forms and then gradually working up to the more complex. Biology those facts and principles which the teacher wants to emphasize should be brought out clearly in the study of all the forms. Then when at the last, man is reached, the pupil will himself see the same forces at work here and will draw his own conclusions. In this way terms are used without embarrassment, questions are asked and the whole subject is looked at from a rational point of view. The pupil sees there are certain laws and forces at work that are inevitable, certain causes and effects that are inseparable, and above all he looks on the whole sex question



in the proper attitude. Much of this result, however, depends upon the attitude of the teacher. She must herself hold the greatest respect for her subject and feel that in teaching it she has been given one of the greatest opportunities and privileges.

Community conditions must be taken into account when planning a high school biology course. The home life, the environment and general attitude of the pupils must be examined and taken into consideration. In some schools the vast majority of the pupils will come with perverted moral standards and the teacher must meet the situation firmly and yet sympathetically. Her greatest task is to instil the idea that the sex relation is one of the holiest and most sacred of the instincts, and among both boys and girls that motherhood is a privilege and that it is worthy of every degree of respect and is a function that requires the purity of generations as its proper preparation. The responsibilities of fatherhood must be given special attention, and made very real. We are too apt to leave with our boys and girls the feeling that only the mother is responsible for the welfare of the child and to neglect the great part played by the father. High school boys should be talked to very clearly and helpfully on this matter by a physician or some other man who can be trusted to handle the subject in the right way.

In the rural schools the biology courses can be made of more practical value because of the abundance of material close at hand and the general interest in plants and animals that country boys and girls already possess. But in the city where there are vacant lots full of weeds where there should be gardens of flowers and vegetables, biology can fill a great need. The recent movements toward vacant lot gardens, hedges rather than unsightly fences plastered over with signs, improved back yards, can be utilized and advanced in the city courses. Leaders of these movements are willing, even anxious, to co-operate with teachers in every way and will send suggestions and plans to suit various communities. The pupils are more interested, too, if they feel they are part of some big national project./

In every way, the biology courses should be made practical



and should be fitted to the needs of the pupils and the community as a whole, and should aim to give the pupil a higher and nobler attitude toward the whole question of life.

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### THE MORNING STAR

Rachel Alexander, '18

A glistening sky and a deep night gloom;  
A golden star hanging low in the east,  
Which climbs in its course to the glowing heights  
Where it burns with a myriad of glimmering lights,  
Keeping watch through the quiet and death-like sleep  
Of an earth at rest but to waken soon.  
A dull grey sky, one lone star in the west,  
Deserted by all her companions of night;  
The hush of dawn o'er a waiting world;  
Then the radiant sun with his banners unfurled,  
Enveloping all in a glory of light,  
And the morning star sinks at last to her rest.

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### HOW TO TELL STORIES

Ruth Gokey, '17

"A story is a work of art,—a message, as all works of art are. To tell a story, then, is to pass on the message, to share the work of art. The story teller is the passer-on, the interpreter, the transmitter. He comes bringing a gift. Always he gives; always he bears a message." These are Miss Sara Cone Bryant's views of a story-teller's ingenuity and his purpose.

The first demand of the story-teller is that he possess. No one can repeat a message he has not heard, or interpret what he does not understand. The interpreter must "feel" the story. If he does not have the feeling, he must cultivate it, striving toward increasingly just appreciation. He must never tell a story he does not feel. There is a keen sense of satisfaction when a story-teller realizes that he has "felt" a story and has made his small listeners feel it.

Another prerequisite for good story-telling is a genuine appreciation of the story. There are lines of limitation to which the teller must succumb, while certain types of story will always remain his best effort. He should not tell a story he does not like. He should choose one, whose charm he has felt and try to portray this to his audience. The inner secret of success is the measure of force with which the teller relates the story. If this is great, the teller will hold his listeners by an almost hypnotic power. I might, here, add that I had a club of about thirty colored children last year. My task was to tell them stories. I could not help but notice how much better they enjoyed the stories which I myself liked the best and how they eagerly listened to those stories which I told more forcefully. It was a great pleasure to have them "feel" a story as I had felt it.

A story-teller must know his story. This does not need explanation. One is foolish to try to tell a story with which he is not acquainted. Halting, slips in names or incidents, repetition, and turning back to pick up some omitted part or link, make stories uninteresting. This does not mean that memorizing is an essential; in fact, it is not a good thing to commit stories to memory. What is desired is for the teller to analyze the tale first, to outline it and then, knowing the facts, to fill in with description, etc. (although too much description is not desirable). When the teller has done this he is sure of his story. I said "that memorizing is not a good thing." By this I do not mean that little rhymes and jingles in stories should not be committed, for just such little rhymes appeal to the child.

Stories should be told simply, both in manner and in matter. In manner, without affectation, or any form of pretense, without that high voiced "baby-talk" which so many are apt to use in talking to children, but with naturalness. The teller should live in the story. As for matter, short, familiar, vivid words are best.

Directness in telling is a most important quality. Movement should be swift. Long-windedness utterly destroys this movement. The incidents should be told, one after another, without explanation or description beyond what is absolutely necessary; and they should be told in logical sequence. Children do not

like long stories. As an illustration of this I would again refer to my small club. During my absence from town over a vacation, I asked a young lady to take the club. She very kindly did so. When I returned and asked the children how they enjoyed her stories, they answered, "They were so long we almost went to sleep."

Moralizing is easily done through the story, though the moral should not be stated definitely. A child can easily grasp the lesson without an explanation. This, however, does not apply to the fable, for almost invariably the moral is tacked on at the end. If it is too complex for a child's mind, it should be revised into simpler words.

A story-teller has a great advantage over the writer of stories. The writer must present a clear image and make a vivid impression, all with words, while the teller has face, and voice and body with which to do it.

The good story-teller should tell the story dramatically, not in the manner of the elocutionist, not excitably, but with whole-hearted throwing of one's self vividly into the game. Again I say, he should not pretend. He should do nothing which he cannot do both naturally and happily. He should be as graceful as possible. I think that it would be very trying to have to be a child and sit and listen for perhaps an hour, and watch a story-teller who is awkward, rigid and stiff. One's muscles should relax and one should be "at ease" when talking to children. To have the true dramatic quality, the interpreter must see what he says; in fact, he should see more than he says. Children see no image you do not see!

Another essential for the story-teller is choosing stories to suit audiences. If the group is composed of very young children, the simplest of tales should be recited. If the children are older, more complex stories can be related. Girls enjoy girls' stories and boys like heroic tales, when they can follow the hero and his many exploits. Boys love adventure stories. If the listeners are both boys and girls, the teller should be very discreet in choosing stories which will suit both sexes.

Perhaps the greatest quality sought for in the teller, is ani-

mation. A sleepy-eyed teller is unbearable. Stories should be told with zeal. The teller must be wide-awake and appear interested in the tale. If one is bored and tired, the children will soon be bored and tired too. "Making believe" is a good device for waking one's self up, if one is tired out physically, and children love nothing better than "making believe."

Children are always ready to imitate older people, so we cannot be too careful in our actions. We must act dignified and carry ourselves well. We must choose only the best of stories and the best grammar. Children before the adolescent age are forming their ideas of the world, their ideals and their habits; therefore it is necessary for us to tell the right kind of stories in the right way, if we wish the children to grow up into young men and women with high morals and ideals.

In seating children in preparation for telling them stories, we should see that they are seated in close and direct range of our eyes; the familiar half circle is the best arrangement for small groups of children, but we should be at a point opposite the centre, not in the centre; it is important also not to have the ends too far at the side and to have no child directly behind another. Little children have to be physically close in order to be mentally close. The audience should be quiet before the story is started, but if during the telling, there is some disturbance, the storyteller should continue in the movement of the story, as though nothing had happened, and soon all attention will again be centered upon the teller. Sometimes it is desirable for the teller to stand, but if the story is long it might be too exhausting and it is better to be seated.

In conclusion, I would state Miss Bryant's closing paragraph in her book upon the subject. "To sum it all up, then, let us say of the method likely to bring success in telling stories, that it includes sympathy, grasp, spontaneity; one must appreciate the story and know it; and then, using the realizing imagination as a constant vivifying force, and dominated by the mood of the story, one must tell it with all one's might—simply, vitally, joyously."

## MISS ABBEY'S GUEST PLATE

Estelle Shepard, '17

Miss Abbey's black silk dress rustled gently as she rose from her rocking chair on the vine-shaded porch. She noted that the last page she had read in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was page ninety-three. She took off her gold-rimmed spectacles, put them in their case, and then tucked the case into a pocket of the black silk dress. With dignity she walked into the great high-ceilinged hall. Everything bore a stately air, due to its age. Added to the stateliness was the sombreteness of a Sunday. The windows in the parlor were darkened. Miss Abbey raised a couple of blinds just far enough to let in a tiny band of sunlight. Walking over to the door, she stood a moment studying the great old-fashioned room. She heaved a sigh of happy ownership. How she loved every piece of furniture, every vase, and even the old square piano with its three broken keys. She didn't realize that, as she stood in the doorway, she seemed an integral part of that old-fashioned room.

She went along the hall, through the dining-room and into the kitchen.

"Hannah," she called in a delicate voice, "how are things getting on? I gave your table a hasty glance, but it looked quite nice."

Hannah smiled. "Ye don't need to worry, Miss Abbey," she said, with the familiarity of a servant who, through long service, had become a member of the family. "I've done things up fine."

"Have you set an extra place at the table? You know brother Matthew often brings home a guest from church on Sunday." As she spoke, Miss Abbey stooped down to open the great oven door and look in. She could see only a covered roasting pan. But the odor of the chicken seemed to satisfy her. She shut the door carefully.

"Yes, Miss Abbey, I set the extry place." Hanna answered as she bustled around the kitchen.

"Then I shall get out the guest plate," announced Miss Ab-

bey decidedly, as though she had not made the same announcement every Sunday for years.

Miss Abbey pulled a bunch of keys out of her pocket. To the accompaniment of the jingling keys and her rustling skirt, she walked to the great side-board. It was full of dishes such as would delight the heart of a relic hunter. Miss Abbey was no relic hunter. No matter what the age of an article, it had no value for her unless it were connected in some way with her family.

She unlocked the cupboard and lifted from the lowest shelf a heavy china plate. Around the edge was a fine blue border and across the center were the words, "The Stranger within Thy Gates." She set the plate beside a napkin, and then smiled lovingly at it, as though it were a friend.

"I wonder who brother Matthew will bring home today. I declare it's a miracle where that man finds all the friends to bring here," Miss Abbey mused as she smoothed the table cloth on each side of the plate, and then turned her head sideways for a more critical view. "There," she said with a final pat, and a little twist to the plate, "that looks well."

Miss Abbey fluttered from one room to another patting things and putting them into more perfect arrangement. During all her business she wondered who would be the guest for the day. Not a little pleasure of the dinner was Miss Abbey's curiosity and surprise concerning the guest.

She had not long to wait. She heard her brother's heavy step upon the walk. She hurried to the door to welcome the guest.

"Abbey," boomed Matthew's bass voice. "This is Mrs. Howitt. She is a stranger in the city. We always have a welcome for 'the stranger within thy gates.'"

He walked into the house leaving the two women to get acquainted.

Miss Abbey stood gazing into Mrs. Howitt's face. She made no effort to welcome her.

Mrs. Howitt colored under the steady gaze. "Matthew didn't know me," she said simply.



"Then you are Matty Walker!" It was an accusation.

Mrs. Howitt nodded.

Miss Abbey's face twitched nervously. Her eyes narrowed. Her usually calm countenance grew hard and troubled.

"And you came back here, Matty Walker!" said Miss Abbey. "What could have been your purpose? Could your presence bring us joy?"

Mrs. Howitt threw up her head proudly. "I never meant you should see me, Abbey Livingston. I came to—I came back for one day. I slipped into a back pew of the old church. Matthew discovered me," her face softened as though at a pleasant memory, "and made me come." She hesitated a moment and then added proudly, "Since I am not welcome, I shall not cross your threshold."

She turned to go. Abbey watched her coldly a moment. Then she called sternly, "Matty, come back. No Livingston ever turned a guest from this home, and I shall not."

Mrs. Howitt turned uncertainly. Miss Abbey held out her hand. "You are welcome, Mrs. Howitt," she said coldly, but graciously.

Mrs. Howitt entered. Matthew returned. "Land sakes!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you women even gotten ready for the table? I declare, you must be old friends to forget the dinner Hannah has gotten."

Both women smiled rather sheepishly. "I'll take your hat for you," offered Miss Abbey, as they stood in front of the great mirror in the hall.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Howitt.

Miss Abbey took it upstairs. Then, with a backward guilty glance, she stole quietly down the back stairs and into the dining-room. Carefully, noiselessly, she removed the guest plate, and replaced it in the cupboard.

"Dinner is ready," she announced with a flushed face.

As they sat at the table, Matthew looked suddenly at Mrs. Howitt's place, and then at Abbey.

"My dear," he gently suggested, "the guest plate."

Miss Abbey's face grew troubled. She dared not refuse her

brother's pointed suggestion. She would not permit Mrs. Howitt to eat from the almost-sacred dish. "I-I," she murmured indistinctly, as she once again unlocked the cupboard and took out the guest plate. As she turned with it in her hands, she deliberately dropped it. Both Matthew and Mrs. Howitt jumped as they heard the crash.

"Never mind!" Miss Abbey's face was calm again. "It has served its day and generation. Hannah, will you gather up the pieces?"



# THE SOROSIS

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## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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### EDITORIALS

The Thanksgiving season again draws close upon us with its old, yet ever new, significance. The stimulus which prompted the first Thanksgiving was gratitude. The day was kept by the

Pilgrim colonists, as sacredly as Christmas itself. It was one in which families were united in a common bond—that of gratitude and thanksgiving to an all-protecting Father

Who had watched over and blessed them during the year. It was a day when father's business affairs were never urgent enough to

draw him from the home circle; when mother's social life never had precedence over family duties; when children's outside interests never conflicted with the beauty of family unity. The spirit in which the day was kept revealed the deeper, truer, more sterling qualities of human nature. Love, gratitude and worship were beautifully interwoven into a day which a nation might proudly set aside to honor and respect.

Unfortunately the ideals of the present generation in regard to this national day of Thanksgiving vary considerably with the ideals which our New England fathers set forth. A school boy, when recently asked what Thanksgiving Day meant to him, replied, "A holiday from school. a big turkey dinner, and a football game." So trivial an attitude, however, does not prevail in all the youth of today. However, many individuals sincerely believe that they are keeping Thanksgiving when they steal away from the society of others long enough to contemplate about and to enumerate their respective blessings. This in itself has no particular fault, but the fact that sincerity of thankfulness is wanting, leads us to believe that it was not for this procedure alone that Thanksgiving Day originated.

If such blessings could be contemplated, appreciated and passed on to others during the year, instead of being hoarded up in our hearts, to be exposed all at once, perhaps the spirit of Thanksgiving, instead of being limited to one day, would prevail all the year. The more that gratitude and sincere thankfulness enter into the mood of Thanksgiving Day, and indeed into the mood of every day, the nearer we shall return to the spirit of the real Thanksgiving.

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Close on the heels of Thanksgiving follows what ought to be the most beautiful season of the year—the Christmas season. But, for years past, have we not lost sight to a large degree of its glorious significance by an unwise preparation for

**CHRISTMAS** it? For weeks previous to the day we have wor-  
**GIVING** ried and fretted and fumed about the details of  
 it and have come to the day itself worn out in  
 mind, and, probably, in body. In such a state we have been un-

able to appreciate its true meaning or enjoy the happiness it ought to bring. And why all this preparation? Of course Christmas preparations in the home is a beautiful custom. We would not dispense with it; but Christmas giving has been extended until it no longer includes only those nearest us but long lists of mere acquaintances. In fact, our families have sometimes even been neglected in order to provide what we considered obligatory gifts to others. And then—what one of us must not confess to thinking, if not actually saying, “Well, I suppose I must have a gift for her—she always sends me one!” In print this looks despicable, but not so despicable as it really is. It is this very sort of thing which robs Christmas of its real meaning. We toil over long shopping lists, wondering whether a pocket handkerchief will do for this one in order that we may present that one with a reading lamp. Then we spend long hours in over-crowded, stuffy department stores wasting time, patience and energy—and wearing out clerks who must bear the brunt of our foolishness.

It is time to call a halt to this sort of thing. It is a mockery to Him whose birth the season celebrates. Why not limit our giving to those whom we most love? Let us spend our time on a hand-made gift for mother, our money for the set of books dad has wanted for so long. Let us buy our dearest friend that little picture she has admired so much. Sincere Christmas greetings to our acquaintances by way of simple Christmas cards mean more than grudgingly bought, and, in many cases, useless gifts. We will then have time for that which our rushing, hustling Christmases have not permitted—Christmas sharing. A basket of fruit can find its way to the invalid mother of the laundress; a few simple toys can cheer the little inmates of a children’s hospital. Then—and then only—will we have caught the real Christmas spirit.

R. O. W., '18.

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## CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

### Omega

The subject of the meeting held on Thursday, October 26th, was “Ibsen” and his drama, “The Doll’s House.” Miss Reinecke presented a very interesting and complete outline of the writer’s

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life, and Miss Wolfe gave a delightful discussion of the play. The hostesses for the afternoon were the Misses Shepard and Crandall.

Every year the Omega Society offers a short-story contest to the whole college, and a prize of five dollars is given for the best story. The contest is now open, and there is still time for every one to sharpen her wits, and write up some of her mysterious, hidden thoughts, and make herself the proud, worthy winner of the prize, before the 27th of November, the last day of the contest.

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### **The Dramatic Club**

Miss Gokey and Miss Kerst gave a very charming tea on Monday afternoon, October 23rd. Miss Kerst provided delightful entertainment by giving a reading, which every one enjoyed immensely.

November 10th is the date set aside for entertaining the Drama League. The club will have the honor of having Stuart Walker as a guest that afternoon.

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### **Deutsche Verein**

There has been no regular meeting held yet this year, but a special meeting was called, at which Miss Esther Evans was elected president. Plans for the year will be made at a future meeting.

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### **THE Y. W. C. A.**

On October 4th, Mrs. McClure, of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave an interesting talk in Chapel.

The Y. W. C. A. wants to remind everyone of the Christmas bazaar, which will be held on December 8th and 9th. Fancy-work, dolls, candy, etc., are always specialties. Begin now, everyone, to plan and make your contributions.

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### **Glee Club**

We are trying to make this the best year the Glee Club has ever had. There are more members than ever before, and we



are already at work on our program for the home concert, which will be somewhat different this year.

The Chapel choir will soon be in its usual place, and a choir has been formed by the house girls who are in the Glee Club to sing at Vespers Sunday evenings.

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### LECTURES

Dr. Lawson opened the college lecture course on Wednesday, October 4th, by giving a very delightful portrayal of the life and character of Mr. George William Curtis. We all feel it a privilege to have Dr. Lawson in our midst in college, and hope we may have the honor of hearing him again in the near future.

On Monday morning, October 16th, Mr. Lincoln Steffens gave an address on "Mexico." His central theme was the struggle of the Mexican people for liberty. Due to his own experiences and his personal acquaintance with Carranza and Villa, he could present very clearly and without prejudice the different sides of the great situation. The attitude of the school toward his lecture, may best be told in his own words: "My audience was either made up of very good bluffers, or else everyone was very much interested in the problem which I was presenting to them."

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### MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs are making plans for their midwinter concert. They expect to co-operate this year and make it a two-fold success.

The Music Department reports good material among the students and preparations are being made for recitals to be given soon. There are prospects of numerous young composers in the Harmony Class.

Mr. Hines states that the department is growing rapidly and he is glad to be getting so many music specials. The outlook this year is for a bright and interesting musical season.

Mr. Hines expects to make his initial appearance before Pittsburgh audiences, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania College for Women, November 14th. He will be assisted by Mr. Charles N. Granville, baritone, of New York. His program will consist of numbers by Brahms, Liszt and several original compositions, selected from his cantata, "The Pilgrim's Voyage," which was presented at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The concert will be free to the public.

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### **SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT**

Social Service has started with an unusually large enrollment. About two-thirds of the class are special students. They have entered upon their visits of observation, or rather, visits of out-door instruction. Visits have been made to the Market Street Mission, to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, to the Home for Colored Children and to the Associated Charities of Pittsburgh, where the principles of charity were explained by Mr. Deacon.

The students in the advanced classes in Social Service have their field work arranged, most of them having returned with well-defined plans for the year.

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### **ATHLETICS**

Basketball practice has begun and there is promise of an excellent team. The new girls have shown considerable interest in the work of the team by the goodly number who have turned out for practice. We wish for the team a most successful season.

On account of unfavorable weather the tennis tournament has been postponed indefinitely.

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### **COLLEGE NOTES**

#### **Color Day**

On the morning of October 4th, everybody was glad to see the sun shining for, although it was a little cool and we shivered without coats, still we could have our Color Day exercises

in the amphitheater. The procession, composed of the Faculty, the Seniors, and the respective classes following in order, formed in the Chapel and from there marched to the amphitheater, where a large circle was formed. Miss Paul, as president of the Junior Class, presented to the Freshmen, in the shape of a lovely bouquet of white roses with green, their class colors, which had been entrusted to the Juniors by 1916. Miss Shipley received them for her class with a few well-chosen words. Then followed a lively rivalry of class songs and yells and it would be difficult to say which class out-sang the rest. Even the Freshmen, who had hardly had a chance to get together yet, surprised us with a spirited song of many verses. After singing our Alma Mater, the procession formed again and we returned to the College. The whole affair was very pretty for the girls were all dressed in white, and the bright class colors in banners, arm-bands, and ribbons added much to the festivity.

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#### **A Little Story Entitled "Curses!" or "A Descent to the Lower World"**

On Friday, October 27th, our annual Halloween Party was held. Ghosts with clammy hands and wierd voices welcomed us into the dimly-lighted hall. The hall was decorated with corn stalks, and gloomy figures stood around in the corners. The grand march was wonderful to behold. Such a cosmopolitan atmosphere and such gay spirits—and then—Ha! Hades! Curses! It is revealed to us in all its wierd outlines. Here is his Satanic Majesty himself, seated upon a regal throne. By his side is his right-hand man, the only living skeleton whose counsel he ever seeks. And now what have we here. Some poor souls are being led to this gruesome place.

First we have Mathematics. What, you say, is poor Math dead! This is indeed a tragedy, but wait until you hear his fate. Alas! for all his criminal acts it was decreed that no longer may he erect his perpendicular, no longer trip up innocent victims by thrusting his treacherous "logs" before them, but worst of all he was condemned to the eternal calculating of his own sins.

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Then came Chemistry and she was condemned to the horror-house of the under-world. There she must stay and make the fire and brimstone and she was ordered to keep an inexhaustible supply of  $H_2S$  on hand to administer to the deserving few.

And now what is this dark shadow across the door? Curses! 'tis that dark and deceitful Plot. Aha, now let us dissect it and give it its full desserts. Its treacherous style was ripped ruthlessly off and there we saw it in all its intricacies. The villain, the cause of it all, was cast into the fire and brimstone, where Chemistry gave him a playful prod with a bunsen burner. The hero and heroine, having done no evil, after being conducted about the place as honored visitors were returned to the upper world, where they "lived happily ever after."

Glad were we that we were on the other side of the foot-lights and happy were we to see our old enemies get their just rewards.

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### OUR FACULTY

The third week of October, Dr. Acheson attended the inauguration of the new President at Wilson College.

We are interested to hear that Miss Coolidge was chosen as a delegate to represent Pittsburgh at the Associate Collegiate Alumnae Convention at Boston, October 20th and 21st.

At the regular Faculty meetings this fall papers are being presented by the members to show the work being done in the various departments. Miss Brownson and Mr. Putnam have given very interesting ones on the History and English departments.

A Faculty Tea was held October 10th, in the Dean's Parlor, at which Miss Brownlee and Miss Brownson were hostesses. Then on October 24th, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam and Miss Hooker entertained the Faculty at Mr. Putnam's home.

Miss Bennett, who was called home by the sickness of her father, returned after several days. We are glad to hear that Mr. Bennett has improved. During her absence, it seemed very

natural to us to have Miss Leila Hill here, though perhaps not natural in her capacity as Mathematics teacher.

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**ALUMNAE NOTES**

Mary Jeffrey, '15, has been elected principal of the Glen-shaw High School.

The Sorosis extends its sympathy to Mrs. Elma McKibben McClean, '10, in the death of her husband on October 6th.

Early in September, Ruth Gokey announced the engagement of Josette Kochersperg, '14, to Howard Ingerson. The wedding will take place November 23rd. Ruth Gokey will be the maid of honor.

The Sorosis extends its sympathy to Miss Eleanor Fitzgibbon, '03, in the death of her father.

Miss Kathan, a former gymnasium teacher, was married September 20th to Mr. Richardson. The wedding took place in Cambridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson will live in Hudson, Mass.

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**CLASS NOTES****1917****Latest News from the Front**

A certain woman in St. Louis claims that Mark Twain is dictating his latest book to her through her "Ouija Board." He complained that there were no punctuation marks on the board so she supplied them and he now seems quite satisfied. We have also heard of people becoming insane through the revelations of an Ouija Board. The Seniors have made one their close companion for some days so it might be well to find out whether they are writing a book or are becoming subjects for Dixmont. It is our private opinion that they are evolving a Senior play which has just eighteen characters, the parts for which are evenly distributed down to the last word.

If your ambitions run along either of the above lines; i. e., the writing of a thriller or of attaining the blissful state of insanity, just come around to the Senior Sanctum and we will give you an application of the Ouija Board. Your intentions must be serious and we would advise any one who is inclined in either of these directions—and in our opinion they lead to the same thing—to absent themselves unless they are fully prepared to face the consequences. Through our experience with a great many cases we find that people with, let us say, auburn hair are the most susceptible and we will not be responsible for anything which occurs while they are under the influence. If a great writer should develop among us we will willingly have punctuation marks put on the board for her convenience.

This is the greatest opportunity of a life-time! Here is a chance to consult a medium without any danger of being duped! We only ask that, if we assist you in any way to find your soul-mate, or any other little thing like that, you will just admit it and thereby give us the credit. Come and see us today and learn your life's secrets! Anything is possible with an Ouija Board!

P. S.—By request, results are not published.

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### **War at a Glance!**

The Seniors are pleased to note that the Juniors have wakened up at last. Judging from signs on their bulletin-board, we see that they admit that 1917 is right there and that they will have to do some hustling to beat 1917's record. We are glad to see this spirit and we hope that we will always have the grace that 1918 seems to have of admitting that others are sometimes superior to ourselves. That's right, get busy, 1918, and show us what you can do. Before 1917 moves out we would like to be sure that we have trained you up in the way you should go, so that you may take our place, as leader at P. C. W., in a fitting manner.

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### **Commissary Department**

"The "desserters" have returned to the charge and "dessert day" is with us once again. Private McClelland and General



Reinecke have already regaled the company with one course of rations and we hope for more in the future. As we say in Spanish, "Mil gracias, Senoritas." (There's no use taking Spanish if you can't use a phrase now and then. Anyhow, they do it down in Mexico).

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### **The Advance on Hill 17**

On September 29th, Battery Four engaged in a little skirmish with the other Batteries and came off with a glorious victory. The principal work of the evening was a drill in the usual marching tactics and later in the evening the real line of defense was drawn up. The attack was led by the valiant Miss Crandall, who, with the stirring slogan, "Heaven will protect the working Girl!" urged us on to victory. Miss Reinicke then brought up her faithful guard with the assurance that "The Curfew will not ring tonight." Finally, for general educational purposes, we exhibited the pictures of some famous criminals along with some of the famous women of our day and a noted educator of our own vicinity. While we were consuming our "piece de resistance" we had a little patriotic music, played on the bag-pipe by one of the members of our musical family. On the whole it was a glorious success and it will be a clever regiment that pulls down the colors of 1917, especially since we have a brand new splashy banner.

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### **Senior Stunts**

The Circus was a howling success. The "Grand Peerade," consisting of the royal chariot, was drawn by two Teddy Bears. Upon the chariot were seated the Snake Charmer and the Ballet Dancer (also the bare-back rider). The ring-master conducted the procession around the ring while the chorus brought up the rear. First on the program the Teddy Bears—the only two of their kind in captivity—performed a graceful dance. It has required years of training to accomplish this feat and we are glad to see that our audience appreciated our efforts. The wonderful "Bouncing Bessie", our bare-back rider, next performed a marvelous stunt upon her fiery charger whose name is Snail. The two clowns got in their little act, you know, just to sober the

audience down in preparation for the blood-curdling sight of Mme. Reptilini fondling her pet snakes. Our bare-back rider and ballet dancer then gave us a little dance and distributed her kisses liberally among the audience. You know that little quotation about the pearls—well, that's the way she felt about it. Then followed the grand finale and the greatest show on earth completed another successful tour. Our next stop will be at Berezsasz.



### Junior Notes

Any one desiring a four-in-one-room combination luxurious apartment will apply to the Junior Den. We have at your disposal bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. Running water may be obtained by running far enough. The spirit of art pervading it encourages one to draw upon one's imagination.

Vast entertainment has been provided by the selection of the Junior ring, but some people aren't satisfied with a one-ring circus; they would rather have a three-ring one.

We are attempting to follow Dr. Williams' advice on taking sufficient nourishment to sustain good health. Halloween, before the party, a vast selection of delicacies was offered at the Junior spread. Even the shyest palate was tempted and arose to the occasion.

Ruth Kauffman is most zealous in caring for the good of our souls and it's an impossible feat to cross an unexcused absence off her Chapel book.

"Dot" Minor had a horrible experience. She got lost in the jungles of learning here and was only saved by the helping hand of Miss Meloy.

Virginia Jeffers had a sad accident, too. She had her eye on the board of Psychology and some one dropped an eraser on it.

If names were decided by environment and not heredity—judging by her fondness for a certain place of amusement, Molly

would bear the surname of Davis' daughter instead of David son.

Betty McKenzie (referring to the musical comedy, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.")—"Girls, are any of you going to see 'Rip Van Winkle the Second'?"

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### News of the Sophomores

The Sophomore den is gradually emerging from the vast covering of paint, paper, etc., and we hope to be able to enjoy it very soon.

One thing the Sophs didn't have to give up to the Freshies is the privilege of having the back seats in Chapel. We thank the kind and thoughtful person who arranged this.

Our numbers are growing—we welcome Dorothy Clark to our class, who comes to us from Wellesley.

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### Freshman Personals

From the History Exam:

Justinian married Theodora, a poor girl like himself.

Stilicho was very "sticktuitive". The usual English vocabulary is sufficient to describe the period of the barbarian invasions.

At the seige of New Orleans, Aetius was sent for and saved the day for the Romans.

The Huns scared themselves to make their beards grow.

Upon the calm of the short-story hour came the noise of campaigning, the other afternoon. Mr. Putnam, nodding toward Woodland Hall, "They must be having another waterspout over there."

Miss Bennett (to her Freshman Math)—"Say girls, do you know Mathematicians are all jokers?"

The Freshman Class, at a meeting the other day, elected Bessie Shipley, temporary president, and Gladys Wilson, temporary treasurer. Doris Fredericks was appointed class monitor for Chapel and Mary Trimble, activities fee collector.

A committee has been appointed to fix up the Freshman den.

A sandwich sale was held by the Class on Tuesday, October 24th.

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### HOUSE NOTES

Mr. McBeath was the guest of Leah Claster at dinner, Friday evening, October 20th. After dinner, Mr. McBeath played several selections on the violin which were fully appreciated by the girls of Woodland Hall. Mr. McBeath was the assisting artist at the John McCormack Song Recital.

A broken water-pipe on the third floor of Woodland Hall was the cause of much trouble and excitement on Thursday afternoon, October 19th. In raincoats and overshoes, the girls assisted in the prevention of a further flooding of the Hall.

The Berry Hall girls entertained the Woodland Hall girls on Friday evening, October 20th. The entertainment was in the form of a mock marriage. The wedding was a unique affair and the bride received many beautiful (?) and useful gifts. After the ceremony, dancing was the diversion of the evening.

On October 8th, Miss Ellen Kincaid, of the Pittsburgh Association for the Improvement of the Poor, spoke at Vespers. She explained the general work of the Association, and in particular what is done for homeless men. Miss Kincaid's discussion was interesting and especially beneficial to the girls who are in the Social Service classes.

Professor Wilson, President of Kiskiminetis College, was the guest of his daughter, at Woodland Hall.

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### INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS

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#### EMANCIPATE THE FRESHMEN

#### Princeton Gives Up Class Rushes and Restrictions on Attire

The undergraduate traditions of Princeton University threaten to be almost disrupted because of a recent action of

the Senior Council, which has removed nearly all the restrictions which in former years were placed on the Freshmen. Several years ago "horsing" was abolished. Now the class rushes and nearly all the restrictions placed on entering men have been done away with.

The students object strenuously to the removal of restrictions on dress. No more will the Freshmen have to go about in stiff collars and wear trousers without cuffs, nor will they be required to wear black jerseys and corduroys at the opening of college.

The protestants argue that uniformity in dress made it possible for every man to start out in college on the same basis. Moreover, the many little restrictions brought the men much more together and gave them many common interests, which made it doubly easy for them to become acquainted. The Freshmen are taking advantage of their unexpected freedom, and are enjoying their new liberties to the full.

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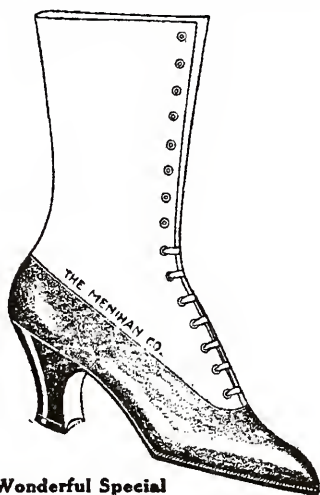
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### ARABELLA'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Estelle Shepard, '17

Mary dragged Arabella by one arm, dropped her near some tall hollyhocks and trudged on. She did not care that Arabella was upside down. Even she had lost her attractions. Mary sat down on a big stone in the yard, and sighed.

Mother was sleeping and had told Mary to run and play. It had been such a long time. She had played house with Arabella till she quite tired, and could think of nothing else to do. Mother always could suggest lovely things to do. But mother was still asleep. Mary sighed. She rested her round little chin in her chubby hands and looked out over the yard. It didn't give any suggestions for play. She got up and walked towards the gate into the orchard. Just beside the gate she saw a small spruce sprout.

"When it grows big," thought Mary, "maybe daddy will cut it for a Christmas tree." She stooped to touch the little tree. It wasn't much bigger than Arabella.

"I wish it was a big tree," she said, "and we'd have a Christmas tree. Mother said it would be a long time till Christmas. And there'd be snow, and—real cold—and we'd have candy—and maybe I'd get a sled." Mary's eyes danced as she thought of all the lovely things. But she sighed as she looked around her. There were flowers in the garden, and sunshine everywhere. No chance for snow and cold. She looked back at the sprout. It was too small for a Christmas tree for her. Why, it wasn't much bigger than Arabella could want.

Mary looked at it again. Then she reached down and began to tug at it. She had seen Daddy pull up great weeds and

he always took his hold near the bottom. Mary worked hard but she couldn't pull it up. At last she put both her little hands around the little tree close to the ground and lifted. The sprout came up so suddenly that Mary lost her balance and fell over. But she had the spruce tree. She started towards the house with it, but stopped near where she had left Arabella.

"There, dear," she said, as she picked up her poor darling and smoothed her dress. "You must come in with mother now, 'cause it's going to snow awful hard—and—get cold—and I've got a wonderful s'prise for you." She carried Arabella in her right arm. With her left hand she hid the spruce tree half behind her, and ran towards the house.

"Now, Arabella," she said, "you be real good and stay here in the kitchen while I get your Chri—until I'm ready." She laid Arabella on a chair in the kitchen. Arabella looked straight ahead and smiled. Mary smoothed the tatted yellow curls, and then ran into the library.

She set her Christmas tree in one corner, trying it several ways till she was sure it would stand up as straight as possible.

"There," she said, "Arabella's going to have a Christmas tree." She smiled fondly at it and then shook her head. She puckered her forehead, and twisted the curl behind her left ear.

"It's got to have somethin' on it," she said. "Oh," she added. She trotted out of the room, and came back a few moments later with some hollyhocks and a great sunflower. She laid them on the branches. The sunflower was so heavy that the tree tilted to one side. Mary straightened it, as best she could.

"Now," she said, "I guess I'll get Arabella." But she still was unsatisfied. She looked around the room uncertainly. She saw her ball on the table.

"Now," she muttered, "I'll have some presents." She took the ball and wrapped it up in newspaper. The paper came unfolded and showed the ball, but Mary did not care. She added an apple from the fruit on the sideboard, and Arabella's best hat and coat. As a finishing touch, she got her tea-set—her pretty one with flowers on it—from the sideboard where mother kept it safely for her. She carried it carefully over to the corner

where the Christmas tree was standing, and wrapped each piece up separately.

"It's Christmas. It's Christmas," she sang to herself, as she rocked back and forth in front of the little tree with its bright flowers, and the rough newspaper bundles beneath it.

She hurried out for Arabella. "Come, dear," she said, hugging her child, "I've got the most lovely surprise." Mary's cheeks were flushed and hot, and Arabella's cold face was very comfortable.

"It's very cold, Arabella, and the snow came," added Mary vaguely.

Just then she heard mother coming down stairs. Mary ran to meet her, with Arabella still in her arms.

"Why, Mary," said her mother, looking at the hot flushed face. "What have you been doing to get so hot?"

"Oh, mother," said Mary. "Arabella and me was out in the yard, and it got awful cold and—and—then it snowed—and—"

"Snowed!" Mary's mother looked from the little girl to the open front door and back again. "Snowed?" she repeated.

"Yes." Mary's big blue eyes looked into her mother's "You said it would."

"But, dear," mother stooped down to put her arms around Mary. "It wasn't snowing today. It gets cold before snow comes."

"It was cold, and snowed," Mary added, slowly. She looked up into her mother's face with a smile. Mother would understand about snow and Christmas trees.

"But mother's face was sad. "Mother doesn't want her little girl to tell what isn't true."

Mother looked at her expectantly, but Mary said nothing.

"Well, Mary, you may go into the library and stay there till you can tell mother you are sorry for saying what isn't true."

Mary's eyes filled. She stumbled over the rug at the doorway. Mother closed the door behind her.

She stood for a moment in the middle of the floor and looked at Arabella's lovely Christmas tree, but it was blurred and dim.

Hot tears fell on Arabella's tangled hair. Mary sat down on the floor and sobbed as if her heart would break. It did not matter that Arabella should see her Christmas tree. Mary laid her baby on the floor. She was too miserable for Arabella to comfort her.

After a long time, Mary heard the door open softly, and mother's steps coming towards her.

"Mary," she said in the sad voice she used when Mary had done something wrong. "Has my little girl—" There was a pause and then "What is that over in the corner?"

"A Chris-mas t-t-tree for Arabella." Mary's breath came in deep gasps.

"Did you fix that while I was asleep?"

Mary nodded.

"It's a long time till Christmas comes. Why, we haven't had even a frost yet."

Mary turned to look into mother's face. "It snows when you have a Christmas tree, doesn't it?" Perhaps mother could tell her about it all. Mary's ideas were rather vague.

Mother looked at Mary for a moment and then she smiled tenderly. "Did you think that?" she asked.

Mary nodded.

"My little girl." Mother gathered her up in her arms and kissed the tear-stained face. "Sometimes we have Christmas trees when it isn't Christmas, and sometimes we don't have snow when it is Christmas. See, dear?"

Mary didn't exactly understand what mother had said, but she was so happy that the snow and even the lovely Christmas tree didn't matter.

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### THE PURPLE AND WHITE

Janet L. Brownlee

A few words about our Alma Mater song and its author may be of interest to the readers of The Sorosis.

Twenty years ago an unusually interesting class graduated from the Pennsylvania College for Women. Among its numbers



were several young women of literary tastes, who contributed to the pages of *The Sorosis*, and who won prizes for Christmas stories and Christmas poems. Four years after graduation this class was called upon for a song to be sung at the Alumnae dinner exercises. Anne Meloy, one of the literary members of the class of '96, was asked by her class to write the post-prandial song. She expected it to be sung on that one Alumnae day only, so she selected the tune "Auld Lang Syne," known to all who might be present. She had no thought of the song's having a permanent place in college exercises anywhere. I feel sure she had no poetic or prophetic vision with reference to her own class when she wrote "Death calls us to him one by one"; she was merely stating a fact apparent in the history of this or of any college, but her mind was probably called to this reflection because of the death, in February, 1899, of one of her classmates, Mary Hawes Nevin, her rival in literary honors. However, before the first decade had closed, four of this interesting class had passed into the silent land; among them the author of our poem.

Miss Anne Meloy, a sister of our Miss Meloy, after leaving college, taught for three years, and then engaged in secretarial and social work until compelled by ill health to give up her public duties. Following this resignation began her noble struggle for health, and, chiefly in the bracing climate of the Adirondacks, and later in the pine woods of South Carolina, she cheerfully fought her losing battle, the last stages of which closed in her home in West Newton, Pa., October 16, 1906. Through these years she kept her zest for literary effort. She enjoyed writing in imitation of old English ballads, but her bright, vivacious style became tinged with a deepening note of pathos.

Since 1901, "The Purple and the White" has been sung at each Alumnae dinner and has been printed annually in the Alumnae Recorder. It has also become our school song and should be known by every loyal member of P. C. W. We all sing the song with a glowing love for our college, but there are a few in the college and many in the Alumnae who are unable to sing the stirring words without thinking of the bright-eyed, fun-loving girl who wrote them, and who, if the departed take note of the

progress of their former interests and companions, must be gratified that her verses still inspire love and loyalty for the college that especially enlisted her hopes and affections.

Our Alma Mater sits enthroned,  
Above the hurrying town;  
The changeful years have never dimmed  
The glory of her crown.  
She keeps the white without a stain,  
The purple queenly still,  
While countless hearts look up to her,  
The College on the hill.

A constant throng with backward gaze,  
Pass out the well-known door;  
The world lets some return again,  
But many nevermore.  
But though their paths wind far from her,  
Their feet shall never stray;  
Their Alma Mater guides them still,  
A thousand miles away.

Each year new voices swell her praise,  
Some well-loved face is gone;  
Death calls us to Him one by one,  
But still the song goes one.  
As long as Pennsylvania keeps  
Her watch-fires burning bright,  
Shall Pennsylvania's daughters sing  
The Purple and the White.

## STOICISM

Martha Dunbar, '17

Zeno was the founder of the Stoic school and his first followers were called Zenoians; the name Stoics is said to have come from the word Stoa, or the place which Zeno selected for delivering his lectures. He had many followers and lived to quite an age untouched by disease, but he suffered a slight injury and, thinking this a hint of destiny, he ended his own life. Cleanthes was successor to his chair and was energetic and capable of upholding his master's teachings, but did not have the power to establish Stoicism on a wider basis. Chrysippus was the next successor; he had great argumentative power and is known as the second founder of Stoicism. He wrote extensively and completed the stoic teaching so that when he died the form was fixed in which Stoicism would be handed down for the following centuries. The later Stoics were Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius and Heraditus.

In the analysis of the human nature, the Stoics started with the Platonic conception that man is a compound being, consisting of two parts, a body and a soul. They also followed Platonic views in looking upon the body as a hindrance or impediment to the soul. Seneca said, "The body is but the clog and prison-house and punishment of the soul, or it is the fetter that deprives the soul of its liberty. The soul is that part of man which is worthless." Cleanthes believed that all the emotions—love, fear, grief—were weaknesses due to lack of self-control and tend to upset the proper balance of the soul's powers, contradicting reason, causing disturbances of mental health, and if indulged in, becoming chronic diseases of the soul. Hence they demanded their entire suppression and believed that true virtue can only exist where this process has succeeded. Aristo held that virtue is in itself, one; i. e., no part of virtue can be separated from its other parts. Where one virtue exists, the rest exist also, and where there is one at fault, they are all faulty. Even each single virtuous action contains all other virtues, for the moral tone, of which it is the outcome, includes in itself all the rest. And virtue as Zeno

put it, "is self-sufficient for happiness." Following from this statement, time or length of a man's days on earth has nothing to do with it. Take an upright life of a hundred years duration and reduce it to a single day, the one is as upright as the other.

In the next place, it is only another aspect of the Stoic doctrine when we say that virtue is its own reward. Marcus Aurelius says, "When you complain of some breach of faith or gratitude, take heed first and foremost to yourself. Obviously the fault lies with yourself; if you had faith that a man of that disposition would keep faith, or if in doing a kindness you did not do it upon principle, nor upon assumption that the kindness was to be its own reward. What more do you want in return for service done? Is it not enough to have acted up to nature, without asking wages for it? Does the eye demand a recompense for seeing; or the feet for walking? Just as this is the end for which they exist, and just as they find their reward in realizing the laws of their being, so, too, man is made for kindness, and whenever he does an act of kindness or otherwise helps forward the common good, he thereby fulfills the law of his being and comes by his own. Epictetus says, "As Zeus has ordained, act. But if you do not act so, you will suffer loss, you will be punished. What will be the punishment? Nothing else than not having done your duty: you will lose fidelity, modesty, decency. Do not look for greater penalties than these." To them the worth of virtue is independent of man's appreciation of it. A thing is what it is, and is neither better nor worse for being praised.

They held that virtue is a social thing and that the individual's good is bound up in that of the community. What is good for the community is good for him; what is good for him is good for the community. "Nor can any one live happily who looks only to himself, who turns all things to his own advantage; you must live for others, if you wish to live for yourself."

So from Stoic teaching we get the relation between self-interest and altruism. A man must attend, or at least should attend to his own interest and preservation, but in so doing he is also furthering the interests of others. The two are devel-

oping together. This community whose interest is bound up by that of the individual is explained by the Stoic in "Every man is a citizen of the world; the world is the common fatherland of all men." Humanity, then, is to the Stoic more than a collection of human beings—it is an organism, and each unit is more than a part, it is a member. There are found superior members in the world, but the superior are dependent upon the inferior and the inferior are in turn dependent upon the superior.

And this means mutual helpfulness and mutual loss. This mutuality taught the Stoic the true function and correct conception of punishment. They said, "Society cannot continue, if the parts of it do not assist and maintain one another. We will not, therefore, strike the man because he has offended, but that he may offend no more; nor should punishment ever refer to the past, but to the future; it does not minister to anger, but is preventive." Epictetus gives counsel "when any one speaks evil of us to harbour no ill-will against him, but to bear a gentle mind towards him, consoling ourselves with the reflection "So it appeared to him." But if anyone should do a selfish act and forfeit his place in the community there is the privilege of reinstating one's self as Aurelius puts it, "You are cast out from unity of nature of which you are an organic part; you dismember your own self. But there is this beautiful provision that it is in your power to re-enter the unity." The Stoics believed that virtue may be taught as from their creed "bad men may become good", but they did not believe that this was a gradual change but was a sudden transition.

So we see that to the Stoic, happiness was an objective condition but the highest good was in living conformably to nature; i. e., in living a life that realizes the natural purpose of man, or perfectly realizes his idea.

## THE SOROSIS

## CRADLE SONG

Emily Kates, '18

Soft little breezes,  
Gentle and low,  
Whisper 'tis time  
For baby to go.  
In a wee cradle,  
Cool and white;  
Dream your sweet dreams,  
Till morning light.

So hush-a-bye, baby,  
Close your blue eye;  
You'll come back to mother  
By and by,  
Hush-a-bye, baby, by.

Dear little wren  
Up in his nest,  
Sings it is time  
For baby to rest.  
In a boat  
You will sail away,  
Where other babies  
Laugh and play.

So hush-a-bye, baby,  
Close your blue eye;  
You'll come back to mother  
By and by,  
Hush-a-bye, baby, by.



One little gold star  
In the blue sky,  
Nods it is time  
To close your eye.  
In the land of dreams,  
Fairies will keep  
A loving watch,  
O'er my baby's sleep.

So hush-a-bye, baby,  
Close your blue eye;  
You'll come back to mother  
By and by,  
Hush-a-bye, baby, by.

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### A QUESTION OF INTEREST

Leila Hill

"Euphemia, you come down out of there this minute!"

Mrs. Harter sprang to her feet as the words left her lips. Her knitting fell to the floor in a tangle. She rapped excitedly on the window pane.

"Do you hear me, Euphemia! Come down out of there." She keyed her voice a note higher. Her eyes anxiously fixed themselves on a scrap of red that was visible through the thick foliage of the great old apple tree.

"If I come out there you'll come down soon enough."

Mrs. Harter leaned forward with tense figure. This last expostulation seemed to have some effect on the owner of the red dress.

"What d'yu want?" came in a lively voice from the concealing green.

"What do I want? Am I standing here yelling myself hoarse for nothing? You come down here or I'll 'what do you want' you!"

There was an interchange of whispered remarks behind the leaves, then the same treble voice drawled, "Coming, ma!"

Then came a general commotion amid the foliage outwardly manifested by a flutter of red showing through the green.

Mrs. Harter tapped her foot impatiently and awaited developments. At last a square-toed shoe appeared from the upper branches. For a minute it swung aimlessly in mid-air, feeling for a lodging place. Mrs. Harter held her breath and clasped her hands together.

"Euphemia, do be careful," she groaned.

By degrees the foot was followed by its mate and finally by the whole person of its owner. She poised herself in the high forks. Her bright cheeks rivaled her dress in color, her eyes sparkling beneath a mass of tangled black hair that would not be held in the retaining braid. Her arms, streaked with stains and scratches spread themselves wide against the branches as a brace. Then Euphemia gave one bounding jump. There was a scream that projected itself from behind the window. In a second the girl was on her feet again, and faced the tree.

"Cum' on, kids!" she called to her invisible companions, and two active boys swung themselves from the branches as though they had inherited some of the qualities of their aboriginal ancestors.

"Gee mineezers, we'll get caught sure if we don't run," warned the husky little chap, as he ran his fingers through his red hair.

"Ah, that's always the way. Somethin' always spoils our fun!" pouted Euphemia, as she glanced apprehensively towards the window, calculating in her mind whether or not she could make a safe "get-away."

He of the red hair edged nearer the back fence, where his companion was already performing an excellent experiment in high vaulting. His freckled face showed indecision as he wavered between the plan of deserting his loyal colleague, already in the clutches of maternal law, or giving himself up to the almost certain capture by the enemy. Suddenly his eye caught the sight of Euphemia's mother in the open door-way.

"Gee, you're going to get it," he consoled in a hoarse whis-

per, and in a moment was racing hard after the retreating form of their companion.

"Euphemia, come here this minute."

Euphemia received her doom with bowed head, and with lagging feet approached the door.

"You hurry!"

Mrs. Harter held the door open with one hand and with the other aided the advance of her young daughter by a vigorous pull of the sleeve. She now put her at arm's length and regarded with an expression of disgust and horror the stained hands and face and torn dress. At last judgment came in a decisive tone.

"Euphemia Harter, what ever am I going to do with you! I never saw such a girl! All the time racing around with a bunch of boys, climbing and shooting arrows and I don't know what not."

Mrs. Harter's voice changed almost to a wail.

"I can't understand why you can't be nice and play with your dolls like other children. You're a disgrace to the neighborhood. Goodness only knows you don't take after me!"

Again the tone changed, this time to a command.

"Now, you get in there and practice. I don't want to hear another thing out of you for an hour. You'll drive me mad with this goings on."

"Ah, ma," wailed Euphemia, "I just hate that old piano. Please, I don't want to practice."

"Never mind what you want to do. I suppose you'd lots rather be hiking over fences and up trees with a bunch of wild Indians; but I'm not paying for music lessons for you for nothing."

Euphemia resignedly drooped her bright head and mechanically began to rub her hands on her dress.

"For goodness sakes, look what you're doing. Go wash your hands and get in there and practice."

Mrs. Harter's voice was almost at the breaking point as she dropped into a chair and wiped her face, sighing deeply.

Slowly Euphemia shuffled out of the room. Immediately her departure was accompanied by loud sounds of splashes in the kitchen. After a more than sufficient length of time to complete the most careful washing, a loud rustle of papers was heard from the front room. Then began a series of wavering "thums" and "dums" and "tums", accompanied by "one, two three; one, two three" in a loud, sing-song voice.

Mrs. Harter shook her head sadly over her tangled knitting.

On the other side of the door Euphemia perched herself wearily on the piano stool. One elbow rested on the edge of the music rack and the hand supported a head which bore evidence of a superficial smoothing. The other hand moved aimlessly over the keys and her eyes wandered longingly through the open window. At the end of the lot two brave cowboys valiantly defended themselves against the onslaught of a motly crowd of savage Indians. The "thum, tums" became less frequent. Euphemia's eyes deserted the music entirely and brightened eagerly as she craned her neck in order to obtain a view of the entire fray. Two feather-bedecked Indians finally succeeded in overpowering a valiant cowboy and his curly red hair trailed dangerously near the dust as they bore him away between them. This was more than Euphemia could bear. With a bound she reached the window and clambered through it. She raced pell mell to the assistance of the surviving cowboy, who was maintaining a valiant defence against a superior number of howling savages. Alas, she was too late to give more than consolation as she, too, was born off amid the cheering victors.

That night Euphemia's poor mother was almost in tears as she pleaded with her untractable offspring. Tears and threats alike fell unheeded on Euphemia's head as she whittled gaily away at a murderous-looking stick.

"Euphemia, if you would only practice just a little bit. If you'd do it every day you might amount to something."

Euphemia could not spare a moment from the manufacture of her new weapon as she gaily answered,

"Ah! ma, what are you always fussin' about that old piano for? There ain't no life in it at all. I like somethin' that goes with a biff."

Mrs. Harter sank back in her chair disheartened and absently went on with her knitting. Euphemia sent up a shrill whistle from the corner of her mouth and steadily increased the pile of shavings that grew about her feet. Suddenly her mother sat up in her chair and spoke. Her voice sounded hopeful.

"I tell you, Euphemia! I know what is lively and full of spirit. I'll get you a banjo. That's lots of fun."

Euphemia manifested no enthusiasm but, at least, she did not veto the idea entirely and her mother took hope.

Accordingly, a few days later a banjo appeared. In the meanwhile, Euphemia embraced the excuse of waiting for it to gain exemption from practice periods, and was entirely taken up by important meetings of council and daring combats.

But the banjo experiment was no more successful than that of the piano. By dint of much coaxing and oft-repeated threats of vague punishments, Euphemia was forced to practice a very limited space of time and finally succeeded in drawing forth from the tortured instrument a series of doleful sounds that might be called anything but music.

Mrs. Harter was despondent.

"Why did I have to raise such a child? She ought to have been a boy. Why, she's the talk of the whole neighborhood. Everybody calls her 'tom-boy'." She almost wept at the thought.

One day Euphemia returned from some kind of a mysterious undertaking requiring broomstick guns and lath sabers, in unusually high spirits. Without being told, she carefully washed her hands and face and combed her hair almost neatly. A wavering bewildered smile curved her mother's lips as she watched her curiously. Evidently Euphemia was "up to something," but who could divine the workings of such a whimsical mind? She pattered about the room picking up books and patting stand covers until finally she had almost reached her mother's chair. Her pink face glowed with a bewitching smile.

"Oh, ma!"

"Yes, dear."

"Ma, I was just thinkin'—" here Euphemia hesitated.

"Well, what is it, dear?" Mrs. Harter would feign indulge this mood. Her face brightened hopefully at such manifestations of improvement.

"Yu know, ma, I was just wishin' that maybe you'd get me a horn to play on instead of that slow old banjo. I'd practice it lots, really," Euphemia assured brightly.

Mrs. Harter was always prepared to yield to any demands of her young daughter and now indulged in an overflow of tenderness. She folded Euphemia in her arms and patted the glossy hair.

"Bless your little heart! Do you mean a cornet? You shall have one right away."

Euphemia stiffly responded to the embrace and hastened to disengage herself as speedily as possible.

At last Mrs. Harter smiled contentedly. Euphemia seemed genuinely interested. For as much as a half hour at a time she would tear herself away from her cowboy and Indian friends and closet herself in the front room tooting away until at last her efforts began to take some semblance to a tune. Meanwhile her interest in her "tom-boy" practices seemed, if anything, more enthusiastic than before. From some unknown hiding place she had conjured up the remnants of a tattered army cap and insisted upon wearing it on all occasions. However, Mrs. Harter took courage in the thought of the persistent practicing and, if it was not unalloyed bliss, it was less tainted by bitterness than formerly. Indeed, she almost took heart again, although deep down in her consciousness the fear constantly presented itself that this could not last.

One morning as the first streaks of dawn grayed the horizon an awesome sound wildly punctured the unbroken quiet like the trump of doom. All through the sleeping streets rose the cries of babies frightened from their slumbers; barnyard fowls crowed loudly, thinking a rival had appeared; everywhere sounded lifted windows and disturbed slumberers blinked bewilderedly into the semi-darkness. It was the loud note of a horn singing in falter-



ing notes, "I can't get 'em up; I can't get 'em up; I can't get 'em up in the morning."

Mrs. Harter started up in her bed as though she had been stabbed. Her dazed semi-consciousness groped for realization. Then it came with a rush. She peered at her clock in the growing light—four-thirty, and Euphemia was practicing. Before she could collect herself enough to know that she must put a stop to it immediately, it died away of its own accord. Like a marauder in the night it had come and as suddenly gone, leaving a vague sense of unreality. She groped for the door. As she opened it she heard the front door close softly and the sound of tiptoed steps leaving the porch. Euphemia was off.

All morning Mrs. Harter suffered. At least six people called to learn the reason for the unusual proceedings. Stammering and confused, she presented hazy excuses of sleep-walking and finally sought refuge from the endless inquiry in the seclusion of her room.

At noon Euphemia appeared in high spirits. She banged the door behind her and in a gay voice announced, "Gee, ma, I'm starved! I'm as hungry—."

At sight of her mother's tear-stained face she paused. Mrs. Harter needed no urging.

"Oh! Euphemia, Euphemia," she wailed, "just to think, I thought that you were going to be so good and all, and here you bring this disgrace on me. We're the talk of the town, wakening up the whole neighborhood like that. They've all been buzzing around my ears like a hive of bees."

For a moment Euphemia seemed puzzled, then recollection came. Her nose tilted up saucily.

"Ah! They're a bunch of old stiffs. I guess I can practice if I want to. Gee, ma, I'm hungry."

For half an hour, while Euphemia ate, her mother reasoned with her. Euphemia crossed her legs underneath her on the chair and spread more bread with ever more generous supplies of jam, but said nothing. When the door finally slammed behind her and she cheered her crestfallen mother by a high shrill

good-bye, that lady had absolutely no assurance that the incident of the morning would not be repeated, yet she hoped.

That night, after the lights were out, she paused on the threshold of Euphemia's room.

"Euphemia," she called in a loud whisper. "Euphemia, are you asleep?"

An almost inaudible grunt from the bed assured her that she was not.

"Remember not to get that horn out in the morning. Good night, dear."

Mrs. Harter stole softly into her room with a reassured mind and slept to dream fantastic dreams. A great giant was striding along over the hills. In his hand he held a great stick. As he walked he pounded with it upon a brazen shield, at first faintly, then louder and louder—she gasped and found herself sitting upright in bed while her ears rang with the notes of the cornet. Evidently Euphemia was just finishing her matins.

"Can't get 'em up in the morning." The notes faltered into silence. The front door closed. Euphemia was gone on another expedition.

Late that afternoon Euphemia had not returned. Mrs. Harter lay on the couch in the darkened front room, her temples throbbing to the tune of a nervous headache.

The door bell rang loudly and imperiously. In the light blinding hall she groped her way to the door and opened it. A brass-buttoned officer of the law confronted her. She shrank visibly.

"Mrs. Harter, I believe," came the gruff voice.

Mrs. Harter almost gasped. He believed! The man had lived two doors from her for three years. She nodded mutely.

"Ahem," the man cleared his throat ostentatiously. "Mrs. Harter, you undoubtedly know that for the last two mornings there has been an unusual disturbance in your house that has

gotten the whole town up at dawn. Now it's just this way. The people have decided that this is a public nuisance and you'll have to stop it. If you don't, the law will." The orderly chest of the officer swelled with authority.

"Yes, sir," was all that Mrs. Harter could gasp as she tremulously closed the door on his departing form. A loud clatter sounded from the kitchen. Unnerved as she was, Mrs. Harter grasped the door knob for support. Then Euphemia appeared in the door-way trailing a various assortment of sticks and laths behind her. Her mother took a fresh hold upon her support. It was time for her to be fair. She could not let this child domineer over her to both of their sorrows and loss.

"Euphemia." Her voice sounded far away and alien. She hardly recognized it as her own.

"Yes, ma." the child's eyes sparkled. Her voice was light.

"Euphemia," Mrs. Harter's voice quavered. The hot blood rushed to her head. She burst forth almost breathlessly.

"Just look what you've done! Only to think of it. We are disgraced! To think of a policeman coming to my door to tell me that I'm a public nuisance. Now this is the end of it!" She shook from head to foot. Her tense fingers clutched her apron convulsively. Her voice broke as she reached the climax.

"I'm going to smash that old horn this very minute!"

Euphemia stared at her mother with wide open eyes and passed by her, still dragging along her unwieldy load. Suddenly she tossed her head, a bright smile curved her red lips. She reached the stair landing and paused. Her voice rang out sweetly.

"Go on, ma! I don't care. All the kids and me aren't goin' to play we're soldiers no more and get up in the mornings with a bugle. We're going to build an airship now."

Euphemia clattered out of sight around the curve in the stairway. Her mother sank onto the bottom step staring helplessly after her.

**OLD PITTSBURGH DAYS**

Katharine McFarland, '20

The life in the old days was simple and healthy to an interesting and at the same time rather humorous degree. Looking back upon the past of a century ago and more, we are astonished to learn that "the old order changeth" to such a degree that life then seems absurd and strange in customs and in all phases.

From a sketch made in 1816 by a Mrs. Gibson we find that Pittsburgh was at that time a miniature city in triangular shape, so formed because of the bounding rivers, Allegheny and Monongahela merging, and, in the Ohio, forming a letter Y. It is hard to believe that in 1815 they dared call Pittsburgh a city. There were just nine hundred and sixty dwelling houses and about eleven public buildings, eight of which were of brick. These eight buildings included five churches, the academy, the court house, and one of the market houses, which stood in the public square, the Diamond. The dwelling houses were partly of logs, of home-hewn stone and a few of brick. The finish of the houses on the inside was very simple, a little wood carving or plain wood paneling was used, making an architectural style called "Colonial."

The people were for the most part Americans, but there was some intermingling of Irish, Scotch, English, French, Dutch and Swiss. They were an industrious people, eager for commerce, education and for some of the simpler amusements. In front of their homes they placed benches where the family would sit on pleasant summer evenings and listen to a neighbor "playing on the clarionet or flute and occasionally on the piano-forte." Because of this fondness for music, frequent concerts were held in the public hall. There were generally two or three balls held during the winter, and in the one small theatre the Thespian Society of the young men and women of the city performed, with now and then some of the eastern players. The people had little fondness for elegance. There were but two carriages in the whole city.

In 1816, the people were suffering, yet withstanding tolerably well, the extra prices caused by the war. We are told that property went up ten times in value, that ground

on Market or Wood streets cost ten to twenty dollars a foot and in Smithfield and Liberty, four to eight! Shop rooms soared in price on Market, Wood and Water streets to one hundred dollars a year. It was almost impossible to rent a store on the principal streets under three hundred dollars a year. But even to us the war "market prices" seem high with butter seventy cents a pound, and grain almost a luxury. There were two large markets on the Diamond, which were held twice weekly.

As a young city there were many struggles in order to pay for improvement and protection. Until 1816 there was no police force. The taxes were so low that city improvements were impossible, but at one time the bold council hired a night watchman who was dismissed the next day when no money could be found to pay him. But in letters and accounts of Pittsburgh in 1816 and after, we find quite a few remarks concerning the well-lighted streets and the deep-toned voices of the watchmen. One writer remarks that he has two convincing arguments against them, "the disturbance of invalids and the timely warning of thieves." The youths of the city formed the "Eagle Fire Company," supported mainly by a "bucket committee," which included all the citizens, each family bringing three buckets of water to the fire. The water had been taken care of by the digging of four deep wells in the middle of town, three in Market street. Upon Grant's Hill (now the Hump), at the rear of the city, were many fine springs. Grant's Hill, we are told, was a beautiful spot from which to overlook the little city; on it were some of the wealthiest farms. We find some interesting appropriations made about 1816, saying, "It shall be lawful to plant shade trees along the Monongahela banks"; "\$30 shall be appropriated for filling part of a pond on Sixth street, between Cherry alley and Grant street."

In spite of the financial depression of 1815-1817, there were fourteen large factories, operating successfully in Pittsburgh. Because of the more than ample supply of coal, it was used as wood had been in the old, crude furnaces of large and small industries. As a result we have the complaint of the overpowering smoke running through all the accounts of visitors to the city. One writer says, "The smoke is extreme; it gives the town

and its inhabitants a sombre aspect but I am told that there is a no more healthy atmosphere in the United States"; another writer, "The coal smoke descends in fine dust, in fact snow can scarcely be called snow in Pittsburgh. I would advise that they install the smoke-consuming device, enforced by law in England (1817)."

Among the fourteen factories there was but one steel foundry, for from the successful results of glass and pig iron manufactory, these were considered Pittsburgh's richest resources. There were many small plants, among them a nail factory and we are told, "By a new and remarkable machine the nails were cut and headed at the same time. We stood spell-bound by this sublime effort of human ingenuity." In the Almanac are found the following: "Sloan, a dexterous maker of trunks, wishes for this purpose, deer-skins with the hair on"; "Blair has established a business in brush making. If farmers would be more careful of their hogs' bristles, this business might be carried on more effectively." And yet, in spite of all this trade and prosperity, we find one author saying that "because of the National Road ending at Wheeling and of the use of the Mississippi as a water route to the Atlantic, the decay of Pittsburgh is certain."

Transportation was a great problem. Conestoga wagons were used for heavy drayage and stage-coaches for passenger travel. The wagoners of the Conestogas smoked long cigars made for them of Pittsburgh's home-grown tobacco and this is the origin of "stogies" shipped all over the United States now. The journey to Philadelphia generally required twenty days and in the paper we find mention of a remarkably swift trip in thirteen days. The Conestogas were long, shaped with the bed low at the center and high at the ends. The lower part was painted red with a strip of blue above and the white canvas covering, giving the colors of the flag. They were drawn by six horses, whose harness jingled with sweet toned bells. At nights the horses and wagons were driven into the diamond or public square of the towns, so we have our "Diamond Street," the former pub-



lic square and location of the taverns. Many other people rode long distances on horseback, in preference to the stage-coach, as great numbers came to Pittsburgh and took boat for New Orleans. This resulted in Pittsburgh's becoming a cheap market for horses.

The river travel was also very popular; in fact, there was a steam boat company operating the Pittsburgh boats. Every kind of vessel might be found, crowding the rivers. The barges were stately, but were given an outlandish appearance by their huge raised decks. There were keel boats, long, slender, and of "an elegant form"; Kentucky flats, a species of ark, laden with whole families and their possessions; crude piroques, hollowed from immense trees and suitable for bearing heavy weight, as were also the "Allegany" skiffs."

As early as 1761 we find that the small group of settlers living around Fort Pitt, had hired a school-master for sixty pounds. There were only forty-eight children in the settlers' families, and twenty of these were pupils under this master. The first school houses were built in 1776. They were of logs, which had hewn-out doors and windows, covered with oil-paper. Reading, writing and ciphering were taught, but as books were scarce, the little children were given wooden paddles with the alphabet printed on them. As soon as they could read at all they had lessons in the New Testament, then later in the Old Testament and a weekly quiz on the catechism.

In 1786, Mrs. Pride opened a boarding and day school for young ladies, in which she advertised to teach "Plain Work, Flowering, Fringing and Knitting and also that literary side of education—Reading English—if required."

In 1787, the Penns granted one square in Ewalt's field for a Pittsburgh academy. Here was taught English, Greek, Latin and Mathematics. The school was granted five thousand dollars by the Legislature, providing that they would instruct ten pupils free of charge every year. At a little earlier period the so-called

"pauper school law" was abandoned and the first public free school was established—the Fourth Ward School—which had five pupils in its opening year.

Mrs. Gazzam opened another seminary for young ladies at this time on Fifth street. In her advertisement she states, "Young ladies boarding in the school may go home every week-end. Young gentlemen are permitted to call only on the condition that they come accompanied by a servant." A small neighborhood school was opened in the corner of one of the Negley fields, in Negleystown, in 1816; later this was torn down and a church built, on what is now the corner of Highland and Penn avenues, in East Liberty.

The first newspaper was the "Gazette," published in the late seventies. Later appeared the "Commonwealth" and the "Century." There was no local news in any of these, only European and Capital news, all two months old, long discussions and local poetry. **No local news was published because town gossip made it unnecessary.** But in the "Gazette," the front and back of the paper was covered with advertisements, so popular and so much used by the people in all cases as to give us a valuable glimpse of their lives. Many of the advertisements are amusing and very instructive. In one a house and lot, one hundred and twenty foot front and sixty deep, are advertised, situated on the corner of Smithfield and Strawberry alley, to be let for seventy dollars "per annum." In another, six "out-of-town" lots on Grant's Hill, near town and with an excellent view of the three rivers, are advertised. We even find divorced wives, slaves and apprentices being sought through the papers and for their return as much as six cents, five cents and three cents with a pound of old horseshoe nails were paid. In the "Gazette," Mr. Boudet gave notice of the balls held at his dancing-school, to which the ladies were invited, but the gentlemen were to pay one dollar admission. To all his advertisements the dancing master adds the foot note: "Gentlemen not permitted to enter or dance in boots."

To a citizen of the Pittsburgh of today, the contrast between the young city and the fully developed city typifies endless labor. Confronted by the same problem today, we would be at a great loss to build a city such as Pittsburgh.

**A TRAIN OF CARS**

Olive Wolf, '18

John Williams stepped from the doorway of the most exclusive jewelry shop in the city and mingled with the hurrying crowd of Christmas shoppers. It was the Saturday before Christmas. Twilight was beginning to fall. A few snowflakes glistened in the glare of the electric lights, and then seemed to lose themselves upon the garments of the passers-by. A biting wind brought the blood tinging to the face and seemed to impart zest to the spirits of its victims.

John Williams felt strangely apart from this holiday spirit. Christmas had come to mean no more to him than a gift to his wife and one in return, and a few donations to charity. It was no longer an event of the year to him; it was a mere incident. And yet, as the crowd surged past him and the sound of happy voices came to his ears, he felt an undefined longing for the excitement and the thrill which these people seemed to be experiencing. His Christmas shopping was done. In his overcoat pocket, where he had carelessly thrust it, was a magnificent white case in which lay a delicately wrought pin. It was his gift to his wife, this year as much more beautiful than last year's, as it had been more beautiful than that of the year before. Fortune had been kind to him. He was content, but not especially happy.

His eyes wandered to the shop windows. Voguely he gazed at their displays. His mind had gone back to former Christmases which had meant more to him. Finally, his gaze fell upon a particular window and he stopped. A grim smile flittered across his face as he gazed upon a mass of children's toys. His attention fixed itself upon a marvelous train of cars which seemed to be stopping at a miniature railroad station. A circuitous system of tiny tracks lost itself among a maze of other toys. As he looked, a vision of another Christmas, years before, came to him. A small boy gazed in rapt admiration at a much simpler toy engine in a tiny shop window in a little western town. For weeks he had longed for this object of his admiration. At last misfortune had blasted his hopes, and he was paying his farewell

visit to the window. John Williams was awakened from his reflections by a child's voice at his elbow:

"Gee! Miss Mary, ain't that train o' cars a bird!"

Mr. Williams turned around. There was a group of children, boys and girls, whose clothing betrayed their orphan asylum home. With them was an elderly woman.

"Yes, John. It's beautiful, but see those nice books piled in the corner. Don't they look interesting?" Miss Mary wisely tried to direct the gaze of her young questioner away from the bewitching train.

"Miss Mary, do you s'pose the boys'll get books again this year? I wish they'd give us just one train o' cars!" The boy turned again to the window.

Miss Mary merely smiled and urged her charges to follow her as she led them away.

John Williams stood irresolute, then turned and entered the store. A few minutes later, a clerk in the toy department came solicitiously toward him. He seemed to be a good prospect.

"May I show you something, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, some toys. I mean trains of cars!" He added the last rather hurriedly. The clerk nodded and led him to a corner of the room. A few minutes later, John Williams was engrossed in the intricacies of a toy engine. With boyish delight he wound up the spring and set the train upon its journey over a marvelous system of tracks. The clerk left him to attend to an earlier sale. For ten minutes, the boy of thirty years before played with the "train o' cars." He was winding up the spring for a third time, when a voice came to his ears which made him stop short.

"Yes," it said, "send thirty of these books. They'll do for the boys, and then—oh, yes, those sewing baskets for the girls."

He turned about with the engine in his hand and come face to face with his wife.

"Why, John, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered as he confusedly set the engine back on the track. "I—I just thought perhaps I'd meet you here!"

"Well, how did you know to come here?" Fortunately she did not await an answer. "I'm glad we met though," she went on. "I've been so busy, this afternoon, but I have about everything now. I just stopped here to order the things for the orphan asylum. We're going to send books for the boys and sewing baskets for the girls. They're useful, and— Oh, what a wonderful doll! I believe I'll get that for Jane Smith. I have to remember my namesake;" Mrs. Williams turned away to seek a clerk to wait upon her.

Mr. Williams watched his wife as she walked across the store. The clerk who had first met him returned.

"Do you wish the train of cars, sir?" she asked.

"I don't believe—" he started carelessly. "Do you s'pose the boys'll get books again this year?" The words came back unbidden. "Yes, I do," he added hastily. "Send it to St. Paul's Orphan Asylum."

He handed her a bill. His wife returned and together they left the store. Mrs. Williams chattered on over her shopping. Finally, she exclaimed,

"Isn't it strange you thought to go to the right place to find me?"

Mr. Williams only smiled in answer. As they passed the toy window, he flashed the train of cars a joyful farewell.

# THE SOROSIS

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## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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### EDITORIALS

Of all Christmas customs, with the exception of sincere Christmas giving, perhaps the different community customs of expressing "good will toward men" are the most beautiful and the most influential for the rest of the community. Various customs of expressing this good will are observed in different localities. In some parts of Germany a lighted candle is placed in a window of every home, those of rich and poor alike, to remind the stranger in the street



that the "Light of the World" has come. In some places, on Christmas night, groups of children pass along the streets singing Christmas carols, warming and stimulating the hearts of those who listen inside their homes. Holly wreathes tied with bright ribbon send out to passers-by the glowing message of Christmas cheer, from the windows of American homes.

But probably the custom which most successfully conveys the Christmas message to the whole community is that of the Community Christmas Tree. A few years ago this custom was established in many of our large cities and so great has been the success that smaller communities are adopting the idea. In a public square, a large Christmas tree is erected, the branches of which are hung with long strings of colored, mellow electric lights and as many other ornaments as the public deems best. Often bright candy bags are made by the enthusiastic girls of the town, and large quantities of candy, oranges, and pop-corn balls are donated by generous individuals for the eager bright-eyed children. On Christmas night, it is a wonderful sight to see men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor, gather round the brilliantly lighted tree to raise their voices, with one accord, in praise of the Christ-Child. Denomination, social standing and nationality are forgotten in that atmosphere of unity, love and peace.

The delight of one childish face, the joy of one little heart that would not otherwise have throbbed in the pleasure of seeing a Christmas tree, repays all the effort spent upon a Community Tree. So beautiful a custom, establishes a unity of purpose, creates an atmosphere of good will among the people and unifies the otherwise unmingled elements of society. Experience has shown that one of the most successful customs of spreading abroad the spirit of the day is the Community Christmas Tree.

## CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

## Omega

On November 13th, Miss McClelland and Miss Alexander entertained the Omega Club, at the regular monthly meeting. The topic of discussion at this meeting was "Bulwer Lytton" and his book, "The Last of the Barons." Miss Keck discussed the novel and Miss Errett reviewed the author's life and character.



## Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club presented two matinee performances for children, of "The Steadfast Princess," by Cornelia L. Meigs, Friday, December 8th, at 3:30 p. m., and Saturday, December 9th, at 2:30 p. m.

"The Steadfast Princess" won the Drama League prize of \$100, offered last year by Kate Oglebay, National Chairman of Junior Work of the Drama League of America.

The College Assembly Hall was turned into a children's theatre. The stage setting and the costumes were attractively and artistically arranged, so as to make the performance particularly a delight to the little folks. A number of children's parties were given, also, which added to the fun and excitement of the afternoon.

The cast was made up of members of the Dramatic Club, and children of the neighborhood. The production was under the direction of Miss Vanda Kerst and Miss Isabel Roop.

## CAST

Toy Master.....	Mary Jane Paul
Ursula.....	Mary Philput
Gretchen.....	Josephine Paul
Hans.....	Dorothy Minor
Johannes Kraft.....	Eva Weston
Nicholas Hahn.....	Elinor McElroy
Prince.....	Sarah Crouse

Ambassador.....	Florence Farr
Gardener.....	Martha Temple
Sentries.....	Helen Ailes and Ruth Logan
Peasant Woman.....	Eulalia Fournier
Dog, Children, Fairies, Soldiers and Courtiers.	

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### Deutsche Verein

On November 20th, the Deutsche Verein celebrated its regular meeting by having an initiation feast for the new members. Miss Evans and Miss Wolfe were the hostesses. The new members are: Margaret Workman, Ruth MacMillan, Janet Hill, Virginia Hooff, Ruth Seaman and Winifred Black.

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### The Y. W. C. A.

The week beginning November 13th was set aside as a Week of Prayer. This week was observed throughout the world as "World Fellowship Week." There were short meetings held every day at the noon hour. The purpose of these meetings was for every one to give herself in sympathy and prayer to the great world need, which is commanding everyone's sympathy at this time. The leaders for the week, and the subjects discussed, were: Monday, "The United States and Its Relation to Other Nations"; leader, Miss Errett; Tuesday, "Other Americans," led by Miss Keck; Wednesday, "The Orient," leader, Miss Workman; Thursday, "Your Adopted Country, leader, Miss Davis; Friday and Saturday, "The Warring Nations," leader, Miss Logan.

The Y. W. C. A. Bazaar, held December 8th and 9th, the days on which the Dramatic Club play was given, proved to be a wonderful success. The study hall, opposite the auditorium, was converted into a silvan grove, and booths laden with Christmas dainties and gifts completed the attractiveness of the room.

## LECTURES

Dr. Williams, of Philadelphia, spent two days at the College, October 24th and 25th, during which time she gave three very interesting and helpful talks to the girls. The subject of her lecture, which she gave in the Chapel Wednesday morning, was "Hygiene."

The lecture hour on the first of November was delightfully spent in a service by which we celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter to Pittsburgh. The program was arranged by the department of History and consisted of the following numbers:

1. History of the song "Yankee Doodle," by Miss Brownson  
and the singing of it by the student body.
2. Fort Duquesne and Fort Pitt.....Miss Keck
3. Social Life Before 1816 .....Miss Van Eman
4. Social Life in 1816.....Miss Temple
5. Newspaper Advertisements.....Miss McClelland
6. Group of Songs.....Mr. Mayhew
7. Old Pittsburgh Poems.....Miss White
8. Piano Selections.....Mr. Hines
9. History of Origin of "Hail Columbia".....Miss Brownson
10. Singing of "Hail Columbia".....Student Body

On November 8th, Mr. Joseph Bauseman, professor of rhetoric in Washington and Jefferson College, lectured before the college. His subject was "Kipling." We all enjoyed the delightful manner in which he portrayed Mr. Kipling, and also the selections which he presented from the works of the poet.

The Reverend Ewers, of the East End Christian Church, spoke to us during the lecture hour on November 15th. From his subject, "The Flower and the River," he developed the theme which he dwelt upon, "The Personality and the Soul." His enthusiasm and earnestness were felt by everyone present, and his thoughts and ideals found sympathy in the hearts of his entire audience.

It was our privilege to have with us in Chapel on November 21st, Dr. C. F. Wishart, of Chicago. He gave a charming talk on "Life," dwelling chiefly on the point of view taken towards right living. As a foundation for his discourse, he presented the ideals of the three poets: Omar, Kipling and Browning.

On November 22nd, Mr. Hines gave a very charming talk on "Music." He presented his subject very broadly, illustrating the good and evil effects which music portrays. He emphasized particularly the great emotional appeal, brought forth by good, true music. The informal and delightful manner in which he spoke, appealed to the artistic sense of all who heard him.



### MUSIC DEPARTMENT

On November 6th, the Whitmer Musical Club had its first meeting. It was well attended and an enjoyable afternoon was spent.

A concert was held November 14th, in Carnegie Music Hall, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania College for Women. This concert marked the debut of Mr. Gabriel Hines into Pittsburgh musical circles. He was assisted by Mr. Charles N. Granville, of New York. The program was excellent, including numbers by Brahms, Liszt and several original compositions selected from his cantata, "The Pilgrim's Voyage." "The Song of the Sea" was especially beautiful. After the concert a reception was held in the foyer of the Hall. Those in the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. Hines and Mr. Granville. Mr. Hines is a graduate of the Department of Music in the University of Pennsylvania and the School of Musical Art in New York City. He is a pupil of Scharwenka, in Berlin, and of Percy Goetschius, of New York City.

The following poem has been copied from "The Phoenix,"  
a Swarthmore, Pa., paper.

**When Gabriel Hines Dreams O'er the Keys**

I.

When Gabriel Hines dreams o'er the keys,  
I hear the songs of birds and bees;  
I see the leaves of autumn red and yellow  
Drift softly down the melancholy air,  
In drowsy twilights when the moon is mellow  
And fairy voices seem to greet us there.  
My heart is touched by memories golden;  
I sail on peaceful summer seas  
Of recollections sweet and olden,  
Of memories and visions golden,—  
When Gabriel Hines is dreaming o'er the keys.

II.

When he is dreaming o'er the keys  
With those immortal Rhapsodies,—  
I see Hungarian girls among the mountains  
Rejoicing in their happy holiday;  
I see them romping 'round the forest fountains,  
Or through the greenwood fading far away,  
Old songs and ballads they are singing  
Beneath the ancient forest trees;  
I hear their girlish laughter ringing,  
I hear their happy, happy singing,—  
When Gabriel Hines is dreaming o'er the keys.

III.

When he is dreaming o'er the keys,  
I muse on heavenly mysteries,—  
I hear the roll of organs, and the thunder  
Of yearning hymns adown cathedral aisles;  
I hear the flutes of shepherds piping under  
White-blossomed trees by country lanes and stiles.



O music, like a lovely river  
Of bright and beautiful harmonies.  
Let me recall the charm forever  
Of memories flowing like a river—  
When Gabriel Hines is dreaming o'er the keys!  
—J. Russel Hayes.

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### EXPRESSION NOTES

The class in Dramatic Appreciation visited the Department of Dramatic Arts at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, on Thursday, November 23rd. The class was shown through all parts of the theatre and found many points of interest behind the scenes.

Eleanor Sallinger and Josephine Paul appeared in a program given at the Home for the Improvement of the Poor, Monday night, November 20th.

Miss Kerst will read before the Fortnightly Club on Saturday, December 16th.

Miss Isabel Roop, who was assistant in the Department of Expression last year, returned to help with the production of the children's play, which was given December 8th and 9th, by the Dramatic Club.

A group of players made up of the private students in expression, under the direction of Miss Kerst, are preparing several one-act plays, for children and grown-ups, to be presented at settlements, playgrounds, schools and clubs after Christmas.

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### SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

On November 27th, the Social Service students acted both as instructors and observers, by serving as ushers and guides during the exhibit held by the Public Charities Association of Pennsylvania. The subject of the exhibit was "The Feeble-minded," and it was designed for the education of the public, as a means of securing, through legislation, better care of mental defectives.

The class in Social Service visited The Home for Children, of

the Association for the improvement of the Poor, and Sarah Heinz House, during the month. On the twenty-second, Miss Laura Redick spoke at the College, presenting the work of the Consumers' League.

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### COLLEGE NOTES

When Pittsburgh celebrated its centennial, we also showed our interest at P. C. W. by a very entertaining program on Pittsburgh's early history, presented by the History Department.

We did not celebrate only in the college, however, for on the day of the big parade, P. C. W. appeared in all its glory on a beautiful float as one of the attractions of Pittsburgh. Though not a hundred strong, the group of girls artistically and modestly proclaimed to Pittsburgh what P. C. W. stands for—knowledge, service, progress, idealism, health, virtue, etc.

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### POLITICS

No doubt you have heard of the big Election Rally, held on the evening of November 2nd? The four main parties in the campaign were represented by able speakers and large and enthusiastic groups of followers. The Prohibition party created quite a sensation with their torch-light procession of citizens clad in raincoats and their "temperance engine" at the head. The Democratic party also made quite an impression by their great numbers and also by the prominent people among them, such as President and Mrs. Wilson, Thomas Edison, Jane Addams, Secretary Daniels and President Eliot. Given first place in the evening, these people occupied the stage while Thomas Edison and Jane Addams, introduced by Vance McCormick, presented the Democratic platform. The "Solid South" for Wilson was there that evening. Two ragged children in a touching little song expressed their thanks to "Uncle Woody" for the Child Labor Law and then came a lovely tableau of Peace, Progress and Prosperity. The laborers turned out in full force to support the Socialist party with numerous placards bearing their slogans. Benson himself ably presented their cause, followed by Mr. Kirkpatrick and

Mrs. Catt. A charming anti-suffragette next appeared and with most convincing arguments decried the ardent suffragette. Judging from the applause, you might consider this one of the most appealing things of the evening. The Prohibitionists announced Hanly as their speaker, who supported his views very well. A most striking contrast was shown by two pantomimes, the one a pathetic sight of a drunkard's home; the other the joy and prosperity of a home without liquor. The Republican party appeared in white, with red, white and blue crepe paper hats. A very effective drill was carried out around the Goddess of Liberty and the American flag. Dr. Acheson, in talking for the Republicans, was interrupted by a telegram from ex-President Taft announcing his arrival. Almost immediately he appeared and before he had said many words, Teddy himself rushed into the room. After an enthusiastic greeting on the platform and a few spirited remarks from Teddy, the whole convention broke up, the Socialists and Prohibitionists uniting and going over to Roosevelt. The Democratic party, which had originally been the largest, and throughout the evening had confidently sung its election songs, stood aghast for a moment at the new turn of events, but rallying quickly around the President, they attempted to drown out the Republican mob by their cheers for Wilson. Having previously registered, the citizens went to the booths and voted. The returns that night indicated that Hughes would be elected, but the official count a few days later showed that some mistake must have been made, for Wilson won out.

A Student Government Conference was held during the month at Mount Holyoke, to which we sent our president, Estelle Shepard. After her splendid report in Chapel, we all feel that she brought back to us not only high ideals but practical ideas which we hope to see worked out.

Mrs. Best, the founder and president of the Drama League of America, visited our college recently and was a guest at luncheon in Woodland Hall and at the Faculty Tea.

We had another distinguished visitor, Dean Hamilton, of Miami College, who was in Pittsburgh to study the vocational bureau here.

Several of our faculty attended a reception for President Wooley, of Mt. Holyoke, who lectured on the great need for liberal arts colleges in America today owing to the fact that so many thousand scholars are being sacrificed to the war in Europe.

Some of our faculty also were present at the farewell dinner and reception for Dr. Brashear, who has gone for a trip to the Orient. We are delighted to hear that before he left he promised to speak at our Commencement in June.

We are interested to know that Miss Meloy has been chosen as a member of the Reception Committee for the Social Workers Conference here in June.

We are indebted to Bryson Findley for the effective cover of this issue.

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### ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

The following clipping from the Altoona Tribune will interest P. C. W. students:

"Miss Kathryn Robb, a teacher in the Juniata High School, who graduated from the Pennsylvania College for Women with the A. B. degree, also finished a course in music and is quite an acquisition to the musical forces of this city and vicinity. Miss Robb is a niece of Professor Robb, principal of the high school. She possesses a contralto voice of wide range and excellent quality and sings with style and finish."

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### CLASS NOTES

#### Senior Scribbles

#### The Eternal?

"And what are you going to do, my dear,

When you leave your Alma Mater?

Is it going to be a grand career?"

Indeed, 'tis a serious matter.

Our friends and relatives and teachers, too,

Propound this perplexing question;

And what, indeed, can a poor maid do

In such a situation?

'Tis a hard, hard life that a Senior leads,  
'Tis a dreadful complication;  
For alas 'tis always one thing impedes  
Her from getting a good position.

"And your Experience?" the gentleman asks.  
Alas, we forgot to elect it.  
"Well then, my dear, 'tis my sad task  
To say that you are rejected."

'Tis a hard, hard life that a Senior leads,  
'Tis a dreadful complication;  
For alas 'tis always one thing impedes  
Her from getting a good position.

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#### A "Blue-Room Affair"

On November 17th, the "Desertors" gave a beautifully appointed luncheon in the Blue Room, in honor of Miss Fowler, who was a guest of Miss Elizabeth B. White. The conspicuous features of the affair were the table cloth and the fact that there was ice in the water. Two kinds of cake were also served. The affair was very elaborate as to details and only lacking in one feature, namely, Miss Shepard and Miss Reinecke. The party was so successful that the hostesses have been urged, by the absent members, to repeat the performance, but owing to the departure of Miss Fowler this cannot be done.

Estelle Shepard was our representative at the Woman's Intercollegiate Conference for Student Government, at Mt. Holyoke, December 16th to 18th. We have evidence that she covered herself with honor for she is now endeavoring to instill it into us.

Louise Reinecke recently took a much-needed vacation and attended the Y. W. C. A. Annual Member Conference, at Swarthmore. We have not been able to find out just how long the conference did last, but we have heard that Miss Reinecke paid several visits to her relatives who are conveniently scattered between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

**Fire Sale!**

We are pleased to announce that owing to a fire sale in this town Miss Van Eman has provided herself with a luxurious and capacious tea-ball. No longer will the tea grounds float blissfully on the surface of Miss Van Eman's tea. The size of the ball is an indication of Miss Van Eman's generous nature and she will be pleased to preside at her tea-table every day, from one o'clock to one-thirty, in order to entertain her many friends, who will no doubt be delighted to partake of a "dish" of tea with her.

**Junior Notes**

The Junior Party was a great success, if we do say so ourselves. First, of course, we trod the stately maze of the one-step and fox trot, and then wishing to be educational as well as frivolous, we gave a series of short historical sketches—planned with the idea of aiding Miss White in fixing firmly the important events of the last thousand years or so in the craniums of our fellow students.

First came the noble "Diogenes" Hunker and the haughty "Alexander" Long. By vast difficulty the original Diogenes tub was procured, giving the scene the desired realistic touch.

Second came that thrilling emotional scene between the brave "Antony" Hill, who, armed with a sturdy wash boiler top, had been killing the King's English and the sirenish "Cleopatra" Temple, who was quite astounding with her fiendish adder.

Then appeared the proud "Napoleon" Minor, strutting in all his majesty on St. Helena.



Of course we showed the origin of the American flag. "Soldier" Leitch says to "Washington" Van Kirk: "Ain't it fierce, George, we ain't got no flag?" and George, hastening to "Betsy Ross" Sterling, receives with not more than two minutes' wait, the completed flag of our glorious nation.

Then was shown the protection of the flag by "Barbara Frietche" Davidson, who insisted upon putting "she said" on the end of every sentence which she addressed to "Stonewall Jackson" Younkens and "the rest of the army" Evans.

Naturally we couldn't slight "Teddy R." Wolf, slaughtering animals that left the stage quickly even though they were on strings.

"The scene between "Wilson" Jeffers and "Kaiser" Fuller brought the art of correspondence vividly before us. The noble ship traveling from shore to shore was untroubled by submarines.

Then the entire class united in a Psychology class, led by "Betty" Lawson, whose dictation held us in awe. Altogether we really enjoyed ourselves.

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Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but our hot beans, peas and cocoa are most satisfactory every noon.

Our absent member, alias Gertrude Bradt, has been in sympathy with the joys and sorrows of her most excellent class, although she is no longer in their midst.

## Sophomore Class Notes

**Behold! A Symphony in Rose and White!**

'Tis of the Sophomore den we write,  
The Sophomore den in rose and white;  
Every sunbeam that shines, every wind that blows,  
Just shows off our colors—the white and the rose.  
So here's to the Sophomore, so jolly and gay!  
And here's to the den in its lovely array!

—M. E. S.

On October 28th, Miss Butterfield took a group of aspiring young Chemistry students to Aspinwall to view the Filtration Plant.

We have all been profiting by Dr. Williams' hints on hygiene—especially Florence Farr, whose sense of delicacy was so touched, that she has responded to the appeal and has desisted from wearing her pink hose. There's a reason!

We are glad to welcome Martha Taylor back again as she has been confined to her home on account of a slight case of tonsillitis.

**Freshman Notes**

The Freshman Class, at a recent meeting, elected Betty Shipley, president; Julia Aspinwall, vice president; Doris Fredricks, treasurer, and Gladys Wilson, secretary.

A sandwich sale was held in the Freshman Den, November 13th.

The trials of our treasurer have commenced. She has discovered that Freshman class dues are not the easiest thing in the world to collect. We don't know who suffers most, the treasurer or her victims.

## HOUSE NOTES

The speakers at Vespers this month were Miss Parsons, from the Young Women's Christian Association of East Liberty; Mr. Putnam, Dr. S. F. Fisher, and Rev. Duff, of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church. Their addresses, which were both interesting and beneficial, were fully appreciated.

Dr. Rachael Williams, of Philadelphia, gave lectures on two successive evenings. The girls from both Halls were invited to attend the lectures.

Dame Fortune has smiled upon Woodland Hall and Valeska Jarecki is the proud possessor of a Victrola, the musical strains of which made festive a recent table party given in the Woodland Hall dining room. The day the Victrola came, Valeska's room was a scene of enthusiastic activity.

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**EXCHANGES**

Although we are, of course, interested mostly in the body of the publications we receive, we still feel that the face they turn toward the world, in other words, the cover, might be improved.

Will some kind reader tell us why colleges almost invariably wear those drab, colorless clothes, that make one glad to rest one's eyes on the more gayly attired Cornell "Era" or "Washington Jeffersonian"? Too many, alas, bear that pamphlet appearance that somehow suggests patent medicines and rules of croquet.

We find the best fiction of the month in Smith College Monthly. There are two excellent stories, differing greatly in presentation and context but both equal in interest. The first, "Platonics," is a remarkably strong, intensely interesting, short story treating on the dangers of heredity and the sacrifice of love of one's self to love of the future generation. The second, "Neo Platonism," is equally vital and alive, but written in a much

lighter vein. It tells of the gradual change of a platonic friendship into something better and finer. The characters of "Scott Whitman" and "Peg" are excellently drawn and the young married couple with their love for their baby are also charming.

The Washington Jeffersonian has an unusual story called "The Shirk." It is a modern and convincing tale based on the idea that artists should give up their private desires to be of use to mankind.

Mount Holyoke had its usual number of well written articles and poems.

We wish also to acknowledge The Temple University Magazine, The Allegheny Literary Monthly, The Barnard Bear, The Searchlight and The Echo.

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No. 4.

### "KATIE LEARNS TO SPEAK"

Leah Claster, '17

(Awarded First Prize in Omega Short Story Contest)

When Miss T——, the "friendly visitor," first told Mrs. Vernowsky that eight-year-old Katie, who had been born deaf and dumb, might be taken to a wonderful school where she would be taught to understand everything people said, and even to speak some herself, Mrs. Vernowsky naturally was awe-stricken and she couched her disbelief in any such miracle in no uncertain terms.

"You just say that be nice to me. My man—him's brother some like Katie—no hear, no versteh what people him talk. He big man—my Katie li'l girl—sheno do what he no can do. Him smart man, too—him no dummy. Him work all time, fix shoes, but him no can learn talk and just li'l bit versteh. Him no learn; my Katie no can learn. Just li'l girl!"

The visitor was accustomed to having the marvels of this wonderful country received in just such a manner and she was not discouraged. She continued in her arguments for a full hour, painting vividly the cases of little girls who she insisted had learned to understand everything and, indeed, to talk quite well. Miss T—— particularly emphasized the fact that these same little girls had become ever so much happier and that this happiness was able to be accomplished by such a small sum as Mrs. Vernowsky could with little effort afford to pay.

Mrs. Vernowsky had to stop and consider these last two facts. Her Katie, who found it so hard to play with the children in Beelan Street because Margie Murphy and Alonzo Jonson, since they couldn't take time to explain to her in the necessarily slow

and painful "hand way" what they could easily convey to each other by word of mouth, had recently began to run away from her, would have children just like herself, who would be glad to play with her. As for the cost, she (Mrs. Vernowsky) didn't need that pair of shoes she'd been considering, anyhow—John could fix the old ones. And a few other minor details such as this would fix the money part of it all right. Yes—it would be fine and how Katie would like it—the school, the children, and the books. That very day Mrs. Vernowsky had caught Katie looking longingly at the pictures in brother Andy's school book, which by special permission he had brought home for over night. Andy had snatched the book away lest Katie dirty it and teacher scold or, even worse, forbid his bringing it home again. Mrs. Vernowsky remembered Katie's hurt look. After all, it was a wonderful opportunity.

"Katie, she'd like Miss T—. I tink Katie she'd be awful smart, too. She all a time like to look at books. But, Miss T—, how far away is school" (and now Mrs. Vernowsky's face wore a troubled expression). "Katie no can go by herself—she no hear street cars and John he no can take her ever' morn'ing—he go work early."

Here came the crisis. When the visitor first let drop the news that Katie was to go away to school and that she was to remain away for a month or so at a time, Mrs. Vernowsky threw up her hands in horror.

"My Katie stay away from me whole month? Why Miss T—, you no know what you talk. My Katie she never go away—why she cry all the time, she no can see her mudder." And here Mrs. Vernowsky anticipated Katie's feelings by bursting into tears herself. Here was trouble and the visitor realized it, but she stuck valiantly to her point.

"It was for Katie's good," she insisted, "and Mrs. Vernowsky would be harming Katie by depriving her of this wonderful opportunity and privilege."

Arguments were offered on both sides, but finally Miss T— arose victor. She was to come for Katie the very next Monday to escort her to the wonderful "new home" at Edgewood, where

Mrs. Vernowsky had been promised she could visit Katie every two weeks.

When, on Monday, Miss T—— called at the designated time, she found Katie not only ready to go but even prepared in some miraculous way for the great change. Again there were tears and regrets, but finally Katie departed, sympathetically tearful, but interested. She held tight to Miss T——'s hand and her eyes shone bright. Except for her not being able to talk, Katie was not dumb. Her hands moved at a lively rate all the way out on the street car in a steady series of questions about the wonderful "new place." This "hand conversation" was somewhat awkward (the only systematic or scientific training Katie had received was from the few lessons Miss T—— had been able to give her), but she could understand about the little girls, the kind people like Miss T—— and, best of all, the books that she was to have "when the car would stop."

And oh the wonderful building! So big, it was, and with so much green grass all around (not like the weeds in Mrs. Murphy's back yard—the Vernowsky's hadn't even weeds). The inside of the building, too, was so strangely white and clean, but there were kind people, for they patted Katie on the head. And such a queer bedroom, with its rows of little white beds, one of which, Katie was informed, she was to have all to herself. She would miss her bed-fellows—Andy, Johnnie and her particular comrade, the also deaf and dumb Joie, who kicked in the night. Yes, it was a queer bedroom, not only for its cleanliness, but for something else. What was it that made it so different from the bedrooms she had seen? Oh, yes! she knew now—there was neither a stove nor a table. Didn't the people here eat?

At this Katie's brow puckered and she began to worry, for as far as strength and animal appetite went, she was absolutely normal and she could devour canned salmon, "black" bread and coffee with the rest of them. She was just about to "confide" her fears in Miss T—— when the latter took her by the hand and quieted her fears by announcing that they were to have something to eat immediately. They went through an immense hall where there were hundreds of little girls and boys, who

smiled at Katie in a most friendly way and made cheerful signs at her. Katie was happy—she wasn't thinking of home now. These children were just like her—she loved them and wanted more than anything else to talk and play with them. Wonderful—one little girl came up to Katie right away and walked with her into the dining-room. Katie could understand every sign the little girl made. Was anything so perfect!

Just as the bedroom had lacked a table or stove, so did the dining-room lack a bed. It was strange, but, goodness, would you expect anything that wasn't different in this grand, friendly place, where you lived with your own "kind"? Katie felt that her fears in the bedroom had all been in vain for the repast set before her was most sumptuous and good tasting, especially the milk, which up to this time Katie had never seen except in cans in which holes were pierced and from which milk was poured into the coffee. Katie's first lesson began at this first strange meal—and that not from books. Miss T—— stopped Katie as she was about to pick up a potato in her hand and told her to watch and see how the other little girls ate.

Such a revelation—a right and a wrong way to eat! But Katie wasn't going to be laughed at and she tried hard to follow Miss T——'s advice. Katie's intellect was not dumb.

The hour after supper was a never-to-be-forgotten one. All the little girls and boys ran out to the big field, where there were interesting things with which to play. Katie, on the strength of the recency of her arrival, was the center of interest and she had a splendid time. After an hour all the little children were called in to go to bed. This was Katie's first hard minute—it was strange away from all her dear ones. She wanted to see her mother and to "talk" with Joie. It was dark here. Katie blinked hard and felt a damp spot on her pillow. In fifteen minutes she was fast asleep.

The next day was wonderful. Katie never dreamed of being home-sick. She was too busy and too happy. There were three more grand meals, with things even better than canned salmon. Helen Mitchell and Nettie Green (the latter of the same color as Alonzo Jonson), who sat at either side of her, were most

friendly. In lessons, Katie learned on that very first day to recognize two letters in a wonderful book. Had ever before so many wonderful things happened at one time to one little girl? At bed time, on this second night, Katie was too blissfully tired even to wish for home. She was fast asleep in two minutes.

More marvelous days similar to the first one followed. More friends were made and more entrancing things learned. In a short time Katie mastered all the letters and oh! never-to-be-forgotten day when the first card went home with these laboriously-printed letters:

Dear Mama,

I love you. I am well. How are you?

Katie.

Indeed, this world at school was a wonder world.

In the mean time Mrs. Vernowsky had been well posted by Miss T—— in the latter's weekly visits, and Mrs. Vernowsky's heart swelled with pride when she heard how well Katie was getting along and how much every one cared for her, and best of all, how happy Katie was. Miss T—— must tell every single detail of what Katie did and said. "And she never cried for her mama?" Mrs. Vernowsky's eyes looked strange at this, but she smiled—for it was her wish that Katie be happy.

When the post card came, Mrs. Vernowsky's joy knew no bounds. Fortunately Andy had returned from school and he was required (greatly to his disgust) to read the words over five times. By this time Mrs. Vernowsky had committed them and she wasted no time in running over to show the masterpiece to Mrs. Murphy. The latter, too, was delighted and asked what Katie had written, whereupon Mrs. Vernowsky proudly turned the card upside down and joyfully read, "Dear mudder, I love you. Are you well? So am I.—Katie."

Two weeks after the receipt of the card there were great doings in the Vernowsky home. Six bottles of pop were bought, a half case of beer, four pounds of bologna and two loaves of black bread. Katie, the educated, was coming home for her



first visit. Miss T—— had gone to bring her and they were to arrive at 53 Beelan at three.

At a quarter before three Mrs. Vernowsky settled herself on the steps in front of the house and peered anxiously down the hill in the direction from which Katie was to come. The minutes lasted as hours, but at last Miss T—— and a little girl were to be seen descending from the street cars and climbing the hill. But upon a second look—such a little girl as she saw—all stiff and starched with a blue gingham dress such as Katie had never taken with her. But it was Katie, her own dear little Katie, who looked so well and so smart.

Mrs. Vernowsky rushed to meet her and once more the ever-ready tears flowed. Katie smiled, but what was the matter—or was Mrs. Vernowsky mistaken—the smile didn't look right, it was so sort of cold and strange. But Mrs. Vernowsky knew she was mistaken and, after all, what were a few foolish doubts when they were to be brushed away in the miracle of all miracles. Katie's lips framed and her voice uttered "Hello, mamma." Once more Mrs. Vernowsky's features worked spasmodically and the great sobs were drowned with tears. Not the voice of a Caruso, nor the chanting of Father Joseph at early mass, could compare with those lovely guttural tones which uttered those hallowed words.

Mrs. Vernowsky carried Katie into the house and again elaborate greetings were in order. All the neighborhood was called in and Katie must repeat over and over those same marvelous words.

How worth while had been the separation. Mrs. Vernowsky trembled when she thought of how her own foolish fears might have deprived Katie of all these wonderful things. As to Katie's own behavior, Mrs. Vernowsky was too excited and happy to notice that until supper, when Katie created a sensation by refusing bologna and asking for milk instead of coffee. Mrs. Vernowsky silently filled a cup half full with the condensed milk and added an equal amount of water. Katie's expression



changed as she drank the milk—it wasn't as good as that at school.

Again in the evening there was a party, with pop for the children and beer for the rest. Mr. Vernowsky took out his violin and everybody joined in the gay celebration in Katie's honor with exuberant zest and gayety but Katie herself—she, the honored guest, what ailed her? Mrs. Vernowsky kept glancing at her every minute and a worried frown passed over her face. What was the matter with Katie? She was acting as if she didn't like this at all and ever before she had been the gayest at such assemblages. Mrs. Vernowsky tried to quiet her fears by calling them foolish, but at last she could stand it no longer. Coming up to Katie, she took her hand and demanded what was the matter. This time it was Katie who burst into tears as she uttered her second verbal phrase to her anxious mother.

Mrs. Vernowsky repeated this phrase twice. She had misunderstood; but alas, her sad surmises concerning Katie's strange behavior were right and her mother's heart was broken.

Unhappy Katie, with the heartlessness of childhood, had let this be the second proof of the wonderful fact that she could talk: "It's too dirty here—I want to go back."



## SOCIAL SERVICE

Luella P. Meloy.

Head of Social Service Department.

The first lesson which the student of social subjects learns is a lesson of inter-relations. There is no single cause for poverty, as there is no single cause for wealth. The eyes of jealousy can always discover downward-reaching tendencies in those who appear to stand upon high platforms, and the eyes of the social worker can always disarm aspiration and poetry in the very poor. There is no such thing as being independent of others. It is not exact, even, to speak of the "rich" and the "poor." For those of us who are rich in some ways, let us say, in specialized knowledge, confess to poverty of more than one kind, and those whom

we call the "poor" may be rich in some of the most valuable things of life.

Sometimes I am dissatisfied with the term "Social Service." If I happen to be in a critical mood, the term suggests to me condescension from one on a higher level to others on a lower level. If this should be the connotation which "Social Service" has for you, my criticism of the name is sustained. Sense of superiority went out with the old charity. For the hard work of social uplift, the modern charity must divest itself of all unnecessary garments, especially of the cloak of priggishness.

It follows from the lesson of inter-relations that we must all, everyone of us, be social workers, and that we all need to have social work done for us. The mother is a direct social worker in an intensive field. The school teacher is a social worker, direct and indirect, certainly in an extensive field, and intensive to the extent of her capabilities. I cannot see that the so-called professional Social Worker (mark the capitals) is doing anything more than the public school teacher can do. She is different in that she uses special tools and that she works more directly with and for people who suffer from an obviously injurious environment.

The modern view of interdependence, of social responsibility, and of social work as a social necessity rather than as a social grace, has spread rapidly during the last ten or fifteen years. When a subject has made for itself a place in college catalogues, you may be sure that it must contain some knowledge which is worth while and that it answers a demand from many students. When our college started a department of Social Service, in 1908, it was making an innovation. In 1916 I examined the office files of the catalogues of other colleges, with the intention of counting those colleges which offer courses in Sociology. I lost count, there were so many. So I began to search diligently for those colleges which exclude Sociology, both theoretical and applied. So far, I have found but four, which, strange to say, are in our own state. Careful reading of these catalogues shows that social studies are becoming standardized. Recently I explained some of our views to a group of club women in my home town.

A visitor from another town expressed her approval of what I had said by telling me that a professor from a university had said exactly the same things to the school teachers who made up his extension classes.

In no field of knowledge does the point of view change more rapidly than in the field of social study. Utterances which were novel and forceful in 1913, sound decidedly old-fashioned in 1917. We are all investigating for ourselves, and having learned the trick of examining evidence, we are as willing to correct false impressions in the world of ideas about society as we are in the world of material things. I remember the time when I was sure that the whole secret of human quality lay in heredity. Later when I became a Social Worker (the kind with the capitals) I was equally sure that the whole responsibility must be placed upon environment. And now—well, I am afraid that, to the girls in the Social Service classes, I am a good deal of an old fogey because I am beginning to look backward toward heredity.

But to return to my somewhat captious criticism of the term "Social Service." Perhaps it is a good descriptive term for our social studies, as good as can be found, if we are able to realize that on the one hand the service which we give to society is only what we owe, and on the other hand that while we are serving society we are getting back a rich return. Take, for example, some of the things in which the Poor are rich, such as true charity, courage, and family love. The Poor teach us these things very freely.

Some years ago it was my pleasure to become acquainted with a sad, dark-eyed woman who scrubbed floors in the Charities Building, in New York. She came to work at five in the morning, and she scrubbed for five hours, and at night she came for five hours more. And she worked hard at home, every day from nine to five. She was supporting four children, unaided by charity, she told me, and reluctantly she had sent another child, who was feeble-minded, to a private institution. She told her

story with dignity and a sense of achievement, but without self-pity.

Harriet lived in a basement kitchen. In this one room, with the addition of two cupboard-like bedrooms, lived nine other persons, besides five canaries and three lean dogs. But Harriet was the central figure, a thin child of twelve, with beautiful dark eyes and hair, and a white face. I wanted to do something for Harriet, so I took her for a visit to my home. I couldn't do much for her, because it was her environment which needed changing. As for the child, she cried for her mother every night, but I learned from Harriet of the family affection of the very poor, and some of our neighbors, who had been afraid to have their children play with a child from the slums of the city learned that Harriet was as pure and lovely in character as she was in face.

If you will walk through a slum district some day in the spring you may see a geranium blooming in a tin can on a window-sill high above the street. When I see such a flower I am reminded of the courage of the scrub-woman, of the loveliness of Harriet.

The college girl who goes out to work with a group in the social settlement, or as a friendly visitor, soon learns that what she gets is of more value to her than what she gives. Her knowledge links itself up with everything else which she learns. The principle of inter-relations again! But by the same principle, she cannot estimate the value of her own work. Should she fail in the reclamation of the individual, she has learned her duty in respect to the environment, and her work must have had some influence upon it for good, however slight. The true social worker, in her own home, in the church, in the school room, feels her responsibility for the environment of her community, she directs her energy toward its betterment, and moreover, she knows that it can be made better.

THE EAGLE



I.

Vast sweeps the boundless sky,  
Dark towers a mountain lone;  
Above, beyond, no limits lie,  
There is thy throne.

II.

A flash against the burning sun,  
A spot in the moon's white way;  
No fear does thy courage shun  
By night or by day.

III.

Swift from the mountain crest,  
Thou droppest to earth to prey;  
Then back to thy lofty nest,  
Though trackless thy way.

**WANTED: A PLAYGROUND.**

Mildred Weston.

Dingy hills,  
No tree, no blade of grass—  
But a tippie rears a gaunt scaffolding  
To proclaim them not barren.  
The coke gas circles heavily and falls  
Wreathing the miners' homes.  
Houses—row on row,  
Ugly red shacks,  
Rust spots on a grimy earth.

Where the children play  
A sewer feels its unclean way  
And flashes to the sun its irridiscent  
scales of filth.  
In this foul path a pig lies dead  
With its stark legs upstuck.  
A small girl spies it and with shrilling voice  
Calls to the rest—  
“See, see,” she points with outstretched hand,  
“Tony’s peeg what died on heem.”  
And they come running.  
The babies in their dust bath on the road  
Raise small, white-lidded faces to the noise.  
Then with black dirt-trains flying in  
their wake  
They scuttle crab-wise to the sewer’s edge.

A boy wades out to where the carcass lies  
And ties a string to each upstanding leg.  
Gathering up the reins he scrambles back  
And quick assumes command—  
“Hi, youse two cross to tother side  
Un’ take these reins wid youse.  
Ted un I’ll lead over here.



Youse other kids kin be th' band."  
A shoving, screeching line  
The band draws up behind the prancing four.  
With both hands to their mouths they  
    play the horns  
And one must be the drum.

So to the sound of tootle-tootle-toot  
And joyous shrieks and booming of the drum  
They draw the dead pig barge-like through  
    the slime.

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### INVESTIGATION.

Seba South.

Investigation has been well defined in a little pamphlet issued by the New York School of Philanthropy, called the "Manual for Investigators." It says that "the request made by the applicant should signify to a social worker an opportunity to study the applicant's whole situation, in order to discover how many and how varied his disabilities may be, and what service the community has made available in its organized social work to help him meet them."

Diagnosis of the disabilities of applicants and the co-operation of different agencies in treating them have come to be a part of a definite process. Every charitable service to a disabled family or individual should be preceded by an inquiry into the history and present condition of the applicant, which will yield the facts necessary to intelligent action. This inquiry has come to be known technically to social workers as "an investigation."

The causes for which an applicant comes for help are varied, and it is the business of the worker to get at the basis of the cause and to find out just what is the best thing to be done in the case. Inefficiency, ill-health, waywardness, unemployment, unstable character, evils of bad housing, ignorance and immoral-

ity are all well-known causes. But they have such a way of intertwining themselves that it is difficult to get at the true cause. The applicant must be understood, for he may not really represent his greatest need. It may be the most urgent thing in the world, it may be what he thinks he can get or it may be what he thinks he wants. And these supposed causes require investigation.

According to this general idea of investigation, plans have been worked out. The main principle is that nothing should be left indefinite, and this seems to lie at the basis of good social work. In the first place, the social worker should not confine himself to the particular request the applicant makes. He should have as his aim to meet the actual needs of the family, to see that the family is rehabilitated, or to bring about the independence of the individual. This implies more than satisfying direct wants. There is a record of a case of a mother and her six children. The mother came to the charitable agency to have her eyes examined. When she was examined in the medical department it was found that in addition to her weak eyes she also had heart disease. Upon further investigation it was found that the children were sick. They were all cared for, and each one was sent to the special place where his particular ailment could be treated.

A plan for relief involves work through different sources of information; the family itself, relatives, neighbors, other agencies and places where the family is known. The work with other agencies involves a certain definite arrangement among all the agencies for co-operation.

This co-operation of charities was for a time merely an exchange of courtesies. One agency would not give definite or useful information to another, and it was difficult to find out just exactly what agencies knew about a case. In a single family there are many needs, and one agency cannot take care of them all, and so there are the different sorts of places for different kinds of relief. With the growth of social work in the past few years, numerous agencies have sprung up and with the multiplication of these agencies for relief there has grown a definite need of some plan for co-operation among them in order that

the work should not be duplicated, and that there might be some way in which cases could be referred to the proper agency.

Some of these agencies have their work planned in different ways. Some cover certain portions of a city, while others extend all over the city in special branches. The social worker should have a fairly complete knowledge of all these different sources, for her work may be so varied as to include quite a number. She should know of the hospitals, dispensaries, nursing service, milk stations, relief societies, probation officers, tenement inspectors, public schools, playgrounds, settlements, employment agencies, police stations and so on. She should know just what branch of work each takes up, and something of the way the work is handled in each place, and what means to use in order to secure their services.

In working with all these different places it is necessary that there be a definite, precise and condensed way of knowing just which agencies know of the case, and in order to do this there has been established in most large cities what is known as the "charity clearing house." In this way information can be secured in a very few minutes by means of the telephone.

The oldest one of these exchanges is the one in Boston, which is maintained by the Associated Charities of the city. It is said that eighty-seven agencies use this bureau. It is run on practically the same basis as the "clearing house" of the Associated Charities of Pittsburgh, as far as I have been able to judge.

The names and addresses of all the persons who are asked about at the "clearing house" are arranged in a card catalogue, along with the name of the agency or the individual who has referred the case to the exchange. It serves as an index to persons who are under the care of some social agency or agencies in the city.

In the "clearing house" there are three types of cases. The new cases are those which have never been known to the society before. The old cases have been known in the past and appear for the first time in this fiscal year. Last are the continued cases.

These are the cases that have been worked with by some society during some months previous or during the past fiscal year.

When anyone becomes interested in a family or individual she has merely to telephone the "clearing house," register her case and, if any other agency knows of the case or has done anything for the family, the name of the person or agency is given. This fact alone is told, and any information concerning the case must be found out through these other agencies themselves. Some times they do not like to tell very much, but again they will be very liberal about giving information, and will be quite helpful.

After this has been done the card catalogue is not consulted again unless there is another inquiry. In our own work we have found very many cases that were known to no other agency in the city. Some of them had been previously registered by the dispensary, and others were known to as many as five, six, seven or eight places.

The value of an agency like this is shown by several illustrations. One woman came to the dispensary for care during her confinement, and told a very pitiful story about what a hard time she and her husband had. The case was registered at the "clearing house," and it was found that these people were known by several other agencies. When they were consulted it was discovered that the family had applied to them all for help along the same lines. The place where they lived was visited, and they were found to be rather shiftless people, who had tried to get as much out of others as they could. They had lived at several other places, but had moved without even attempting to pay any rent. The man was lazy and would not work, but finally the social worker persuaded him to take a job, and when the case was closed they seemed to be getting along much better.

In another agency a case came up of an old man who wanted to be admitted to the almshouse because he did not want to be dependent on his family. Through records it was found that he had two sons who were able to support him. They

were consulted, and one very readily agreed to provide for his father, and the case was closed.

In the work of the agencies themselves the importance of "case records" should need no argument. No place can successfully carry on its work without having a record of what it has done and is doing at the present time, and this is the way the charity agency has of keeping count of its work.

A great many people sneer at this way of keeping "case records" and say that it is "too much red tape" for such a simple thing. But it is as necessary for the best way of caring for the needy as bookkeeping is to carry on a successful business.

The history of the family is known as the "case record," and this is composed of several parts. In the first place, there is the record card, and statistical sheet. Then there is a sheet containing the story told by the family, those having the history of the work done for the family by different organizations and societies, and the statements from different sources of information, all relative to the family.

The purpose of these records is four-fold. First and most important—they are to record. Second, to inform all subsequent workers of the work that has been done. Third, to inform the public through annual reports and in this way get their interest in the work the agency is carrying on. And last of all, to accumulate data of poverty, disease, etc., in order to bring about their betterment through the study of their causes and facts.

The records are used especially in identifying material. Names are the most important items. There may be several ways of spelling the name, as in different languages, or the person who takes the record for the first time may not get the correct spelling. Often in emergency cases doctors take the first record, and they do not get the name spelled as it should be.

Then the houses must be recorded so that they are readily identified. Former addresses are always of great value. The present residence should be numbered correctly on the record, and any material that would aid in identification should be given; whether the family live in the front, rear, basement, first floor or attic, and whether the house is directly on the street. In one

case I had great difficulty in locating the house. The numbers of the houses had been recently changed, the family were foreigners and no person knew who they were or where they lived. Rather than give up the case entirely, I went from door to door in the neighborhood inquiring for the woman after having been directed to many different houses. Finally I came to one woman who said that she did not know whether it could be the place, but that there were some houses directly back of this row, and it might be possible that the family lived there. It was here I found the woman I was looking for, but if there had been the statement on the record that her house was back of this row a great amount of time and work would have been saved. I spent a whole afternoon and morning hunting this one case.

The most efficient means of investigation is found in visiting the families. The applicant may come to the agency and tell her story, but one cannot have any idea of the real situation until he is in the home and sees the family as a whole.

On one occasion we visited a woman after she had been to the dispensary. The woman came with an interpreter and it seemed that she could neither speak nor understand any English. She was a very clean, neat looking woman, and from the story she told seemed in great need of help. She said she owed a certain butcher (giving his name and address) thirty dollars, and another man, who was a neighbor, another sum of money that she had borrowed to help pay for some furniture.

One week later we visited the woman in her home. She opened the door, and when we asked her how she was, replied that she was "pretty well." They had two rooms on the first floor. The front room contained a dresser, a chair, a brass bed and a small trunk with a few ornaments on the mantel. There was no carpet on the floor and the room was very dirty. Under the bed and on the mantel were old beer bottles, and there was dust over everything.

On inquiring at the butcher's we found that she did not owe him anything, and it was the same in the other case. This woman said that their husbands were working at the same place and



were making good pay. This just goes to show that one cannot tell by appearances what the real situation is.

Certain information can only be obtained by such a method of investigation as visiting. In the first place we can notice the general aspect of the neighborhood, and the yard and building where the family lives. Sometimes a clean, fairly respectable neighborhood is found, and at other times dark, narrow passages between houses, or dark, filthy stairways. This should all be noted by the investigator and recorded.

The mother and father of the family must be considered and their attitude toward the family. Their life and its circumstances, their health, diet and rest, mental condition and whether they have average intelligence, all should be noted. We did not see the father very often, and could only work with the woman for the most part.

Then the children must be taken into account. The social worker must find out all she can about the children; if they go to school, what kind of progress they are making; and if they are of age to go to school, and are not in school, find the cause of their non-attendance. In case the children are working, it would be well to see the place where they are working, and their employer, and to find out if the laws regulating child-labor are complied with. Then the child's life should be studied just as is that of the parents.

One of the most interesting branches of investigation is in connection with hospital social service. The idea of hospital social service in the United States, as we consider it, was started in 1905 by Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston. It was in this year that the first social service department was established in connection with hospital work, and since that time the work has spread rapidly, and there has been an increasing demand for trained social workers in hospitals.

This was the real beginning of the movement although there has been a spirit of service to the sick almost all through the Christian age in connection with the church. About 1890, a plan for this sort of work was worked out in some of the English hospitals, and in 1895 what they called the "Lady Almonder"

was appointed. It was her duty to find out if patients were in need of social as well as medical aid, and she had to have some training in order to know general social problems, and organizations for charitable aid.

In the United States, in 1902, Dr. Charles P. Emerson organized a group of medical students at Johns Hopkins University to take up a social study. This was one of the first steps toward medical social service. Now this idea has reached almost all over the country, and there is a social service department in connection with a great number of the leading hospitals.

In our work at a hospital dispensary we came in contact with many interesting things. I have already explained how the "case records" are kept, and do not need to go into that part of the work again.

The first part of the year we did investigating merely at the homes, usually after the women had come to the dispensary. This sort of work took us into all parts of the city and gave us an insight into many social problems among which were housing conditions, and the general manner of living. As we started out on our work every day we felt a great deal as Ida Maud Cannon expresses it in her book called "Social Work in Hospitals." She says, "It is often with a spirit of adventure that the hospital social worker faces her day's work. She can never know what tragedies, what joys, or what wonders of human nature may be revealed to her. Animated by her intimate relation to the vital experiences about her, she is eager to contribute whatever skill she may have to the service of the hospital patients."

The type of people that came to the dispensary were mostly foreigners, although there were some Americans and English. Most of the foreigners were Slavs, Italians, Russian Poles, Syrians and Hungarians. We visited quite a number of negroes and found them some of the easiest people to work with. They are always-so hospitable and want to do everything they can for one.

Sometimes we were amused by something humorous and often we were touched by something pathetic. One case was that of a girl about twenty years old. Her husband had left her and she was living with some friends. She was devoted to her

baby and was expecting to go to work when she was well again. She hoped that her husband would come back to see the baby and take care of her. She did not know where he was, and nothing could be done to locate him.

One day we visited an English woman for whom we were very anxious to do something. They were very poor. There were six children and the man earned about \$30 a month. The children had been sick a great deal and they had a very hard time keeping things going. In this case there were other agencies who knew of the family and these were consulted. We learned from another organization that the family was quite worthy, although the woman was a little inclined to sit back and let others do for her. We told some of the girls about this family and they sent them a basket at Christmas time.

Some houses were very poorly ventilated and were almost stifling. Others were poorly located, and on that account were not desirable.

The work we had to do consisted in going to the houses and taking histories. We had to find out about all the family, investigate their living conditions, and see how much money they had to support them. The people were very nice as a rule as soon as they knew we were from the hospital and they told us everything readily.

Then when this was done we registered the case at the "clearing house" and if any other agencies knew of the family we asked them for what information they could give us. After this we wrote a report of the whole case giving as detailed information as we were able.

The last few months we were at the office, and experienced another phase of the work. The women came to the dispensary to apply for aid, and we took the histories there, and found out whether they were entitled to receive assistance. Some had to be refused because they did not live within the city limits and others because they had enough money to employ the services of a doctor and pay him.

One woman came in who had been aided by the dispensary when her first baby was born. Her husband had been out of

work and they were quite poor. She had had such good care there and liked the doctor and nurse so well that she wanted them to take care of her this time. Her husband was working now, and was making enough money to pay twenty-five dollars, and the case had to be refused.

To show how the different agencies work together I will give this case as an example. A young woman applied at the dispensary for assistance. She had no relatives in this country to help her financially. Her husband was ill and unable to work, and so they had nothing to live on. This case was accepted at the dispensary and reported to the Associated Charities, who said they would investigate it immediately.

Our experience has taught us that this work is very helpful to the needy and creates an interest in the worker to get out and do things for others. We really see how the "other half" lives, and we are anxious to help lift the burden from their shoulders as best we can.

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### THE STORY OF THE CRUMBLING PATH.

#### An Allegory.

A lady had spent the summer in the Highlands of Scotland, and she had been so used to seeing great mountains that she said, when she left the Highlands, she had only to close her eyes and she could always see them. Once she seemed to see the vision of a very tall mountain whose summit was above the clouds, and saw that its sides were thronged with people, and she learned that all these people were hoping to go and live in a beautiful city, built on the top of a mountain, and though they could not see it, they believed it was there. The king of that beautiful country had sent messengers to urge the people to redeem the time and gather the precious stones that strewed the mountain sides. She saw, on looking a little closer, that all had baskets on their arms, and some were very eager to gather stones at the

foot of the mountain; they lost no time, but gathered as they went.

She noticed that others had their baskets half full before they had gone any distance up the mountain path, but some were idle and did not stop to gather the stones for their baskets, though all of them knew that the king had requested that every one, young and old, should gather those stones to adorn his palace—not for its building, but for its adornment. The king's messengers kept saying, "Redeem the time; redeem the time!" These messengers were of every nationality, so that all the people could understand the command of the king, but the views were fine from the mountain side, and she heard some say, "Well, I don't intend to gather until I am a long way up the mountain path; I don't want to carry a heavy basket."

At first this seemed reasonable, but she saw that the king sent his servants to help those whose baskets were full, and then she noticed that those who had neglected to gather at the foot of the mountain did not find the stones so fine further up the mountain path, for she saw them pick up stones and throw them away. They were not fine enough to put into their baskets, and then she heard them regret that they had not commenced lower down the hill to gather, where the stones were so many and so beautiful.

One said, "Oh, I am so sorry I did not pick up that stone I passed a little time ago; I believe I will go back and find it." And then came the discovery that there was no going back; the path was a crumbling path; a stone once passed was passed forever so far as the individual was concerned. Another path with precious stones would be made for others, but there was no going back, and then she heard regrets on every side: "Oh, I am so sorry I cannot go back; my basket is not half full." And some said, "Why, I have hardly commenced to gather, and yet I must go on." The stones were becoming very rare as they approached the summit. And there was such a dread on the part of many in regard to meeting the king without having done as he commanded. Now the cloud was becoming so thin that she could

see through it and she saw that those who had passed through the cloud had their baskets on their arms and their hands folded across their breasts.

The time allowed for gathering was over; they now had to go before the king with their baskets, whether full or empty. Just as she was thinking of this, a light burst upon her vision beyond all beauty she had ever conceived of. The city was in sight! The foundations of the city were all of precious stones, and with the most wonderful light upon it that made it indescribably beautiful. And then she saw the palace of the king, and the people with their baskets going up the beautiful marble steps to go in before the king; the guide at his side seemed to take her where she could see the travelers as they came up one by one and stood before the king, who was seated on his throne of dazzling beauty, and she wondered how it would be with them. One by one they came, each one standing alone before him, and he looked in every basket as they came up, and when the baskets were full, he smiled such a beautiful smile as he said, "Well done! You are faithful; go into the city and take all the joy that awaits you."

Then she saw some come up whose baskets were only half full, but still he smiled and said: "Perhaps your path was not so richly strewn with the precious stones and you did what you could; well done! Pass in." Then she saw those come up who had been idle and careless; some of them hadn't even the bottom of their basket covered; and they shrank from going before the king, but all had to appear, and then she saw the countenance of the king change. He said to them, "You had the same opportunities that the others had. You had only to pick up the stones; they were there for you. You did not care to please me. You were not willing to deny yourself, and I do not wish any servants around me who do not love me." And she saw them as he motioned with his hand and said, "Depart." They went back into the dark cloud.

She then awoke from her dream or vision. And now what did it all mean? The mountain path is our journey through this



world. Our little baskets on our arms, into which the Master will sometime look, are our lives on this journey. The precious stones are our opportunities for making the most of our time.

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### MORAL EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN UNDER FIVE

Louise Reinecke, '17.

We all agree that if a building is to be durable and valuable, it must have a strong, firm foundation. Therefore, we should also realize that the same is true of man; that the strength of man, mentally, morally and physically, depends greatly on the foundation given him in the first years of his life.

To understand the moral education necessary, and what can be grasped by the child under five, we must summarize briefly, the child's characteristics during these years. The morality of the young child assumes the concrete form of habits; abstract principles are still beyond its grasp. Habits are acquired by imitation and repetition, and here the responsibility of parents and teacher must be felt. This age of early childhood is sometimes called "the age of instinct" or of action suggested by reason. We cannot reason with a very young child, but we can use our own reason for him. For instance, if a child wishes for something which the parents know is harmful for it, the parents can divert the child's attention often by introducing some excitant of emotion which may replace the disagreeable one, and thus much unhappiness on both sides will be avoided. Obstinacy does not indicate a desire to displease as much as a tenacious grasp, a fixity of purpose, which is later called perseverance, courage and will power. Therefore, the parents need tact and patience in guiding a child, so as not to destroy this so-called obstinacy but to lead and direct it so that this trait will develop into a desirable virtue. This is a period of rapid physical growth and the play instinct is also strong, consisting in solitary playing. Two little children with blocks will not build one house together, but each will build his own. This is apt to be an apparent selfishness, each child wishing to have the rights to his own property recognized, but it is only that he is too young to under-

stand "lending," or "co-operation" with others. A strong imagination is another trait of this period and the imaginary world is the real world to the child, hence he is fond of stories. At this age, too, the child is very dependent and clings closely to its parents or teachers. He expects to be cared for and looks up to older people with absolute trust and confidence. What is called "conscience," does not begin to show itself until the child is three years old, says Mr. Alder. The child then uses the personal pronoun "I" and the concept self emerges. The voice of conscience first begins to be heard when the parent is absent and the child hesitates between a forbidden pleasure and obedience to parental commands. We ask how actions are characterized by the child as "good" or "bad". The parent characterizes them. Then we ask: "How is the parent's word adopted as final?" It should not be by fear or dread of punishment, but by the higher, more constructive laws of love and reverence or respect for the parents. The desire to choose the good is promoted by the sentiment of reverence and love, and a word of praise from the parent or teacher is far more effectual than any reproof.

The principal duties of childhood are: first, obedience to parents; second, love and kindness to brothers and sisters; third, proper regard for the feelings of servants; fourth, kindness to animals. But the children alone do not have duties, the parents also have moral responsibilities and duties to the children, which are more complex and not so easily formulated. If the parents lived up to their responsibilities better, the moral education of children at this tender age would be more seriously studied and half the mistakes which are made would be avoided. Luther Burbank has a very interesting book, "The Training of the Human Plant," in which he endeavors to show to parents the likeness of a child to a plant. "Do not be cross with your child," he says, "if you're developing a plant you must love it, not hate it. Let the child be happy, have sunshine. One paragraph with regard to training is well worth quoting: "Any quality can be trained in a plant, so in a child. Pick out any trait you want in your child, be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, etc., and by surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky

and from your own heart, by giving it the closest communion with nature, by feeding it well balanced, nutritious food, by giving it all the healthful environmental influences, doing all in love, you can cultivate and fix all these traits. Given the facts that the most sensitive material in the world is the nature of a little child, given ideal conditions under which to work upon this nature, the end desired will as certainly come as it comes in the cultivation of a plant."

Mr. Winterburn, in his books on "Nursery Ethics," says that the right attitude of the parents is needed in the moral education of the child. Parents should have wisdom, patience, and foresight as well as generosity and self-sacrificing love. Parents are often too egotistical and inconsistent. For instance, if a mother is weak, she will grant demands made by the child before company for the sake of peace, and the child knows this and takes advantage of it. The endeavor of a parent or teacher should be to make stern demands of himself; to be fair-minded, sympathetic and patient. There are two kinds of obedience: first, the desire to please; second, servility or fear of pain. The latter is negative and non-constructive and never made a child noble or good. One way to give the child a more clear idea of obedience and its duty to obey, is by playing a game and letting the mother or teacher pretend she is the child and obey for the child. The child should comply without friction, naturally, and the method of negation and censure and too many "Don'ts" is imprudent. When a child falls, the lesson of carefulness is forgotten and defiance takes place at the tone "There, Miss, I told you so," etc. A large proportion of childish accidents and mishaps occur accidentally, the motives being good and the wise mother will quite agree with the old philosopher who said that he found in dealing with children, it was "well to be a little deaf, a little dumb, and a little blind." Ignore the trivial and in punishments show no parental anger," says Mr. Winterburn. An ingenious parent is needed to make the "punishment fit the crime." Punishments should not be cumulative; i. e., one should not say "If you do that again, I'll punish you," or "Because you have been doing naughty things all day, I'll punish you." Lying may become a

habit if wrongly punished. Appeal to the child's moral sense in such a case, because as lying springs from fear, sternness should be avoided in the punishment of it. At four or five years of age a child can read the parent's motives more clearly than they are often given credit for. There is no logic to corporal punishment, and it should be excluded entirely. Of course, it is temporarily effectual, but it only makes a child obstinately rebellious and creates a hateful disposition. It is widely in use because it is the easiest method for lazy, non-ingenuous parents. Some children are over-governed and it has been proved that too many guardians have often been the ruin of fine families. Dissension between authorities, usually, the mother and father, is the most dangerous atmosphere to which a child can be subjected. The danger of threats is often seen in a child who is left in charge of a nurse-maid a large part of the day. Nurses are usually not allowed to punish, but they threaten, and the child soon becomes hardened to reproof. What stranger springing necessarily from a less refined and cultured ancestry and lacking the innate perception of differences essential to the sympathetic comprehension of an average child, can come into the family and take the mother's place. There is much truth in the statement "the poor little rich child" and volumes might be written about the dangers of nurse-maids. Rosseau says, "A child ought to love his parents before he knows it is his duty." It will pay to have patience and make sacrifices for a child because in return one receives the warm and genuine affection of a child which is a priceless reward.

Now, understanding the psychology of children under five, and the responsibility of parents in the moral education we can come to concrete methods of moral training. Thanks to Froebel and others, one need not demand the creation of a moral atmosphere; it exists in song, story lessons, and games. Moral education exists in play, which causes self-expression, and the most important moral result which is, learning the art of joy. First and foremost in the education should come the use of stories. Fairy tales have a beautiful and elevating effect on the child. The imagination must be developed so as to instill the sympathy of the child as he imagines himself in like circumstances. Fairy tales

stimulate the idealizing tendency and what is life worth without ideals? These ideals may be childish, but they will unfold and develop into higher ideals. The child is brought into sympathy with all living things through such stories. Stories should possess brevity and breeziness and all stories need not be supplied from the child's universe. First, tell the story, and make the "Once upon a time" more true and personal. Second, do not fix the attention solely on the moral point. Third, eliminate everything from stories which is merely superstitious. Exclude all stories of trickery and cunning and evil which lie beyond the child's experience. Stepmother stories should be ruled out because of the false ideas given children. "The Seven Little Goats and the Wolf" would be barred because there should be no fear for strangers but kindness should be felt toward all. Fear is demoralizing. Fables cannot all be used because they oftentimes depict strength over weakness in evil ways. Those which give illustrations of evil, the effect of which causes disapprobation on the part of the child and those which present types of virtues, are good. Often when a child has committed some fault, it is useful to refer by name to the fable or story which fits it. Stories can be used at first, in which the moral is blended with other elements, then, where a single moral quality is set off by itself, and finally, a combination of such qualities. The methods of story telling as moral training should be, first, to tell the story, then let the child tell it; third, by questions bring out valuable points for the child, and then let the child give analagous experiences illustrating the story.

Next in importance to stories is what is termed "Illustrated Moral Instruction," the value of which is not yet universally recognized. The Moral Education Board has special "movies" made which illustrate certain virtues. For little children, they are often simple, little stories showing the triumph of a child who committed a good action instead of an evil one, or pictures illustrating simple ways of being kind and helpful. In the kindergarten, simple lessons are taught concretely, as, for instance, obedience in games, marches, etc. Helpfulness, by passing materials; and cheerfulness and kindness and so on, chiefly by means

of stories, songs, or memory gems, and pictures. The religious training should also receive some attention at this age. Jean Paul says "The highest moral development of man is in the culture of religion and the young child receives its rudiments through stories and imagination and emotions. Through fairy tales, the child learns 'faith,' and is given the germs of religion. Music is also a prominent factor here and Froebel says every mother should sing a young child to sleep each night. What would modern mothers who believe a child should be put into a room alone without further attention, say to this? In teaching a child to pray, there are three stages, says Froebel, first, the mother should pray for the child; second, the child should repeat the prayer with the mother; third, the child should say his own prayer. "This is all very important in the moral education of a child," says Froebel, "and these early ideas of religion are like seeds which remain long hidden before they are outwardly visible." "Do not train the child in the fear of an afterworld," says Mr. Burbank, "for never was a child made noble and good by the fear of a hell."

To summarize, briefly, the points to be remembered in the moral training of the little child, we must remember the characteristics of the child, the responsibility of the parents, the value of stories, object lessons, and the attitude toward the child. Mr. Gould says, "To influence the young soul by such positive methods is the happiest employment of the teaching genius and raises both instructor and the instructed to the veritable poetry of moral education." And it is worth all the patience it demands—this priceless soul of a child.

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### ONLY A BUCKEYE.

Estelle Shepard, '17.

Bob Burton sat poring over a law book. As he turned a page he glanced out of the window. What he saw fascinated him. The trees, half shorn of leaves, the dull green grass, the dim sunlight, and the purple mistiness of the horizon called him. He looked long at the beauty before him. He turned back to his



book with a sigh, and counted the number of pages yet to be read. There seemed to be so many. He counted them over again in the hope that he had made a mistake the first time. He looked out of the window again, but received no inspiration there for study in dull books; rather an invitation for study with nature herself. He turned his back to the window, buried his head in his hands, and tried to accustom his eyes to the small black print.

Some one knocked, and hurried into the room without waiting for an answer.

"Well, Bob!" He was a man of ordinary height and size, but he seemed small in comparison to Bob. He had sharp piercing eyes, that saw everything. His mouth drooped sarcastically, making deep wrinkles in either cheek.

Bob smiled a welcome to his friend, and rose quickly from his desk. Anything was a relief from the struggle to study. He always enjoyed John's company.

"Come on out. It's great weather," John suggested.

Bob looked out of the window into the charm he had tried to escape before. It called him now. He wished to answer the call alone. For answer to John, he picked up the law book and counted the pages again.

"No," he answered, "I must finish this stuff."

"Heavens, man!" exclaimed John. "Do you mean to say you'll let an afternoon like this go? Do it tonight if you have to. Here's your hat," he added, grabbing Bob's cap and tossing it to him, "but what's your hurry?" He closed the law book as though to end all thought of doubt.

"I seem to be unable to decide matters for myself," said Bob, as he followed John out of the room. "Perhaps you'll grow up some day," answered John with a laugh.

As the two boys started down the road away from the town, both looked around on either side. John saw the friends and acquaintances of college; Bob saw the colors, the beauty. He appreciated John's silence.

John suddenly whistled to a tall, thin, young man. "Ho, Pippa," he called.

Pippa answered, and went on.

"I suppose Pippa will be doing a solo dance in our next Dramatics." John grinned at the thought.

Bob smiled faintly and then laughed aloud. "John Hastings! Where on earth did you ever get such a name for that fellow?"

"Just look at him," answered John, rather pleased at Bob's compliment.

They strode along in silence, almost unconsciously choosing the path up a sloping hill overlooking the town. Away from the town could be seen rolling hills, with the contrast of autumn showing in the dim sunlight. Here the gay and sombre green of the forest enhanced the dull yellow; there the corn was half shocked in symmetrical rows. Yet all the contrast faded into a misty purple at the horizon. Bob gazed at it all, and a vague happiness and contentment stole over him.

He was startled by John's voice. "Are you through dreaming?"

"Come, on," said Bob gruffly. The interruption had seemed abrupt and unnecessary; Bob was half annoyed by it, and again came the wish to be alone.

They retraced their steps to the town. Half way back he saw something gleaming along the road. As he came nearer, he found it to be a buckeye, still in its green and white cover. The sight of it carried him back to the days when he measured wealth by buckeyes, and when each addition to the horde was a real treasure. This one buckeye seemed to gather into its red gloss, all the memories of the past and all the beauty of that autumn day.

Had he been alone, Bob would have picked up the buckeye, though he might have smiled at himself for doing so. The memory of John's last sarcastic remark was still too vivid for him to desire to call more down upon his head, by getting the buckeye. He walked on.

"Think you'll make the team?" asked John.

"Well, if intentions determined the matter, I'd be on now. But, as it is, I don't know. You know Smith and Hartley and I

are all contesting for full back. Yates knows what he's about, and I haven't any idea which one he'll choose. Both these fellows are pretty good."

"But you stand as good a chance as they," said John.

In the discussion the buckeye was forgotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

After dinner, Bob picked up his law book again. He counted the number of pages. Then he sat down at his desk for a couple of hours' hard work. But though his eyes followed across the lines, he could not understand what he was reading. Instead of words, he saw that little buckeye with its glossy red, in its dull cover of white and green. He shut his eyes, but he saw it more plainly. His book was most distasteful; its spirit was antagonistic.

"Silly!" he muttered to himself. He argued and conclusively proved to himself the foolishness of such a desire. But the desire thrived under the ridicule. At last, half in disgust at himself, half in pleasure at the prospect, he put on his hat and started out in search of the buckeye.

When he had almost reached the place, John and Pippa caught up to him.

"Where on earth are you going?" John demanded. "We've been trying to catch up to you."

Bob grinned rather sheepishly. "Out for my health," he muttered lamely. He had ridiculed himself for this wild desire. To stand the ridicule of others was worse. Would John see him, or ask him about the buckeye? John could make a college joke out of such an incident..

"Twice in one day," said Pippa. "You're doing fine. Keep it up and you'll make the team."

John laughed boisterously. Bob tried the same, but with little success. What if they knew he had taken the walk to get a buckeye? He laughed aloud at the thought.

He saw the gleam of the buckeye even in the darkness. He stooped to pick it up, regardless of whether or not the whole college should hear about it.

"What are you fellows out for?" he asked, as he tucked the buckeye into his pocket, and rubbed his fingers over the smooth side.

"What did you find?" asked John.

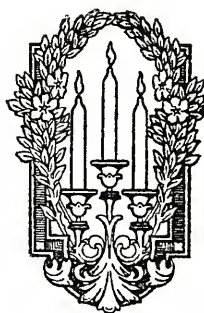
"I picked up a little buckeye." Bob pulled it out of his pocket as though it were a trifling thing. "Want it?" he asked, with a grin at the risk he was taking.

"Not for mine," answered John. "Perhaps Pippa would like it."

Pippa smiled. "What are we going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going back home," said Bob. "I think I'll study now."

The three turned around and strolled back to the town. Bob kept his hand in his pocket, and smiled to himself in his contentment.



# THE SOROSIS

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## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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## Editorials

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One of the most valuable traits that is added to a college girl's character, one of the most satisfactory ideals after which she strives, is the spirit of service. If a college education means to a girl nothing but fun, or, on the other hand, nothing but work, how can it possibly have any practical value for her or for those with whom she comes in contact? Her life becomes so much broader and more influential if she can apply her acquired

### THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

knowledge to some practical ends. There are many occupations in which this energy can be directed—in the home, in the church, in social work of any kind. A girl feels that four years of college life is worth while, if, in that time, she makes practical, through activity, the realization that somewhere another needs her services, that somehow she can help lift another's burden.

No other course in college has so vital an influence in stimulating this spirit of service as the Social Service course. Our girls who have done practical work in this connection—settlement work, playground work, investigation, or friendly visiting—feel that they have given of themselves, although in a small way, to help society, and that they are a small part in the large movement to uplift humanity. If, as college women, we go out into the world ready and willing to serve it along whatever lines our talents lie, our college education will indeed have been worth while. With this in mind, we can make our ideal for 1917 the "spirit of service."



The expression "Safety First" has been applied indiscriminately to almost every conceivable activity. Why not apply it to exam. week? To worry over exams to the extent that our lights burn till midnight and our alarm clocks cruelly waken us from our greatly-needed "beauty sleep," is not only detrimental but quite foolish, for

**A SAFE AND SANE  
EXAM. WEEK**

after they are a thing of the past we invariably remark, "I wish I hadn't studied so much Chem." or "If I only hadn't worried so over Math!" A few hours of hard, concentrated study for each exam., to which is added three good meals a day (including lunch, which is oftentimes completely overlooked), and eight hours sleep, minus worry, the whole thing seasoned with plenty of fresh air and a movie or two, and sprinkled with a generous amount of good sense, constitute an unfailingly good recipe for "A Safe and Sane Exam Week."



**CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.****Omega.**

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam very delightfully entertained the members of the Omega Club at their home, Wednesday afternoon, December 13th. In the early part of the afternoon, there was a short programme given, the subject being "Hauptman and His Drama, 'The Weavers.'" Miss Crandall presented a sketch of the author's life and Miss Jeffers discussed and reviewed the book.

A beautifully appointed, but informal tea followed this programme, at which Miss Pardee presided at the tea table. Miss Hill and Miss Stewart, two of our alumnae, assisted the hostess in serving.

**Dramatic Club.**

The regular meeting of the Dramatic Club was held on Monday afternoon, January 22nd. There was a special programme given at this meeting, in which Miss Paul and Miss Hunker took part in a most interesting and entertaining reading.

**Deutsche Verein.**

Owing to the early beginning and extension of the Christmas holidays, the December meeting of the Deutsche Verein was postponed until a later date.

**Y. W. C. A.**

Miss Keck led the opening meeting of the new year, which was held at the regular hour for the Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday morning, January 10th. She read at this time an intensely interesting and most helpful paper on "Right Thinking." Every one who attended this meeting was inspired and prompted to add to her list of New Year's resolutions, the fixed purpose of learning how to "think" during the coming year.

**Mandolin Club.**

In the early part of December, the Mandolin Club gave a very enjoyable concert at the "Home of the Society for the Improvement of the Poor." The program lasted an hour, during which time Miss Butterfield sang several selections, and Miss Steele played one or two numbers on the piano. Miss Salinger and Miss Paul also entertained their audience by giving readings.

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**LECTURES.**

On December 4th, Madame de Guerin, assisted by her daughter, presented the life of Jeanne D'Arc before the faculty, students and several guests of the College. We have all known and always remembered Jeanne D'Arc as a true heroine, but on this occasion we realized more fully how dramatic her life of self-sacrifice and persecution had been. The fascinating, antique costumes, which Madame de Guerin wore, were an additional attraction, and the beautiful French, which both she and her daughter spoke, was a pleasure to all who listened.

In chapel, December 11th, Princess Helen Losivitch, representing the Serbian Relief Fund, presented very graphically the conditions existing now in Serbia among the sufferers living in devastation and poverty there. Miss Losivitch is the daughter of the former prime-minister of Serbia, and many of her near relatives are sharers of the distress in that war-stricken country. At the close of her brief address, several lantern slides were shown, which depicted and verified all that she had herself told us.

Dr. F. W. Hinitt, president of Washington and Jefferson College, lectured to us on Wednesday morning, January 10th. As his subject, Dr. Hinitt selected "The Lost Art." This he developed and exploited upon, using as his theme, "The Lost Art of Reading." Never before, addressed to this College, has there been such an urgent, vehement exhortation for the maintenance of and encouragement for the love of good reading. He cautioned us against the class of "college illiterates," who, with diploma

in hand, go into the world in total darkness concerning literature. He emphasized the statement that a book is the treasured life-blood of a master spirit, and that the very nearest and dearest friends that one can have, are those writers whose books have become famed through the ages.



### MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

The Glee Club sang two numbers at the meeting of the A. C. A., which was held in the Assembly Hall, Saturday, January 13th. Both compositions are written in southern style—Lansberg's familiar "Dry Yo' Eyes" and "Ma Honey," by Frank Synes.

Miss MacKenzie was soloist, December 15th, at a concert given at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. The compositions were chosen from Searlatti, Chopin, Shubert, Poldini and Moszkowski.

Mr. Hines and Mr. Mayhew gave a joint recital before the College Club on Friday, January 12th, at 3:00 p. m. The following program was given:

Prelude .....Rachmainoff  
Scherzo .....Brahms

Mr. Hines.

Shakespeare Songs (old sittings).

"O Mistress Mine!".....(Composer Unknown)  
"Come Unto These Yellow Sands".....J. Banister  
"When Icicles Hang by the Wall".....F. A. Arne

Mr. Mayhew.

Polonaise .....Chopin  
Polish Dance.....Scharwenka  
Sextette from Lucia (for left hand alone).....Leschetizky

Mr. Hines.

Shakespeare Songs (Modern Settings).

- "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind".....J. Sargeant  
 "Come Away Death".....A. Barratt  
 "Under the Greenwood Tree".....Parry  
 "Hamlet's Soliloquy".....D. Buck  
 "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?".....Johnson

Mr. Mayhew.

- "Song of the Sea".....Hines  
 "The Storm".....Hines

Mr. Hines.

- "A Song of Thanksgiving".....Allitsen  
 "When I's Another Sweet as My Sweet?".....Sullivan  
 "The Laird's Cockpen".....Parry  
 "Old Faggots".....Loehr

Mr. Mayhew.

Mrs. Charles Edward Mayhew, Accompanist.

Miss Valerie Bruckman gave a successful appearance as a piano soloist before the Literary Society of the Bellevue High School. Miss Bruckman is a pupil of Miss MacKenzie.

Mrs. Charles Edward Mayhew participated in a recital given Friday evening, December 15th, by The Misses Steckel School of Music and Expression, Greensburg, Pa.

The meeting of the Whitmer Musical Club has been postponed, on account of the lengthened vacation, until February 5th. Mr. Hines will address the members of the class for the first time.



## SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

The class in Social Service visited Trinity Church on December 13th. This visit afforded a complete lesson in the work of an institutional church in a downtown district. Marjorie Thompson, one of our Social Service graduates, now a Parish Visitor,

explained the work of the Girls' Friendly Society and gave a description of the life of a parish visitor. The Rector spoke of the church work in general, and other workers explained various phases.

Social Service I. visited the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company on January 17th. Miss Jamison, the Social Service worker, explained her work and took the class to visit parts of the plant.

We are all going to have the opportunity to leave the College this year with the very latest views about all kinds of practical social subjects, for the National Conference of Charities and Correction is coming to Pittsburgh. The dates are June 6 to 13—unfortunately for us, because those inevitable final examinations are scheduled to occur on three of the conference days. However, we hope to attend some of the meetings, for we are anxious to see and hear the social workers whom we have met in the Survey and for whom we have searched so diligently the pages of "Who's Who."

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### ATHLETIC NOTES

The basketball team has been doing splendid work and practice. Some very interesting games have been scheduled for the coming season.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

The recent Student Government meetings have been resounding with almost violent discussion of an honor system as suggested by the Student Government Board. The plan as stated involves the signing by the girls of a pledge which includes attendance and promptness to classes, lectures, and chapel, and quiet in the chapel, library and hall. Naturally the abolition of all proctors and records would result. There appears to be a great deal of misunderstanding concerning the exact purpose and character of this system. The board insists that it would

merely be the more ideal way of carrying out the now existing laws of the organization, but many of the girls can not recognize it as such and insist upon further inquiry before they will sign. It is noteworthy that no girl states her objections as being toward the installation of an honor system, but merely towards the involved details. That every girl is interested is shown by the sincere discussions which have taken place in the meetings, in the dens and in the house and though it is difficult to arrive at a conclusion, it is splendid that the P. C. W. girl takes so active an interest in the affairs of her Student Government organization.

The evils of procrastination were very graphically illustrated when Dr. Acheson announced in chapel that due to existing circumstances it was decided by the board that school should be dismissed on the very day of the announcement (Monday, the eighteenth) instead of on the following Friday, and to be resumed on January 3rd, instead of the ninth. The facial expressions (of course there were no verbal ones since we were in chapel and Dr. Acheson was speaking) were interesting and mixed, to say the least. As soon as chapel was dismissed, feelings were given vent and opinions were aired in no uncertain terms. Certainly the time before Christmas would not be amiss, but oh—"How I wish my work were up to date" (those plot books!) and "I knew I should have done the shopping that has to be done in town before this—what shall I do?" Notwithstanding such discussions the girls went about their preparation in a very prompt and business-like manner and the school was soon vacated.

When asked about her Christmas presents, every girl mentions among the best a postal card from the College announcing another week of vacation.

Although the play given by the Dramatic Club belongs properly under the heading of a special organization, it has brought flattering recognition to the College as a whole and in view of this it is befitting that the College offer its producers a most hearty vote of thanks. The play itself was lovely and the handling of it most praiseworthy. It is an honor to the College to have such meritorious work done under its auspices.



**THE FACULTY**

We regret exceedingly the resignation of Miss Mary Lindsey from our faculty. She has accepted a position in the Schenley High School as it is her desire to continue with preparatory rather than college work. The school unites in wishing her the most splendid success.

Miss Proctor and Dr. Lawson are taking charge of the Rhetoric Department, and Miss Leila Hill, '16, the Dilworth Hall English Department, until a successor to Miss Lindsay shall be procured.

Dr. Acheson was absent from College the week of January 10th. He attended the meeting of the Association of American Colleges, in Chicago.

During the Christmas vacation Miss Holcomb attended the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in New York City.

Miss Meloy addressed the "Women's Reading Club of West Newton during the vacation. She described the work done in the Social Service Department of the College in order to illustrate certain important and standard sociological principles.

The College wishes to express its deep sorrow occasioned by the death of Margaret Smith. We wish to express our deep love for her and to extend to her family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.



## THE SOROSIS

## ALUMNAE NEWS.

## Vers Libri.

A is for all of them,  
L is for lots of them,  
U is for YOU of them,  
M is for most of them;  
N is for news of which there is none,  
A is for action, now do send us some;  
E's for expression—just send us a ton!

Mrs. G. M. Gadsby, formerly Evelyn Crandall, has a prosperous looking son—Charles Crandall Gadsby—born December 19th.

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## Social Service Alumnae.

A look over the roll of Social Service Alumnae indicates that at any given time about one-third are in professional social work. This proportion has been constant for three years. Some who were in social work three years ago have married; others expect to take positions early in 1917; others who were employed recently are not in communication with us now. Therefore, the estimate of one-third is conservative.

The Social Service classes were started in 1908. The first certificates were given to those students who completed the course in 1912.

## Before 1912.

Rosalie Supplee, after serving as Visitor for the Associated Charities for four years, has been working since 1916, in the Home Finding Department of the Juvenile Court of Allegheny County.

Clarissa Blakeslee pursued her social studies in the University of Pennsylvania and has been employed in social work in Philadelphia.

Frances Neal is a valued social worker in the Young Women's Christian Association. She has been an active volunteer in

the Pittsburgh Association. In McKeesport, she has been one of the directors of Association activities, and she has participated in all the social work of her city.

### 1912.

Mary Gray is a Children's Librarian in Pittsburgh.

Cosette Spence is a high-salaried worker in Philadelphia. She is located in West Philadelphia, as superintendent of a district of the Juvenile Court.

### 1913.

In addition to many duties in the home, the church, and society, Helen Blair finds time to be a club worker with high school girls, for the Y. W. C. A.

Grace Wilson, on the Kingsley House staff, has become an experienced settlement worker.

### 1914.

Martha Kroenert is at the McKelvey School, a public school of the Gary type. She is teaching Domestic Economy and is doing social work for the school.

Miriam Messner has been active in every form of social work in Warren, Pa., and has refused more than one paid position. Her marriage to Dr. Dowell will occur early this year.

Mary Estep is Visitor for the Associated Charities in the Southern District.

Marjorie Thompson is a Parish Visitor at Trinity Church.

### 1915.

Frances Boale includes Civics among the subjects in which she instructs high school students at Indiana, Pa. She tells us that a knowledge of Social Service may be used to advantage in a Civics class.

Helen McClelland has been an industrious worker ever since she left college. She is to be one of the workers at the new

community house of the First United Presbyterian Church of the North Side, and expects to begin her new work this month.

### 1916.

Melba Martin is Visitor for the Associated Charities in the Eastern District. She was one of the speakers for the Association at its annual meeting.

Alice Laidlaw's work has taken the direction of social psychology. She is connected with the advertising department of McCreery's store. She states modestly that she is a volunteer social worker, because she has charge of a girls' club.

Seba South is an assistant in the department of Social Service at the College.

Bessie Wright, who studied Social Service at the College last year, is now a worker in the Social Service Department of the West Penn Hospital. She has recently become a member of the Social Workers' Club.

Virginia Hackney, who came to us in 1914, has been regularly employed by the Bureau of Recreation since the summer of 1915. In this position, her time is occupied in the late afternoon and evening. In the early part of the day, she comes to the College to work for her certificate in Social Service.



**CLASS NOTES**

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**News of the "Four Hundred"****The Eggers' Ball**

Dorothea and Elizabeth Eggers gave a charming dance on December 27th, at which the Seniors and Juniors and their escorts had a wildly good time. The charming decorations were enhanced by the banners of the respective classes and sprigs of mistletoe and holly. The guests renewed their youth, so to speak, with balloons, toy lanterns and other playthings and everyone had the time of his life. To be sure, we were rather late getting home, but then that only goes to prove the above remarks. In the next issue there will be given a full account of the personnel of the party and the gowns worn by the celebrities.

**Sophomore Splurge.**

No coaxing was necessary to urge the acceptance of the Sophomores' invitation to their sister Seniors, who were only too willing to visit in the attractive "Rose and White" domain of the clever Sophomores. In addition to Miss Appelstein's recitations, another feature of the entertainment was a Victrola, owned by a member of this wealthy, sporty class. The delightful refreshments gave further proof of the ability of this class along domestic lines, and the class songs on both sides proved that it wouldn't be a bad idea to say "How do you do" often. What think ye, sisters?

**For Her Little Friends.**

Miss Louise Reinecke (the one that wore the black dress, you know) took upon herself the enormous responsibility of giving the "desertors" a spread. A table-cloth and ice-in-the-water were outstanding features of this affair. The guests were also entertained by a Hawaiian band (or orchestra) consisting of one "eukelele," which was very skillfully played. Handsome pres-

ents were presented to the guests after they had done ample justice to Mrs. Reinecke's world-famed lemon custard pie. The party then adjourned to the College Club tea, where they were prevailed upon to partake of more refreshments.

### **In Honor of Herself.**

Miss Helen Louise Pardee charmingly entertained some of her select friends at her home on January eighth. The hostess wore a simple afternoon frock and also a corsage of her favorite flowers. The guests, according to their quaint custom, came early and left late, which all goes to prove that there was plenty of gossip exchanged. However, we were all put on our honor not to breathe a word of it and you know what that Honor System means. During the afternoon the birthday of the hostess was unexpectedly (?) announced and congratulations were in order. How the children do grow up!

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### **Junior Notes**

Well, here we are together again—slightly damaged, perhaps, by our numerous festivities, but still our beautiful talented selves despite the destructive effect of vacation.

Many of our members have been wandering in distant climes and have returned to college to rest up from their activities. Among such venturesome souls are Betty Shepard, who enjoyed the charms of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, and "Dot" Minor, who didn't go as far but enjoyed herself as much, and Kamela, who visited Dorothy and Elizabeth Eggers, who provided us with one of the biggest events of our gay social career. It really was a mighty lovely affair and the masculine element was not in any way disappointing; nay, it was even surprisingly acceptable. And, if your supper partner didn't know you, all he had to do was to get your number and you were his. The favor dances were very pretty and lively and everyone left cheerful



as the result of a charming evening, whose pleasure was not dampened (if some of our members are to believe) by the profusion of mistletoe.

It is rumored that Ruth Kaufman is composing a thesis entitled, "Indoor Sports to Avoid," or "The Danger of Sleeping in Books."

Sadie Shapira has been away from us quite a while on account of the illness of her mother. We certainly hope conditions will allow her to return soon.



### Sophomore Class Notes.

Occasionally Miss Brownson has difficulty in maintaining a dignified and serious atmosphere during the 3:30 hour on Friday. The following remarks were heard a short time ago:

V. C. (reciting in Bible): "When they were going along the road, they saw them from the watch-tower, so they, etc."

Miss B.: "You will have to distinguish between your pronouns."

V. C. (hesitating): "Oh, I guess they were both."

M. B. (describing the Red Sea): "The water was quite shallow, and it wasn't very deep."

Miss B.: "The people called on Moses for—called on Moses for—Miss Finley."

Overheard in an English Class:

"Why is the 'Merry Men' a tale?"

"Oh, it just sort of drags along like a tail (tale)"

The Victrola played an obligato to the gay medley of voices at the Senior tea, which we gave in the den on Friday afternoon, December 15th, and the rose draperies shed a warm, glowing welcome to all who were present. Lillian Applestein recited for us, one or two of her favorite jingles, and Miss White favored us

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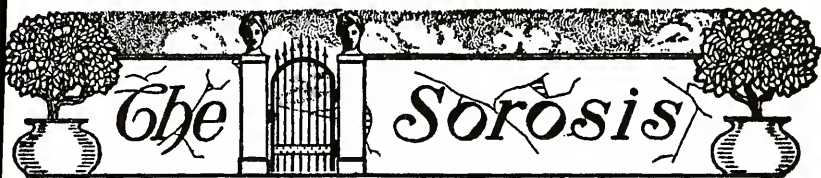
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Vol. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 5.

**WILT MAKE US THINE.**

Rachel Alexander, '18.

Today a living, breathing world  
Is pausing in its course  
To bow before the Maker's throne  
To worship and rejoice.

A solemn hush rests on the earth  
The silver church bells chime;  
And all the world sends up the prayer  
"O Lord, wilt make us thine!"

Then evening comes and darkness reigns  
But ringing through all time  
A voice is heard, clear, low and sweet  
"I, God, have made thee mine."



**MISS CAROLINE'S LIBRARY**

Estelle Shepard, '17

Miss Caroline walked through the hall and peered out of the great front door into the half darkness without. Then she walked back into the dining room. Her black silk dress rustled with every move she made.

She was a woman of fifty, tall and stately. Her grey hair was piled high on her head. Her face was stern and hard. But it seemed rather the hardness of suffering, than of indifference.

She stood at the doorway looking into the dining room. She had rarely noticed the incongruity of the room. Tonight it

jarred on her senses. The old fashioned sideboard, with its massive cut glass and coffee urn, the big open fireplace, the high ceiling, the long windows with handsome curtains, all were of a kind, and belonged together. But the half dozen little tables with bluebird candles and linen doilies on each, seemed entirely out of place.

"Mary," called Miss Caroline in a low, rather bitter voice.

"Ma'am?" answered a young girl who came into the dining room. She was dressed in black with a tiny cap and apron of white. In spite of the sombreness of her dress, she made one think of gay colors, because of the vivacity of her manner and the sparkle of her eyes. She belonged with the bluebird candles.

"There is one table here," said Miss Caroline critically, "with dirty dishes still upon it. Such a thing does not look well to those who come here for supper." She folded her arms and frowned.

Mary moved quickly towards the table and began to gather up the dishes.

"I doubt if anyone else will be here tonight." Miss Caroline walked slowly and with dignity from the room. She did not see Mary toss a spoon in the air and catch it again.

Miss Caroline crossed the hall and entered a room with a musty odor of old books. She loved that odor; it was characteristic of the one room in all the house that had remained untouched when she had turned her home into a tea shop.

There were times when she deeply regretted the loss of privacy. Usually she reasoned with herself and became resigned. Tonight the sight of those tables, the doilies, and the small lighted candles had been so distasteful that she had fled to the library as a retreat. Here at least there was nothing incongruous, she thought.

The room had not been changed since the death of her father. The old secretary with the book case of lawbooks above it, was standing just as he had left it. Many of his papers were still untouched in the pigeon holes. On one wall was the oil painting of her grandfather, a sternfaced serious man. The big



mahogany table in the center of the room held a large oil lamp and a velvet-bound photograph album. All was as it had been and all was suited.

She walked over to the table and picked up the album. It opened to a picture of a young man, with dignified bearing, whose deep dark eyes smiled with humor and sympathy. Across it was written in large firm letters, "To Cal, from your devoted friend and admirer."

Miss Caroline looked at those half smiling eyes for some time. A soft light came into her own and she smiled back. The nickname had always pleased her. She was glad it was there.

The smile died, her face grew sad.

"John Hastings," she said as she looked into those dark eyes, "why did you go away without saying good-bye to me—to any of us?" She had asked that question many times since that night years ago, when he had failed to come. She had heard indirectly that he went west, that he had been successful, and had married. But he had dropped out of her life and her friendship as completely as if he were dead.

"Why, why, why?" she asked.

The handsome face, the dark smiling eyes looked squarely back at her. They held no insincerity. She shook her head in answer to her own question.

The noise of the knocker on the front door resounded through the house. She sighed and shut the album slowly. Mary would be calling her in a moment. She arose and left the room quietly, shutting the door softly, almost tenderly behind her. Mary stood outside the door.

"A lady ma'am," announced Mary with a careless shrug of her shoulders. "She wants supper for two."

"I'll see her, Mary," said Miss Caroline in a low voice.

"She's in the front parlor, ma'am."

"Very well." Miss Caroline walked slowly into the room. She saw a small round faced woman, handsomely dressed. She was not much younger than Miss Caroline but seemed so because of her round little face. She rose as Miss Caroline entered.

"You serve meals here, I understand?" asked the woman.

"Yes, we do. My maid said you wished supper for two." Miss Caroline looked around. There was no third person in the room.

"My husband is outside," the little woman said, answering the question in Miss Caroline's voice. "He has had trouble with the machine all during the trip. He will be in shortly."

"Very well" answered Miss Caroline. Just make yourself at home while I see that your supper is prepared."

"Thank you," answered her guest. "I have been noticing what a fascinating old place you have here. May I look around?"

Certainly," answered Miss Caroline, pleased when anyone admired the home that was dear to her. Then she went out to the kitchen.

The guest wandered around the room looking at the handsome furniture, the big square piano, and the cabinet full of ornaments and little trinkets. When she heard her husband's step on the porch, she hurried to the door to open it for him.

"John, John!" she exclaimed, as she fairly pulled him in. "Come, see what a wonderfully fascinating place this old house is."

Her husband was a tall well built man of middle age. He was handsome with dark brown eyes, and a quantity of iron grey hair. His face was sad, and his eyes had lost the fire and spirit of youth. They seemed the eyes of an old man.

"Yes, Marcia," he answered slowly. He had taken off his hat, and was balancing it from one hand to the other. He looked around as though the house and its furnishings were familiar.

"Look, John," his wife went on as they entered the parlor. "Did you notice the knocker on the door as you came in? That was what first attracted my attention. And see this great old fashioned mirror in the parlor. Was there ever such quaintness?" she asked enthusiastically.

John's gaze followed hers. His eyes brightened for a moment, and then grew dull and listless.

Marcia seemed out of place in the old fashioned setting, as she investigated and exclaimed over everything.

A rustle of skirts announced Miss Caroline coming.

"Good evening, my guests," she said with gracious hospitality. "Your supper is prepared. Will you—" She looked at John. His eyes were intently on her. She frowned as she tried to recall his face to her memory. Those eyes were like John Hastings. She caught her breath for a moment as she thought perhaps this was he. Then she dismissed the thought as an impossibility.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long," she said. "This is the way."

At the doorway of the dining room Marcia exclaimed "Oh, how very lovely! This is even nicer than the parlor! What attractive tables! and they look so quaint here!"

Her husband frowned a little as if the room were not altogether pleasing to him. "I like the parlor better," he said quietly. "It has an atmosphere that is lacking here." He turned to Miss Caroline. "Excuse me for saying such a thing. It is purely a matter of feeling."

"I feel as you do about this room. But it was a case of necessity," she said half apologetically.

Again, she thought of John Hastings. Could this be he? Could it be anyone else but he? Why had he come? Did he recognize her? There were always questions in connection with John Hastings.

That is your table," she added, and turned to go into the kitchen.

"I don't see why you don't like this room as well as the parlor, John," said Marcia, still looking around. "I like it lots better. It is cozy and—oh, just nice," she added with a vague gesture of her hand.

"No?" asked John, as he took a bite of a hot biscuit.

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After her guests had finished their dinner Miss Caroline joined them again. "Would you like to see more of my house?" she asked. "I should be glad to show you around."

"Oh, indeed we should," said Marcia, clasping her hands enthusiastically. "Wouldn't you, John?"

"Yes, Marcia," he answered in his deep tired voice.

"You have seen the parlor and the dining room—without an atmosphere," said Miss Caroline with a smile.

She led the way out into hall. Across it she could see the closed door of the library. A sudden desire seized her to prove whether or not this was John Hastings. The room was too sacred to open to everyone, but, there she could know this man for John Hastings or for a mere stranger. She walked slowly across and opened the door, standing back to allow her guests to go in first.

"Oh," exclaimed Marcia. "A library! What books!" She peered into the bookcase, and read the titles aloud, slowly as she made them out.

Miss Caroline had expected the exclamations. She was watching her other guest. He looked around the room eagerly, smiling with pleasure at seeing a place once familiar, but unvisited for years. Then he looked squarely into Miss Caroline's eyes. She saw and recognized John Hastings, not the man of fifty, but the young man of twenty. In his eyes shone the steady sympathetic friendliness which she had known in the days of old. She heard, as if it were far off, the drone of Marcia's voice as she mumbled the titles of books. There was no shame in that gaze. Did he feel no sense of wrong in his rude leaving? Why had he done it? Had she only imagined that a deeper feeling lay beneath their friendship?

"John," called Marcia. "Did you ever? Here's the picture of a family tree."

John turned abruptly and started towards her.

"It goes way back," she continued more to herself than to her husband. "back through the Pilgrim fathers. I can't—quite make out—this name—. It is sort of blurred. B-l-i—" her voice trailed off into a murmur.

John stopped beside the table. He picked up the velvet bound album. It opened to his own youthful picture. He look-

ed at it for a moment, then he said, "You never answered his note, did you?"

Miss Caroline stepped closer to look at the picture again. "He never sent me one," she said with all the bitterness of years in her voice.

"Oh!" he said with a listless shake of his head. "You mean you never received it."

Marcia had come quietly up behind her husband. She peeped around his left shoulder. "What are you looking at John, that is so interesting?" She laughed and pinched his arm playfully.

For answer he turned the album so that she could see the picture.

Miss Caroline shuddered. Was he going to tell her all the old story? It was so unnecessary. A stray note; one person given with loneliness; and the other—. She looked at John's listless eyes and sighed.

"Why, do you know he looks like you did when I first met you," said Marcia as she turned her head from side to side. "There is a strong resemblance about the eyes still." She looked up into his face, and then back to the picture. "A very strong resemblance" she repeated.

There was silence for a moment. It seemed an hour to Miss Caroline. She was wondering what question Marcia would ask next.

John turned the page slowly. The sound of it was very welcome to Miss Caroline's ears.

"What a dear baby!" exclaimed Marcia "and look at the funny dress on its mother." She laughed merrily.

John pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"Marcia," he said, "we must be going. There's an hour's ride ahead of us."

"We haven't seen the rest of the house—" she began. She looked at his serious face. "But I guess we must be going," she added. She looked longingly at the family tree.

Miss Caroline suddenly realized she must stop musing and live in the present, not in the past.

"I'm glad you have come," she said, sinking bravely. "I hope to meet you again." The words were formal, but her voice trembled as she said them.

"I thank you," answered Marcia. "I for one have enjoyed being in this wonderful old house I know John has, too, even if he is so quiet and doesn't say much. The next time we're in this part of the country we'll be sure to come again. Perhaps we'll have time to see the rest of the house."

They had reached the door.

"Goodbye" said Miss Caroline. She held out her hand, Marcia laid her fat hand in it for a moment and then withdrew it.

"I'm sure we'll meet again," said Marcia with a smile.

John took Miss Caroline's hand with a firm grip. He looked at her with a sad face as if he understood her suffering by his own. "Good-bye," he said with a finality that left no doubt in Miss Caroline's mind that she should never see him again.

"Good-bye," she answered slowly.

John turned, took his wife's arm, and led her out to the machine. Miss Caroline shut the big front door with a sigh, that was almost a sob.

All questions about John Hastings had been answered. Her face grew grim and sad. She walked slowly up the broad stairs to her own lonely room.

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### AN INTERPRETATION OF KIPLING'S "THEY."

Chloe Morse, '20.

"They" is an impressionistic short-story of emotion. It tells of a mystic sympathy, caused by suffering, which existed among several people and enabled them to hear and see the spirits of dead children, which were sent to a blind woman because of her great loneliness and yearning.

It is wonderfully done. The children, the blind woman, Madden, all are presented to us as the narrator saw them. At first the children seem real, but throughout, little things are said which make us wonder, until in the end, when the man who



has suffered feels the familiar little kiss on his hand, we, with him, understand.

At first the lady and the butler can scarcely believe that he sees the children. When he mentions them, Miss Florence's question "Which?" is full of hope and fear. She is wondering if it can be that he, too, has the power of feeling their presence. When he replies, she is very happy but thinks he must know, as she does, that they are not real flesh and blood for, when she asks him to drive slowly, she queries as to one who understands.

"It isn't foolish, do you think?"

She thinks they make him happy and does not realize, until the end, that not only has he not understood, but that understanding brings him pain.

There are three chief episodes, that of the first meeting, that of the conversation in the woods when Miss Florence first realizes that he doesn't understand, and that of the last visit, when he awakens to a realization of the situation. There are contributory incidents filling in between; the talk with the butler; the inquiries at the sweet meat shop; the sickness of Jenny's child; the search for the doctor and nurse; the little talk with the fat woman after the child's death; the chance meeting with a woman and child on the road. These, though they have a bearing on the story, do not stand out as so important as the three I have mentioned. Jenny's sorrow is of the most moment of any of these. It is introduced as a contrast to Miss Florence's futile yearning, for Jenny, who had a child and lost it, must be far richer than the blind woman who is isolated by her infirmity from either joy or grief, such as Jenny's, though she can be placidly happy in the children's spirits about her.

The story has great pathos. Though this is most apparent in the closing episode, it is present very strongly in the struggle in the woods between the stranger and Florence to understand each other:

"I didn't mean that, of course. You'd never laugh at children, but I thought,—I used to think—that perhaps you might

laugh at them. So now I beg your pardon . . . . What are you going to laugh at?"

He replies that it is at the notion of her begging his pardon, when by all rights he is the one to be seeking forgiveness for trespassing on her property.

"How curious," she half whispered. "How very curious." "

"Why, what have I done?"

"You don't understand . . . . and yet you understood about the Colours. Don't you understand?"

"No," I said. "Whatever it is, I don't understand yet. Perhaps I shall later—if you'll let me come again." "

He comes again and, at the end of his visit, is painfully brought to the realization of what "they" are and to the resolve that he must never return. There is a biblical majesty in the simplicity of the words after his awakening.

"Then I knew and it was as though I had known from that first day when I looked across the lawn at the high window. I heard the door shut. The woman turned to me in silence and I felt that she knew.

"Now you understand," she whispered across the packed shadows.

"Yes, I understand—now. Thank you."

"I—I only hear them." She bowed her head in her hands.

"I have no right, you know—no other right. I have neither borne nor lost—neither borne nor lost!"

"Be very glad then," said I. for my soul was torn open within me."

Now we know what his sorrow is. Kipling was so well able to portray it for he, too, had suffered such a loss. We feel now his struggle as the blind woman is speaking: the joy at feeling the old familiar signal mingled with the sharp agony of re-awakened grief; and, when she says, 'I'm all in the dark, you know, and you can see,' he realizes that though this communication is right for her because of her blindness, it is not right

for him who has known what she will never know, the joy of having a child, the sorrow of losing it.

"In truth I could see, and my vision confirmed me in my resolve though that was like the very parting of spirit and flesh. Yet a little longer I would stay since it was the last time."

The author's mood varies with the things he is describing. At times it has buoyancy as in describing the pleasant summer scene through which he is motoring in the beginning. At times, as in the episode quoted above, tenderness and grief are uppermost. Then again peace and content appear. "The sun dipped behind the woods and the long shades were possessing the insolent horsemen one by one. I saw the light die from off the top of a glossy leaved lance and all its brave hard green turn to soft black. The house, accepting another day at end, as it had accepted an hundred thousand gone seemed to settle deeper into its rest among the shadows." There is charm and poetry in this. So, too, in his fancies when he hears the blind woman calling the children. "The voice would have drawn lost souls from the pit for the yearning that underlay its sweetness." "—the stillness made slow to close on the perfection of that cry." The first of these, though the narrator is not supposed to realize it, is almost an explanation of why the spirits of the children came to her. It was because of her great yearning and her humble sweetness.

The chief characters are developed by their words and actions as in real life, rather than by description.

In the first episode we see Miss Florence as a beautiful blind woman who is sympathetic, trustful and fond of children. In the scene in the woods we become aware, as does the man from the other side of the country, that her sympathy springs from the deep sweetness of her nature; her trustfulness and confiding manner toward the stranger are evidences of an insight into nature which is a higher sense than sight and which makes her feel that his attitude and fancy harmonize with hers; her love for children is tinged with a plaintive wistfulness. Not until the last scene do we realize the full extent of her yearning, her happiness in their presence and her hope so piteously expressed that

they, love her. Always, however, she has charm, grace and poise. Her bewitching little fits of gayety help to make her irresistible: 'o you want a light to see to eat by?'

So, too, with the narrator. At first he is only a man, boyishly joyous in his new car and the power it gives him to speed through the pleasant summer country. Then, when he sees the house we perceive that he has a happy imagination: "If I am not packed off for a trespasser, or if this knight does not ride a wallop at me" thought I, 'Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, at least will come out of that half open garden door and ask me to tea.' In his conversation with Miss Florence, we realize his love for children and the fact that he has lost someone very dear to him.

" 'But how is it, with yourself—yourself?' The blind eyes turned towards me.

'I have never seen the faces of my dead in any dream,' I answered.

'Then it must be as bad as being blind.'

"Have you ever wanted to?" she said after a silence.

'Very much sometimes,' I replied. In his next visit, when he has the trouble with his machine we see what an understanding of children and what a desire to please them he has, for he lays out all his shining tools in shop-like array to attract them. We also see that he does not understand, though, he tries very hard to, about "they." When near the end of his third visit, he feels the little brushing kiss in the middle of his palm "as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close: as the faithful, half-reproachable signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of a mute code devised very long ago;" when he at last understands, we know that it was a child he lost, that this is its spirit and that "they" are the spirits of dead children.

Madden is interesting as an English butler, typical in his deference but unusual in his sympathy and understanding of his mistress and his ability to keep quiet about her affairs. He, too, has lost a child and can see the spirits of the children. He forgets the social barrier between himself and the stranger when

their conversation turns to the children, for the instinct of parenthood is common to all who are not, like the blind woman, shut out from the joy of having children.

Mrs. Madehurst, weeps vociferously when Jenny's child is ill but thinks it better dead though there is no insurance. Her dialect and her old wife's wisdom are interesting:

" 'She's walkin' in de wood now.'

'In this weather?'

Mrs. Madehurst looked at me with narrowed eyes across the counter. 'I dunno but it opens de 'earth like. Yet, it opens de 'eart. Dat's where losin' and bearin' comes so alike in de long run, we do say.' "

The Doctor is "a man of some humor, for he claimed my car under the Oath of Aesculapius" (god of medical art, called by Homer, "blameless physician.").

"The minor characters are developed by description because it is their physical qualities only, which impress the narrator. They are skilfully done in a few words: Jenny with her face blotched and frozen with grief and her clutching hands without a ring; the "gingerheaded canvas-gaitered giant of an unmistakable tenant farmer type," who is utilized to show the fear Miss Florence's reputation for eccentricity and ghostly surroundings inspired in the ignorant.

There are bits of local color introduced, of which those in regard to the automobile appear to us as very humorous. The interest evinced by Miss Florence, Madden and the Doctor, the evident fear of the nun who knelt in the bottom of the tonneau telling her beads, are interesting as showing what a novelty cars were then. There is an interesting bit in Madden's deferential care of the stranger to let Jenny's talkative neighbor know that he is not a mere chauffeur, but a gentleman which in England is a vastly different matter. The tallies are an interesting remnant of old English custom, utilized to good advantage by Miss Florence.

The change in the weather, as the man from the other side of the country approaches the house for the last time, seems to forecast a change in his life: "——looking down at the sea,

in that instant, I beheld the blue of the channel turn through polished silver and dull steel to dingy pewter—In less than an hour summer England vanished in chill grey.”

On the whole this is a sad, sad story, told in an ineffably tender way. It has great charm, delicacy and beauty and, like “Dream Children,” the sadness with which it leaves us makes its memory very lasting, very tender.



### A BIRD'S LAMENT.

Emily Kates, '18.

Above a sky dull and gray;  
Below a ground of snow;  
Around me chill winds bluster,  
While my heart breaks with woe.

My mate has gone away,  
He lies dead by the tree.  
He whom I dearly loved,  
Is taken away from me.

No more in the huddling spring  
With its sunny weather,  
Can we gather twigs and leaves  
And build our nest together.

Never again on this bough  
During the summer days,  
Can he perch with head aside  
And pour forth his happy lays.

The winter skies cloud,  
The winter winds moan;  
My mate has gone away,  
I am all alone.



**CASTLE LIFE IN THE OLD GERMAN REALM**

Frieda Stoess, '20.

Germany had developed greatly in the tenth century under the Saxon king. The Empire was consolidated and its boundaries defined. The prestige of the Emperor had risen in the hands of men who commanded the respect, not only of their Saxon subjects, but of foreign provinces and nations, and chivalry developed until it became a system. Since the days of Henry the Fowler, the freemen had served in the king's armies on foot or on horse, but the horsemen, who took the name of "Ritter," had risen above the ordinary freemen, since their duties about the king's person caused them to be looked upon with respect.

To guard themselves from dangerous neighbors, these Ritter had built castles in commanding positions on the hills. These castles were surrounded by a moat filled with water, and a drawbridge led up to the castle gates. This drawbridge was drawn up at night or in time of danger, so that the castle was completely cut off by the water power from the rest of the world.

Within the outside walls lay the castle courtyard, containing buildings which served for stables, storehouses and servants' quarters. A chapel adjoined the castle itself and the chief room in the castle was always a large banqueting hall. Such a hall has been the scene of many a ballad and story about knights.

From the hall opened rooms belonging to the ladies and children of the family, and a castle usually contained one chamber, called the armory where the weapons were kept which served in time of war. Over the building itself rose the great castle tower, on the top of which, day and night, the wardens watched to announce with blasts of their horns the arrival of friendly visitors, or to discover the first signs of foes.

The sons of noblemen were educated with the object of fitting them for the life of a knight. At seven years of age it was usual for a boy to be removed from the women's apartments and sent to serve as a page in the house of some neighboring knight. There, from his seventh to his fourteenth year, he would run messages, serve at table, ride horses, and learn to shoot with bows and arrows and practice sword exercise.

In the best days of knighthood and chivalry, while he indulged in athletic exercises, the gentler arts were not forgotten, for the page was generally instructed in singing and playing on the lute and often he would learn to converse in a foreign language. The young ladies of noble family had also many duties to perform. They also entered the houses of noble lords and took their places among the ladies-in-waiting who surrounded the mistress of the castle. On festive occasions these ladies would take part at the banquets and receive honored guests, or distribute the prizes at tournaments, but usually they lived a quiet life in the retirement of the women's apartments. There, their principal occupations were weaving, spinning and embroidering.

When a squire received the order of knighthood, or on any other occasion of rejoicing in knightly families, a tournament was usually held to celebrate the occasion. The lists, so called because barriers were raised, covered with a kind of rough cloth named list, were erected on the market place of the little town which generally grew up round a castle or sometimes a plain outside the city walls, or the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, or even the courtyard itself inside the castle walls would be used for this purpose. Seats would be erected round the lists, with a special place of honor for the lord, his family and the guests. The arena was spread with sand to prevent the horses from falling in the mud.

A herald invited the guests, traveling from castle to castle and from town to town, and they would come with trumpets blowing and banners flying in the wind, each knight bringing the ladies of his family and a company of squires and servants, who encamped within the castle, or were quartered in the town, or even, in the summer dwelt in tents upon the castle hill.

After the greetings were exchanged, and the weapons proved for the last time, all would take their places for the tournament. The Knights usually attacked each other in companies with large swords, seeking to unhorse their opponents or cut off the crest of their shining helmet. After that the single combats would take place, here the young knights showed their prowess against experienced and proved warriors, which the little pages watched

with envious eyes, longing for the day when they too would be admitted to such noble sport.

Last of all some noble lady would name as victor the knight who had fought most bravely, and the gay company would go up to the banquet in the castle, and dance in the stately hall.

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### AN "IF" FOR GIRLS

With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

If you can dress to make yourself attractive;  
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;  
If you can swim and row, be strong and active;  
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;  
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,  
Play without giving play too strong a hold,  
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,  
Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;  
If you can master French and Greek and Latin;  
And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;  
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,  
Without despising calico and jean;  
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,  
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,  
Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,  
Can rise above unfriendly smiles and slurs;  
If you can make good bread as well as fudges,  
Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust;  
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,  
A girl whom all will love because they must;  
If sometimes you should meet and love another,  
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,  
And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,—  
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind  
The plan that's been developed through the ages,  
And win the best that life can have in store;  
You'll be, my girl, a model, for the sages,—  
A woman whom the world will bow before.—Ex.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT."**

Augusta G. Rogers, '19.

A Lodging For the Night has been classified as a story of action and adventure. In a sense, this is true. We are indeed interested in the action and the outcome of the story; we want to know if Villon found his shelter for the night and when he found it, whether he succeeded in getting away with no further difficulties. But this interest is not paramount. It is in the character of Villon that the chief interest centers. This seems to be Stevenson's real purpose in writing the story; especially when we consider that he wrote an essay on the same subject. The story is a night from the life of Villon, probably not an unusual night. Stevenson chose the evening of Thevenin Pensete's murder, an important one for the members of Villon's "pick-lock" crew. In the essay, Stevenson says, "Montigny, for instance,—we find accused of cheating at games of hazard on the one hand, and on the other of the murder of one Thevenin Pensete in a house by the Cemetery of St. John. If time had only spared us some particulars, might not this last have furnished us with the matter of a grisly winter's tale?" A Lodging For the Night was apparently Stevenson's attempt to reconstruct this evening in his imagination, while his personal interest in Villon led him to take this one of the "crew" through the rest of the night, and make of the story a manneristic character study.

Stevenson conveys his ideas to us with unerring precision. He seems to find just the right word to bring the picture he has in mind before us. Unusually expressive phrases that fit the idea like a glove, put it before us. He says, "the air was raw and pointed," "the flakes were large, damp and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm." How perfectly we see the snow-covered city, feel the atmosphere, and that peculiar silence of the snowstrom in these few lines! He goes on to describe the city more in detail—concrete particulars of this snowy night. "If there were any belated birds in heaven, they

saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars on the black ground of the river." Stevenson might have been on a tower looking over the city and describing it. To make us feel the stillness and solitude of the night, he continues, "worthy burghers were long ago in bed, benighted-capped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir." In all this stillness "there was a small house, backed up against a cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose in that snoring district." A little later, in describing the wind about this ill-omened house, he says, "the wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney." In describing Villon and his comrades, he does not attempt to idealize them in the least. They are really repulsive at times, and we feel they are drawn just as they were in reality, good, bad and indifferent. How vividly he paints the murder and the effect of it on the men in the little house. It is a bald, almost brutally frank description. "A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor, then the head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open;—the dead man contemplated a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer. 'My God! said Tabary, and he began to pray in Latin. Villon broke into hysterical laughter. . . Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap as he continued laughing, bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces."

There is an almost constant use of imagery, which is one means of making us feel so exactly the impression he wishes to give. "The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps below the stars." Again, "wherever he went, he must weave with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows." The dead woman is described "rigid as a stick." Villon says to the Lord of Brisetout, "there you are with your heart ticking as good as new." Some previous quotations contain examples of this same quality.



At first Stevenson's style charms. As Henry James said in Brooksmith, "Anything that is supremely good produces more acceptance than surprise." This is particularly true of Stevenson's style. It is as one reads more and more that its real excellence is increasingly evident. And the more one reads the better it becomes—a quality which affords a pleasing prospect to say the least.

The setting of the story is Paris in November of the year 1456 on a snowy cold night. Setting plays an important part in the movement of the story. It is on account of the snow that Master Francis is forced to seek shelter. It is because of the snow that there is danger of the police tracing him from the house by the Cemetery of St. John. The "sheeted city" furnishes, too, a picturesque background for his "grisly winter's tale." This background is carefully developed throughout. The particular setting changes several times. In the first few paragraphs, we get the general setting, then St. John's Cemetery, and then the house in which the murder takes place. After the murder, we follow Villon from house to house—to the porch where he finds the dead woman, to the home of his foster-father, and to the house of his one-time friend, until he reaches the Seigneur de Brisetout's house. Here the setting again changes and with Villon we see the interior of the house until morning. These minor changes, of course, occur within the limits of the larger setting, Paris, and thus keep to principles of unity. Wherever we are, we feel the cold outdoors and snowy night—even before the warm charcoal-pan at the Seigneur's. And it is noticeable that the setting moves with Villon. This fact only emphasizes the character-story theory. Setting is an important, but not a predominant element.

The story has a rather curious structure from the point of view of the short-story. The episodes are not arranged in an ascending order. The most vivid probably comes first, the murder in the little house at St. John's. The reason for this arrangement was simply that Stevenson was following Villon in his wanderings that night—giving the story of the night as it happened, and bringing out Villon's character in every step along the way.



The climax, such as it is, comes in the very last paragraph. Not that there has been any crisis of character, any decisive moment in the life of the poet, but there we see that Villon is the same temperamental thief that we started the night with. He was not picturing a development but character as it was; and any change or reformation in Francis Villon would have been utterly inappropriate. Hence the apparently haphazard order of episodes—they are arranged chronologically only.

“Francis Villon, poet, student, housebreaker.” This story is an attempt to put this figure into his natural setting, to make him live and act as he did in real life. While in an essay, Stevenson could analyze and describe, only in a story could he make a flesh and blood figure. He keeps true to his understanding of this gifted background. It is interest rather than admiration that prompts the portrait. Consequently he is not made a hero. He is despicable at times, but so variable, so sensitive to change of circumstances; he has so lively an imagination and is so witty that we can like him, can at least sympathize with him in spite of our contempt. Apparently, he was not of prepossessing appearance. “The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and the pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime.”

He has a continually present fear of Montfaucon, the gibbet on the St. Denis Road, and speaks of it jokingly until the Thevenin is murdered. Then he breaks down and sits “limp and trembling on the stool” while his comrades rob him of his share of the booty. So vivid is his imagination in regard to the gibbet that he even “made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged.” The appearance of the dead man’s “red head”

strikes terror to his heart. As we follow him through the streets, we see his shifting moods. He finds the dead woman, robs her and then stands looking "from the coins to the woman and back again to the coins. . . with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money."

What a change when he discovers the loss of his purse! He searches the street without a thought for the patrol—he is furious when his adopted father turns him away. But "then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture." Then he begins to think of his own death—"And he so young and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body." From this pseudo-pathos his spirits rose because he fell in with the tracks of the patrol and confused his trail! Once in the house of the Seigneur his first action when alone is to examine the gold plate! Nevertheless, he says, "a fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints." A little while before this situation seemed grim enough. But warmed and fed, he can joke about it. "I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows."

The contrast between the old Seigneur and Villon could not be much greater. The "strong, honorable righteous" but withal dull old gentleman has the virtues which Francis so conspicuously lacks. His slowness of mind on the other hand is a contrast to Villon's shrewd, if false arguments. Perhaps he felt some of it really, but how mocking he is—"I repent daily. There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent." He prates of his honor, but he says the reason he did not take the cups was, "there are only seven. If there had been ten, I would have risked it." After he has eaten and has his fill of wine, and is warm, he is content to leave at dawn and forget about his troubles. He stood and heartily stretched himself in

the middle of the road. A very dull old gentleman. I wonder what his goblets may be worth." The same Francis Villon! His night's anxieties, the Seigneur's pious preaching, have not changed him in the least nor made any impression on him. He was a born rascal. But after all, one likes him, perhaps.

The other characters, Montigny, Dom Nicholas and Tabary are various members of the band that claimed Villon as its own. Montigny was afterward hanged for this crime at St. John's Cemetery. Tabary's "imbecility" was the means of the entire party's betrayal on another occasion. All are thieves, gamblers, even murderers if the occasion required and they have the requisite courage. His company, which was apparently habitual, proves Villon's character from another point of view.

A Lodging For the Night accomplishes its purpose. At the close, we have a portrait of Francis Villon—we know the man. Whether he is an admirable person is beside the point. Within the limits of a short-story we have a perfect character portrayal in circumstances of action and setting that make a good story besides.

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### OUR IMMIGRANT SLAVS.

Viola Cox, '20.

The Slavs have come to our shores in great numbers and have become factors in our industrial life. Pennsylvania has the largest Slovak population and for that reason we should be eager to learn of the Slav, his early history and the reasons which lead him to seek America as his new home. Those who come to our shores are ever increasing in number. How many are now in the United States can only be conjectured.

There is but little known of the Slavs early history and even today very little is written about this people. The Slavs have no central government as have the Germans or Italians, but are found scattered over the whole eastern portion of Europe. The history of the Slovak people is a very complicated one. At what period they migrated with the other nations to Europe, by what route they proceeded when they separated from the parent

stock, what common tongue they spoke are problems which are unsolved and seemingly insoluble, continue to occupy the minds of scholars. We first hear of the Slavs as roving farmers. In the seventh century their migrations appear to have ceased and we find them occupying in uninterrupted continuity a vast tract east of the Elbe, the Saale and the Bohemian Forest southward to the Adriatic Sea in the region where, upon the whole they are still to be found today.

Before the time of feudalism they were as free as any barbarians in Europe. They lived in a "democracy" that recognized no general leader, because each clan or village existed as a separate republic and "all must be persuaded where none could be compelled."

Ever since the dawn of history we read of "Slavic discord." A disposition to quarrel among themselves appears to be the common heritage of the race. Discord contributed to, if it did not entirely cause, the early downfall of some of the independent Slavonian nations, that lived in the north and west. While the various tribes were quarreling among themselves the other powers about them were uniting and developing into nations. These nations easily over powered the Slavs and made them a part of the victors' kingdom. Thus the Slavs did not develop a country of their own. At present they owe allegiance to four great governments, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Germany and Turkey.

It is hard to gain an accurate knowledge of what the Slav characteristics are because there are so many Slavic tribes, which have remained isolated. The tribes have developed along different lines because different nations to which they have been subject have exerted various kinds of influence. The Slavs have been so influenced by the stronger race to which they happened to be neighbors that many of the characteristics which we ascribe to them are often the honored virtues or more frequently the sins of their neighbors.

The Slavs of the north and south differ greatly in physical appearance.

Those from the north are of a rough type; their features are anything but delicate; their eyes and hair are always light. On the other hand the Slavs of the south are, generally speaking, smaller; their faces more delicately chiselled; their complexion and hair darker. The only thing which the whole people seem to possess is an impressive temper seldom aroused even under the influence of drink. The Slav is a willing worker and a good subject and for these reasons we need him as a factor in Pennsylvania.

The Slav undoubtedly differs in many ways from his close neighbors, but just where that difference lies is hard to tell because the portrayal of the characteristics of a race seems perilous, the danger being to ascribe to a nation, as traits, the agreeable or disagreeable impression gathered from individuals during our acquaintance with them. While we recall the fighting qualities of this people we must also remember their love for music. With love of music goes love of dancing.

To understand why these people come to our shores we must study the problems which they face at home. Many condemn the Slav for the degrading manner in which he lives, but if we view his condition in the old country we will better understand him. The condition of the Slavs is readily learned if we visit one of their villages. They all look alike. There is always one street, and just one in the village; one wood or mud house leans against the other, one thatched roof overlaps the other, and there is never more than one fire at a time in a village. The church occupies the center of the town and there is also a village pump to which are tied several ox teams. The Slavic homes are of various degrees of wealth and filth. The Russian home usually has two rooms, separated by the main entrance. The homes are poorly furnished and dirt is very much in evidence.

The Slav in his home country is reverent in his worship and of a vegetable diet; meat on the table is a sign of a holiday. The main staples of diet among all are potatoes, black-sour rye bread, cabbage and a concoction made of beets.

The Slav in his home country is reverent in his worship and there is a common tendency toward superstition.



The Slav's condition at home is a pitiful one; he is subjected; he is very poor. His living conditions are deplorable not because he has wished them so, but because of his poverty and lack of influence. When the Slav hears of America he at once begins to save. Money is scarce and he must save and deprive himself to seek the land of new opportunities. Money has always attracted people. At home we have seen, he lives as a serf, but here he finds money, a new home and different living conditions. Usually the husband or father comes to this country and accumulates enough of his hard earned wealth to send for his wife or family.

When the Slovak lands in New York he never expresses his destination. He is usually dumb from wonder and half frightened as he faces his new world in which he will be an atom or just so much horse power. The Slav usually drifts to Pennsylvania where he secures employment in the coal mines. The home which he will make for himself is one of many, and all alike are painted green or red. The Slav does not complain in his crowded quarters whatever they may be, and no animal ever bore its burdens more patiently than he does, as he faces unflinchingly the hot blasts of a furnace or the dark depths of mines. Such a thing as rebellion he does not know.

The Slav slowly adjusts himself to our methods of living. He is one of the later races in coming to our shores and we must not grow impatient because he is slowly yet surely developing to an element of industrial importance. When several households have been observed their progress is surprising. One home in particular has made rapid progress in about five years. The father first came to this country and after several years of hard labor and saving he was able to send for his wife and six children. The father had provided a four roomed house for his family but as the house was twice as large as the one at home they utilized what seemed to be extra space by adding six boarders to the family. After a short time, the eldest daughter married and also lived at home. Slowly, however, American customs had been noticed and were being copied. Gradually the number of boarders decreased and the daughter moved to a home



of her own. The progress toward American customs and living was gradual. Now the next two daughters are married and gone. They rarely speak Slavish. This family has changed completely in personal appearance and customs of living. However, dirt is never present in their home even in such crowded quarters.

The Slav is just awakening as this family did to new conditions and opportunities. Because of this we should use the utmost care in exercising the best influence upon him. He is watching, studying and copying our customs. When we see a foreigner dressed in gay clothes which are American styles, we should not laugh at the strange arrangement, but we should see the making of a new American. The fact that a foreigner begins to copy our customs, proves that he is taking an interest in us and we should interest ourselves in him.

The Slav problem is a big one, because it is very hard to impress upon the foreigners that we are interested in them. They usually have a leader from whom they take all their advice.

One of the best ways of meeting the Slav is through his National Slovak Society, which is devoted to the fostering of Slovak interests and entertainment. In many ways it resembles the American clubs. They have literary and musical performances, which are surprising to those who have not noticed their ability before. If the leaders of this society would begin to influence their people toward naturalization, in a short time the society would become an American Slovak Society. A few broad minded learners at present have this broad view in end and their influence promises to be far reaching.



# THE SOROSIS

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## Editorial

About a month ago, our student body entered experimentally upon a plan which is bound to have an influence one way or another upon our College. We have not abandoned Student Gov-

### **THE HONOR SYSTEM**

ernment in favor of the Honor System, but with Student Government as a foundation, we have attempted to build a strong, lofty edifice and to work toward an ideal system of government that presupposes past success and steady, gradual development. The way must be paved with stones of successful experiment that such a state may be reached. We cannot make the jump from

one system to another without traveling over the intervening space. Are we ready for the last step? It is a question which is uppermost in the loyal girl's mind, and a question, the decision of which will have a vital influence upon our future as a College.

The very fact that we have tried the Honor System as an experiment for a month shows that the attitude of the student body has undergone a hopeful change. Just as any political reform is accomplished, not by uprisings and sudden insurrection, but by the result of sane and deliberative thinking and planning, so are changes in system brought about (both in state and school).

We cannot expect that, as a result of the Radical motion that "we abandon Student Government and adopt the Honor System," we can swerve quickly from one system to the other without adjustment; nor can we expect to advance and develop if we abide by the Conservative motion that "we stand by our old system without any change." But is there not a middle ground, a "golden mean" as Horace says? Is there not some method, some system we can adopt, which, although it might not insure the present adoption of the Honor System, might gradually lead to it? If, with this end in view, we as individual parts of the whole, stand together and do our part, we can succeed. But the student body needs the loyal support of every girl to develop such a system. CAN we do it? Yes. SHALL we do it?



## CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

### Omega.

At the regular meeting of the Omega Society on January seventeenth, Charles Reade's novel "The Cloister and The Hearth" was the subject. The hour was spent in an interesting and instructive study, and discussion of the book itself and its author. Miss Alexander gave a sketch of the author's life and character, and Miss McClelland presented a review of the book.

The hostesses for the afternoon were Miss Sterling and Miss Wolf.

**Y. W. C. A.**

The programme on January twenty-fourth was led by Miss Cornelius, the subject being, "Missions in Other Countries." This meeting was very largely attended and the speaker was Mr. Low, a Swiss by birth, who has been just recently a missionary in Africa.

In the short time in which he had to speak, he showed to us the conditions into which the little African girl is born, and in which she grows up to womanhood,—a subject which was aptly suited to and sympathetically enjoyed by all who were present.

The Senior class had charge of the Y. W. C. A. meeting on February 7th. At the opening of the meeting a quartet, consisting of Miss Janet Errett, Miss Edna Balsiger, Miss Martha Dunbar and Miss Ruth Gokey, sang. Miss Reinecke led the programme, the subject being "The Meaning of Prayer," and several other members of the class took part in the service by giving very beautiful and helpful little talks on "The Meaning and Value of Prayer." Miss White and Miss Coolidge also brought to us their messages about this subject.

**The Mandolin Club.**

The members of the Mandolin Club afforded much enjoyment when they played before the Homewood Women's Club on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of January. At this concert also, Miss Butterfield sang and Miss Paul gave one of her attractive, amusing readings.

There are several engagements scheduled on the February Calendar. Among these, there has been planned an afternoon entertainment at the Sarah Heinz Settlement House for the eighteenth of the month; and a little later, the twenty-second, the Club will give a program for the entertainment of the inmates at Woodville.

**Phi Pi.**

In the early part of November a new club was organized which is known as "Phi Pi." This club is purely a classical association, and its aim is to promote and spread the love of the culture of the Greek and Latin literatures and people.

At the first meeting, the officers were elected. Miss Pardee unanimously was elected as vice president, and Miss Wilson as secretary and treasurer.

At a later meeting, two honorary members were chosen: Miss Green and Miss Lovejoy, to whose interest and influence, the club owes much of its success thus far.

At the last regular meeting held in January, a very delightful programme was given. A Latin comedy "A Roman School" was played and a paper on "The Greek Drama" was given by Miss Errett. The hostess for the day were Miss McElroy, Miss Morris and Miss Crist.

**LECTURES.**

"On January 17th, Dr. Ingram lectured on the "Workman's Compensation Law." Due to his personal interest and insight into the work, he was able to give very accurate and intensely interesting details of the conditions which he has investigated.

Miss Brownson lectured before the college on Wednesday morning, January 24th. In compliment of her regard for the history connected with Scotland at the time of Mary Stuart, she afforded much pleasure in presenting the affairs of state in the sixteenth century, and particularly in the earlier part of that century. The instantaneous interest which she aroused, was due to the recounting and the descriptions of the customs and conditions in the country, centering in particular about the romantic and historic Edinburgh.

The spirit of the entire lecture was doubly felt, because of the freshness and quaintness of the material which Miss Brownson brought to us directly from the old chronicle and contemporary papers of state.

## MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

On March sixth there will be a concert of compositions by the members of the Musicians Club, presented by the composers. On this program Mr. Mayhew will sing three songs by Mr. T. Carl Whitmer. "Just to-night," "A Road Song" (dedicated to Mr. Mayhew, and "Old Blabbity Blab."

The Glee Club sang three anthems at a regular Sunday evening service of the Asbury M. E. Church, February 18th.

"Arise, Shine" .....	Elvysy
"Holy is God the Lord" .....	Donis
"As the Art" .....	Gale

Mr. Mayhew sang in a Kaufmann concert Thursday afternoon, February 15th. His songs were as follows:

"Come, Let's Be Merry" .....	Traditional
"Have You Seen but a White Lillie Grow" .....	Traditional
"Whither Runneth My Sweetheart" (160'6) .....	John Bartlet
"King Charles" .....	Maude White
"In Moonlight" .....	Edward Elgar
"The Ringers" .....	Hermann Loehr

He also appeared in two duets with Mrs. Maude Allison Teely.

"A Canadian Boat Song" .....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
"Laughter Wears a Liked Grin" .....	Gerard Branscombe

The Glee Club has been invited to give a concert with the Mandolin Club at Kingsley House sometime this spring.

On February 15th, Ruth Seaman appeared in a programme given before the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, at the home of Mrs. George Marshall, 1519 Shady Avenue.

The Whitmer Musical Club, at a meeting on February 5, decided to have two meetings a month. The program for the afternoon consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Florence Younkens and a piano solo by Miss Valeska Jarecki; Miss Gwendolin John-



son also gave a piano selection. After the meeting, refreshments were served.

Miss Mae MacKenzie arranged the Brahms Liszt program of the Tuesday Musical Club for March 6.

Miss Butterfield sang at the Homewood School, February 5. She was accompanied by Miss Florence Farr.

The pupils of the Musical Department are preparing for the recitals which are to be given in April.

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### EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.

Three interesting Student recitals were given by the Department of Expression at the end of the first semester. The Juniors presented a Browning program January 19th in the afternoon. This was the culmination of the semester's work in the interpretation of Browning. The Freshman class presented a program, Friday evening, January 19th. Wednesday afternoon, January 24th the Sophomore and Freshman appeared in the final recital.

The Senior Contest, which is the trying out for parts in the Senior play to be given at Commencement time, is the center of interest for the Seniors at present. It will be held February 17th.

Miss Roop, assistant in the Department of Expression last year, and who returned for a month's work this year was married December 30th to Mr. Oliver Dale Hendrickson, of Chicago.

Two "Story Telling Recitals" were given by the students of the Story Telling Class before groups of children in Woodland Hall on Monday and Tuesday, February 12th and 13th.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

At any rate there was one great redeeming solace in the deep gloom of Examination week. Everybody was happy Wednesday morning—the thirty-first—because the glad message went from person to person "Miss Coolidge is back." Of course we

knew she was coming but there was something so delightfully satisfying in the knowledge that she was really here.

Not only do we rejoice in Miss Coolidge's return to us but also in the fact that her vacation has been of so much benefit to her and that she looks so well. Now the College is looking forward to the time when Mrs. Coolidge will be with us again.

The Student Body celebrated Miss Coolidge's return in a formal way by a tea given on Wednesday afternoon, February 7th. Miss Coolidge and Miss Estelle Shepard received and Miss Brownlee and Miss Ely poured. The decorations were carried out in Dresden effect.

An event of the month which ran a close second in interest to the exams was the dance at the Schenley on the evening of Friday, February ninth, from eight until twelve-thirty o'clock. (If you please). Why the excitement of preparation ran so high that it is an actual fact that several girls made out parts of their programmes during EXAM. week! (Their final standings have not as yet been computed.)

At least if it served no other purpose—it did aid the girls in standing up to express their opinions in Student Government meetings. Shy ones—bold ones—all had their say about how “the dance” should go.

And then the night itself—such a bevy of gorgeous colors—and such an array of wonderful gowns and pretty girls. No wonder some of the men insisted upon paying the taxi fare!

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### THE FACULTY.

The College wishes to extend a most hearty greeting of welcome to Miss Mildred Beebee who has recently been chosen the head of the Rhetoric Department of College and Dilworth Hall. Miss Beebee has taken her B. A. degree at the University of Vermont. At this same University as well as at the Boston University she has done graduate work along literary lines.

Before taking her present position, Miss Beebee taught in the New Castle High Schools and previous to this she was Prin-

cial of the High Schools in Wallingford, Vermont. Miss Beebee has done much work along literary lines and is the author of numerous publications, with which, we sincerely hope, in the near future we may become more intimately acquainted.

The College has just right to pride itself upon the brilliance in "debating" powers evinced by two of its faculty members. Those who heard it, say that the debate given at the College Club on Saturday afternoon, February third, was splendid and most instructive. The question was "Resolved that under present circumstances, emphasis should be placed upon National rather than International ideals."

Our own Miss Meloy and Miss White upheld the affirmative (and incidentally the honors of the College)—the former basing her proofs upon Social and the latter her's upon Historical facts. Miss Hopkins and Miss Farnbrau of the "Margaret Morrison" faculty were on the negative.

Need it be said that everybody left, thoroughly imbued with the importance of the National spirit?

The Acheson family feels itself thoroughly prepared to speak upon "Wild Animals (or Fish) I have met." Does a hippopotamus swim and if so—in the same kind of an aquarium as a fish?

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### CLASS NOTES.

Right off the Sanctum Press.

Vacation Days!

Here we are back from our little vacation. Of course our exams. were a certain drawback but then we have learned to ignore these minor details. We may well bless the power that gave us a seven day exam schedule. Its really more fun to take examinations than to do regular work, don't you think so? There's that delightful uncertainty about it, don't you know.

---

Dear Me! Another Strange Disappearance.

Wanted! A fern that harmonize with our color scheme. The usual shades seem to die a natural death or else disappear

in some strange way. Two plants, to which we have been greatly attached have disappeared in this mysterious manner. We fear foul play and are determined to punish the culprit.

---

#### A Serious Crisis in Our National History.

Sh! Girls! I want to ask you something privately. Do be careful of Leah's brains. She has elected a course in Browning and the very first day her brains were all worn out just keeping up with the general trend of the conversation. There's no telling what may happen when she really begins to think all by herself. We all realize her limitations along this line and the best we can do, I guess, is to let her alone until the attack blows over. Poor child, this will be a strange experience for her.

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#### The Christmas Aftermath.

In consequence of Miss White's lovely Christmas presents the Seniors all realize how little they do know about real art and there has been a wild rush to the History of Art Class. Which all goes to show how much we do appreciate our little masterpieces.

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#### Our Travelled Member.

Louise has been let loose again! She has just returned from a visit to Geneva College where several people paid her marked attention. However she is a good advertisement for the College. She seems to think that she would like to become a permanent resident at the dormitory but we're afraid that she is too young to realize what a serious step she is taking.

---

Gracious, Girls, What Prospects Have We Here!  
"Teacher."

She knows full well the verbs and nouns,  
Can locate all the streams and towns,  
And trace linguistic ups and downs—  
And all for fifty dollars.

In mathematics, science, art,  
And agriculture's busy mart  
She always takes the leading part—  
And all for fifty dollars.

Her garb is always trim and neat,  
Her shoes just fit her dainty feet  
Her wardrobe's always quite complete—  
All for fifty dollars.

She goes each year to summer school,  
To learn the pedagogic rule  
And buys each latest book and rule  
And all for fifty dollars.

She gives her substance to the poor,  
Receiving the pleaders at her door  
And buys their tickets by the score—  
And all for fifty dollars.

She teaches thirty girls and boys  
Smiles through their questions and their noise  
And never loses equipoise—  
And all for fifty dollars. —Exchange.

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### Junior Notes.

The public will kindly talk to us on weighty subjects. Frivolity holds no charms for us. Exams are over and you'll not find us as intelligent as this for the next four months.

Whether the Juniors will be able to resume their studies next week after so many social events of this week is a question. After the big dance Friday night, Miss Randolph, the honorary member, is going to take the class to the "Movies" at the Regent and Gregson's for "eats" afterwards. Some class to the Juniors, I tell you.

We fear that Charlotte Hunker has chosen the wrong profession. Anyone who gets a measly 98 per cent on an Organic Chemistry exam is too inefficient for so noble a work.

Kamela, has been doing a little original research. Of course, she claims that she left our noble city for Butler, in order to visit Pod Younkins. We, however, know better. We have inside information that the Petroleum Wells were the real attraction.

There is a mysterious move on foot. We don't know who is lost, strayed or stolen, but weird messengers accost us with demands regarding our age, height and peculiarities. They even insist on our removing our shoes, to be measured. I suppose they're looking for concealed weapons.

Esther Evans has not been in our midst for the last few days. There has been some dispute over the cause. Some say she stays home because its so cold on Mt. Washington. We think that's a rather good reason for leaving it.

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#### **Sophomore Class Notes.**

Ruth MacMillan has deserted her old home at Woodland Hall and has joined the rank of the day girls. She comes now four days of the week.

Ruth Austin, who has been out of college for the past two months, is coming back to resume part of her course for this semester.

It is with great regret that we say good-bye to Mary Allen, who is leaving school on account of her ill-health, and we will all greet her with open arms, when she returns to us in the fall.

Miss Greene has given several little informal tea parties in her cozy little room this month, at which she has entertained us all. We are fully convinced now that Miss Greene missed her calling when she chose to follow a Cassical career, because she presides with such perfect charm and grace over the idle, gossiping tea-kettle.

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#### **Freshman Notes.**

The Freshman are delighted to find that the much heralded Dean Coolidge has even surpassed the reports of the upper classmen. We feel ourselves very fortunate to be able to know Miss



Coolidge for at least a part of our first year and already we feel the influence of her gracious and charming manner. It must be confessed that we prided ourselves greatly when Miss Coolidge addressed each of us by our first names but alas this self-satisfaction quickly vanished when the older girls told us that we need not give our peculiar charms the credit but rather Miss Coolidge's wonderful faculty of memory, for she always knew every girl within two days. Nevertheless we insist that this personal touch makes us feel good at any rate!

The Freshman had a spread on January 11, in the den. The entertainment was a vaudeville performance given by the committee.

We are sorry to lose one of our class, Geraldine Iseman. We hope she will be with us next year.

The Freshman are looking forward eagerly to the Mid-Year Dance.

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### HOUSE NOTES.

We are glad to have with us again both Miss Abbott and Miss Kerst, who have been ill during the past month.

There is another Victrola in Woodland Hall. Helen Ailes is the owner of this one. Seemingly the Victor Talking Machine Company is doing considerable business with the girls of this Hall.

On Sunday evening, January 14, Miss Brownlee gave an interesting talk at Vespers.

Mr. Hunter of the North Presbyterian Church was the speaker at Vespers on Sunday, January 21. His talk, as well as Margaret Armstrong's solo, was fully enjoyed.

The necessity of variety of individualities was the theme of Dr. Lawson's interesting talk at Vespers, on Sunday evening, January 28th.

The "Crazy Night" plan, that the members of a table from each house be the guests of the other house at dinner on Tuesday evening of each week, has met with success. It not only affords a means of becoming better acquainted, but also much pleasure.

**EXCHANGES.**

Short sketches seem to be gradually forcing their way to the front. The Wells "College Chronicle" presents several clever examples of this type.

"A Whistling Boy," describing not the tanned barefoot lad, but the city school boy, is cheerful and wholesomely written.

The article giving various little hints on prolonging the visit of cooks, is clever and humorous and certainly appeals to all of us who have had a series of these luxuries filing in and out of our bounds.

"The Pharetra" has two vividly written descriptions particularly appropriate of the examination season. The description of the "Student's Recital" brings back happy recollection of the time when we waited our turn to recite "with the rush of mighty waters" in our cars. "Things as they are," converses amiably about examinations and the feelings that precede them.

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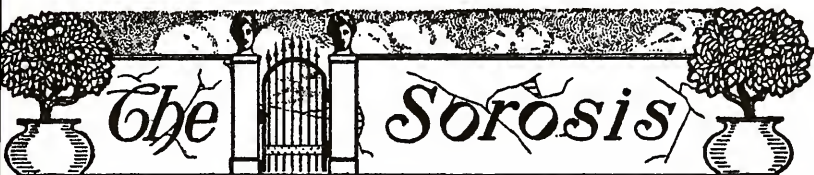
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**A SOCIOLOGIST'S INTERPRETATION OF ETRUSCAN ART**  
(Extracts from the Diary of Miss Paul)

Mary Jane Paul

Rome. May 1, 1913. This is a momentous day in my life. After having existed forty years without a diary, I am at last compelled to resort to one. It is not that my soul is overflowing with poetic thoughts, inspired by the beauties of Italy, but that my memory is not keen enough to remember these Italian names. As I am going up into Tuscany to gather data for my paper, for the American Journal of Sociology, on Etruscan Art, the diary will prove useful in the capacity of a note book.

Rome has been suffering from a terrific spell of hot weather. I hope to get cooled and invigorated by taking an ocean voyage up to Caere, which is a coast town, having, besides this pleasant location, some Etruscan remains.

May 3. I was happily surprised at the arrival of a former classmate at Columbia. It was a welcome relief to talk to an American, who had other interests besides their Baedekers and the art galleries. Elizabeth brought several recent numbers of the J. of S. and we had a lively discussion over some of the articles. Elizabeth still clings to Giddings and his "consciousness of kind."

May 4. Elizabeth has finally decided to go up to Caere with me, but no further. I started packing this evening. My overshoes are missing, so I must purchase a new pair.

May 7. We are on our way. I feel a deplorable lack of knowledge about the history of these Etruscans, so I am going

to study George Dennis' "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," and a volume of Mommsen en route. (Perhaps between attacks of Waldemere.)

May 8. It seems wise to jot down a few noteworthy facts about these people and their history.

First, as to the extent of Etruria, it varied at different periods. In early times it included the whole north of Italy, from the Tiber to the Alps, but by the end of the Fifth Century B. C., it was considerably diminished. Finally it became part of the Roman Empire.

The authentic history is meager, consisting mainly of the story of its relations with Carthage, Greece and Rome. Some time before the 6th century B. C., the Etrurians became a conquering people, spreading their territory northward and southward, and playing an important part in the history of Rome.

Sociology does not interest itself primarily in historical facts but in the general laws relating to the origin or the progress of society. I am reminded here of Small's definition of sociology, which studies man in his social relations as affecting and as affected by association, together with all the products and processes dependent upon such association."

May 9. What a ghastly trip!! Why am I so easily upset by a few harmless "rollers"?

To continue my line of thought, I must see how the Etruscans were associated with the other peoples of that world. Their origin is not known, nor will it be until the lost key to their language is found. They were evidently not of the Graeco-Italian stock, and were regarded as intruders by them. They were known to the Greeks as Tyrrhenians. Moving about in bands, they were led by great chiefs who carved out principalities.

The people of Etruria were a very wealthy people. Getting their wealth from agriculture, they increased it by trade and commerce, the extent of which might well astonish us. The concentration of riches caused art and handicraft to obtain a footing there. However, Mommsen says that while Etruria obtained practice in art at an earlier period than did the rest of



Italy, and produced more massive and rich workmanship, their works are inferior to those of the Latins "in appropriateness and utility no less than in spirit and beauty."

May 10. Elizabeth warns me that I must be critical and skeptical in studying remains. Recently it was found that much of the so-called Etruscan art was really Greek. As there was a flourishing trade between Etruria and Greece, it was natural that the former should import pieces of Greek workmanship to serve as its model.

I must retire early to insure a good physical condition for tomorrow's labors.

May 11. I have seen the tombs of the Tarquins, who, in the early days of Rome, held sway there. (A chill followed this inspection, not due to the melancholy nature of the remains, but to the water which covered the floors of these tombs.) These are specimens of the underground tombs, but they show no developed skill. Entering the first chamber, I found myself surrounded by benches of rock, which were of no great interest. In the floor was an opening to a stairway leading down to the lower and larger chamber, about thirty-five feet square. There was a row of long recesses in the walls for the corpses. Inscriptions in red and black were painted on all the niches, benches and walls.

Footnote (added several weeks later)—The other kind of tombs, most frequently used, were of wood and modeled after the houses. Neither kind shows any artistic sense in architecture. In that long ago there was an astonishing amount of intercourse between far away peoples, since the Etruscans borrowed elements of decoration from Greece, Egypt and elsewhere. As an interesting side light on the character of these borrowers, I find that they used capitals, mouldings, etc., which constitute the elements of decoration, without restraint.

May 15. I have been suffering from my usual neuralgia, due to those wretched flooded tombs. Such as this must be endured in searching for truth.

May 25. Veii. This is the largest and richest Etruscan city, a formidable enemy of Rome. Judging by the paintings

and contents of the tombs here, their wealth must have been very great, a large amount of it going for jewelry and gold and silver articles. All ancient authorities agree on the luxuriousness of the Etrurians. Deodolus tells us that they had two elaborate feasts a day, at richly laden and decorated tables. (Evidently the high cost of living hadn't come into society at that time.) My guide book (Dennis') confirms my opinion that there is nothing unusual in the remains here, so I have planned to go to Vulci.

June 1. Owing to a sudden change of plan, I am still at Veii. Why? Miss Wheeler, a former pupil of mine in Pittsburgh, arrived at my hotel several days ago with her family, several friends and what she called a "high-brow uncle-in-law." As I was always very fond of her I could not resist her pleadings for me to stay over several days to "play around" with her uncle. However, such frivolities as I have been having these last few days must be sternly put aside by a serious-minded person like myself. I depart at six o'clock in the morning for Vulci.

June 15. Vulci. The vases here (yellow with a severe archaic design of black figures) are of a fine quality. The main objection to these Etruscan remains is that they are not Etruscan but Greek, by reason of the subjects, the design and inscriptions being Greek, as well as the name of the potter and painter. I must wait for more authentic (albeit less artistic) material before I can reconstruct this early civilization.

I purchased an old bronze mirror (Etruscan) today, with the intention of giving it to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. Evidently these mirrors were for women (world-old vanity) as they have scenes, satyrs and mythical subjects carved on the backs.

I must not neglect to mention the lovely drinking bowls and wine jars I have seen. (Even to my Puritanical soul they seem to be good arguments against prohibition.)

June 16. Prof. McCurdy, from Vassar, arrived today, an archaeologist of some note. When I poured my troubles into her sympathetic ear she instantly advised me to turn my weary footsteps to Volterra, a veritable treasure house in genuine re-

mains. I was puzzled and slightly irritated (it was an exceedingly hot day) by the smile she gave me when I asked her if I could find an ample supply of material at Volterra.

June 25. Volterra. Many times during my sojourn here I have realized anew why Prof. McCurdy smiled. As Miss Wheeler would say, "There are gobs of material." So far I have spent my time looking over all the different specimens of Etruscan art with the idea of making some kind of classification which would serve as a working basis for me.

Volterra, formerly a powerful and wealthy Etruscan city, is now a country town of four thousand habitants. A dirty, gloomy place, it is unworthy of being in "Sunny Italy." Some remains of the former city walls may be seen. The museum contains the most valuable collection of Etruscan art in the world, not only because the work here is more native in conception and execution (I hope to get some good prints with which I can illustrate my article.)

June 30. After an extended survey of the remains here, with the idea of reconstructing this civilization, I feel ready to begin the development of my notes into an essay. (No doubt there will be many changes made before the final writing, for I am never satisfied with my literary efforts.) As I have proceeded with my work, I have experienced a growing appreciation of sociology, of its breadth and of its humanness "for it appeals directly to everyday life." Its phenomena are the everyday activities of men. Its laboratory is the world of social life. Its interest is bound up with every human aspiration and hope."

Most students think of the Etruscans in connection with their religion and their far-famed auguries, so I shall first deal with this topic. Judging from the scenes in the tombs, on the vases, etc., they believed in a good and a bad principle, with emphasis on the bad. In exterior form their gods were greatly influenced by the Greek religion, except that the Greek joy in human life and in the beauties of the earth is lacking. One seems to feel severity, rigidity and gloominess in the religion of the Etruscans. They made a great many sacrifices, mostly

animal, but sometimes human, and, after an examination of the entrails, made all kinds of prophecies. They also read portentous events in omens. The gods were joined into a complete hierarchy of divine powers, which resulted in a large priesthood which even went into foreign lands to interpret sacrifices and oracles.

Little can be said of the government outside of the facts that the priesthood had a powerful influence in civil matters, and that there were always strong leaders and rulers.

Etruria was exceedingly wealthy, and one important cause of this wealth was her excellent natural resources. The soil was very fertile, and the products of it were exchanged with other countries in exchange for all kinds of beautiful things. These people also had a great deal of metal at their command. Aside from the gold and silver cups, jewelry, etc., they made a large number of bronze weapons, similar in shape and decoration. Bronze candelabra and vases were famous among the Greeks. (Some specimens may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum.)

Their social life was luxurious to such a degree that it always called forth comment from the early writers. They might have been Hedonists in that they were sensuous, but were not sensual, I believe. Their houses were large and commodious, lavishly though not very artistically decorated. In their leisure hours they amused themselves with athletic games, including gladiatorial shows, hunting, music and dancing, all of which, except hunting, and developed first as part of the religious service. The importance of these various activities is shown by the fact that they were governed by very strict rules. Music, made by a single or a double flute, accompanied all occupations, even hunting (I am reminded here of a statement in Blackmar and Gillin's book, "All regularly sustained activity finally takes on rhythm and becomes fused with music and song in an indivisible whole.")

There are two interesting conclusions concerning Etruscan customs which may be drawn from the urns in the museum. The first and most obvious is that they almost always burned their dead, as shown by the immense number of crematory urns, or

urns used to hold the ashes of the deceased. (These urns, of rock or of alabaster, are miniature Sarcophagi, about two feet long, with the effigy of the deceased on the lid.) These urns also serve to show the position of woman in the society of the Etruscans. That she had a high position is shown by the amount of ornamentation she received when dead, sometimes having more ornaments, etc., than the men. Many of the effigies show the women with tablets in their hands, an indication that the fair sex were more or less educated. Moreover, in the picture of the feasts, women are present at the table with the men.

The lack of any literary material throws light on the mentality of the Etruscans. Susceptible to outside influences and quick to adopt new customs and ideas, they had no originality and little creative ability. They have given nothing to the world of themselves outside of some commendable remains.

This brings us to the question of Etruscan art in itself. Not relying on my own untutored critical sense, I am using the opinions of others in evaluating this art. The remains show a "ponderous realism," of little value artistically. "As pictures of their life and customs, they are of the greatest importance." They give evidence of a remarkable dexterity and skill in copying, but show a total lack of original conception and native ability. 'Etruscan art must be put from the first to the lowest place in Italian art.'

Despite the unfavorable art criticism and the sensuousness, we must all feel how complete was this civilization which existed several centuries before Christ. We find much the same functions in that early society, and much the same activities in religious, political and social life. (Blackmar and Gillin might reconsider if they knew the power of religion in that far-off period in the development of society.) "While the normal society is the great object of study, one must not neglect the obsolete forms of society, for it is in the broken-down parts that we frequently discover the law of social growth and decay."

(Finis)

How prosaic to end my first and last diary in this fashion!

## THE SOROSIS

## A STRANGE HATRED

Emily Kates, '18

Why does she jump and start away  
In fright at the sight  
Of me, a tiny sleek gray mouse,  
Whenever I run about the house?  
She sees in me a dreaded foe.  
I, a poor mouse who loves her so!

Each time I meet her face to face,  
She pales and wails  
With fear, and if I speak  
To reassure her, a hoarse shriek  
Rends the still air.  
In haste she leaps upon a chair.

Once I ran across her shoe  
For surprise, Her eyes  
Grew large with terror and her face  
Showed a strange hatred for my race.  
Why does she always run in fear  
When I, a little mouse, appear?

I would be friendly to the girl.  
Each day I'd play  
About her room. In friendship sweet  
I'd sit upon her hand and eat  
Some cheese or crumbs of bread.  
Yet she fears me and loves a cat instead.

---

ETHICS OF "THE MOVIES."

Katharine MacKenzie, '17.

In less than ten years the moving picture show has become  
"an immense enterprise, a world-wide amusement, a mighty influence on the human race and is now rapidly taking its place



by the side of Commerce and Foreign Missions in making for a world brotherhood." Not only in this country, however, but apparently in all the countries of the world are these Motion Picture films being made and shown today for the so-called "poor-man's theatre," though it is destined to become far more than that.

The still picture has in all times exerted great influence with cultured and literate humanity. The magic lantern and its modifications enlarged very much the influence of the still picture, but language, written or spoken, was required to give it anything like complete meaning. The moving or living picture is universal. It carries much meaning without language.

At present there are at least thirteen thousand motion picture theaters in the United States. The increase is about one thousand annually. Conservative authorities place the daily attendance at five million. The attendance at the fourteen hundred regular theaters is about seven hundred and fifty thousand a day.

Facts in the development of the movie business indicate that this new form of public entertainment is neither a fleeting fad nor a mental epidemic, but is a great new sociological fact which has come upon us with its tremendous influence upon the life and habits and impulses of the great mass of the American people and yet how important a fact it is, the community as a whole does not, I think, realize.

There is great truth in this assertion of Maeterlink. "It is the way in which our hours of freedom are spent that determines, as much as war or as labor, the moral worth of a nation." About one-fourth as much time is spent by the American people, in moving picture shows as is spent in the public schools by children from fifteen to eighteen years of age. Authorities estimate that at least twenty-five per cent of those who attend are children. The children and adults of all classes sit side by side in the dim light of the motion picture theater. The public school and the moving picture show seem to be the only truly democratic institutions in the United States.

Now to enumerate some of the good points of the moving picture show as it is at present conducted and also some of the points of danger.

The movie opens up a new world of knowledge and education for those limited in knowledge and education. It carries the poor man and woman away from meager and sometimes squalid surroundings into a life never before entered. It carries the tired working girl out of her narrow confines, out of the four bare walls of the shop into a new universe of knowledge and life, into a hitherto unrealized sphere of activity. Think of what a widening of the horizon it means for multitudes.

As Miss Vorse suggests in the Outlook, "Suppose that you had no books, no pictures, no means of travel, or of seeing beautiful places, and then that you had all these things suddenly brought to you,—experience which, but for the Motion Picture Show would be forever closed to you!"

And then on the literary side, through pictures (according to the Secretary of the Board of Censorship in New York) more people have become acquainted with the plays of Shakespeare in five years than had seen Shakespeare on the stage for a whole century preceding. Such Motion Picture plays as these and many others, may be a lasting influence for good. One of the Professors in Chicago University says that he has learned in leisure moments, in the Moving Picture Shows what no books have ever taught him, and no lecturer has ever pictured, and more than a traveler can see at the cost of thousands of dollars and years of travel.

And then the show is cheap, and open to everyone, and within everyone's means. Of course I realize that this has its other and dangerous side, and that many may spend too much time there, who need other things more. Yet it is an advantage that all this wealth of world-wide information and pleasure and fun, is put within the reach of all,—and in a city, a certain proportion of money spent for recreation, even by the poorest, is certainly legitimate, or even more than that, is essential to his healthy growth and development.

The dangers of the Motion Picture Show come, I believe from the emotional and sensational character of the pictures shown, rather than from any openly immoral influence of the pictures. There will, sometimes, be shown several films, one after the other, of the sensational type—a harrowing death or a thrilling rescue, a dashing and sentimental love-making, an exciting fight, a pathetic and unjust imprisonment, and a moving act of sacrifice. Too much of this sort of thing is not good food to live upon, especially for young children.

Here are three examples, among many I might give of such films. Two men are shot in a cabin by Indians. They go through their death throes on the floor, and finally manage to crawl over to each other and shake hands before dying with faces upturned to the ceiling. While from fifty to one hundred little children watch them from the front seats.

Another film is a lighthouse, in which the heroine is carried out to sea by a storm, while she stands up in the boat wringing her hands. The next day the empty boat is washed up against the rocks, while her aged father, and her frenzied artist-lover try in vain to catch it. The father, who is the old lighthouse keeper, is then found dead in his lighthouse from shock, and the lover proves his faithfulness to the girl by tending the lighthouse all the rest of his days.

When the heroine floated out into the ocean, wringing her hands, a little girl of seven or eight years of age, in the audience burst into tears and cried as if her heart would break and could hardly be quieted during the rest of the performance. Such a nervous shock and over an unreal thing is undoubtedly not beneficial for a child.

In a third film a sea-captain is left by his mutinous crew on a desert island, with his two mates. Then he is shown as an old man in ragged clothes, the last survivor of the three, burying his last companion, with a stick for a shovel. He has lost his mind, but at last is rescued and brought back to himself again by being shown a photograph of his wife.

Such pictures, and many others of a similar type, stir the emotions of the majority of the people continually; and when

the habit is formed of feeding upon such emotions often and regularly—which is a very easy habit to form—it becomes a dangerous thing.

This constant playing upon the emotions of the child and adolescent tends to overexcite and to dull the finer feelings and to prevent the normal development of the emotional life. The emotions are intended to incite a man to action. When they do not, or when neither opportunity nor time is taken for action, the emotions themselves become less powerful. Such overexcitement creates an ever increasing desire for something that stirs and thrills. And this growing desire is apt to lead children and adolescents away from right ideals and morality. Here then lies the greatest danger of the motion picture drama.

The many functions of the motion picture film at the present time is remarkable. Some films are used to promote civic reform, to abolish child labor, to contract prison labor, and to elect candidates to office. Some films are also encouraging a "back-to-the-farm" movement. Others are being used to locate criminals and to report trials and furnish evidence of crime. Some are depicting model prisons and orphanages. Some are teaching agriculture at United States experiment stations. Still others are teaching industries and getting laborers for industries.

In some directions, especially in that of medical education, progress is making in the right direction. As an agent in imparting sanitary and hygienic knowledge of great importance to the masses, the cinematograph is playing a most important part. For instance, in impressing upon the public mind the dangers which lurk about the house-fly, moving pictures are far superior to any lecturer's ability.

The films used for this purpose are mainly those which combine a story of absorbing human interest with instruction on health as "The Awakening of John Bond," a film dealing with tuberculosis. This film shows the bad housing conditions that, together with poverty, form the right and left hands of the White Plague's strangle grip. John Bond is the tenement-house owner who is responsible for the bad housing and for the high rents

that contribute to poverty. He refuses to have pity on a family in his house ravaged by tuberculosis, until his own wife contracts the disease indirectly through his fault. Then he awakens and helps stamp out the Plague.

A few schools, churches and other organizations are now using the motion picture as an educational and moral help. These uses, however, are comparatively rare. At present it is the motion picture in the public show that is yielding the influence. And the popular motion picture is essentially dramatic. As a rule educational material is used only when it contains a dramatic story in some form.

The photo-play holds and affects an audience in very much the same manner and degree as the regular drama. It may have fifty or one hundred scenes if needed: may follow a character from place to place, and may present scenes and circumstances that are not possible on the stage. But it has its limitations. When action is subordinated to an element of character, the film is inadequate. The appeal is through the eye and is chiefly emotional. The omission of language and of the direct intellectual appeal weakens the motion picture drama, and renders it less moral, because it stirs primitive passion and does not arouse highest mental activity.

The direct educational influence of the moving picture in the public theaters is very difficult to measure. No one doubts that under proper supervision the motion picture can be made a valuable field in formal instruction. Certain phases of many school branches, such as historical events, industries, transportation, and customs of peoples, may be taught more efficiently with their aid.

But any one who has observed motion picture audiences when educational films have been thrown on the screen must be convinced that people do not go to these shows to be instructed. It is the dramatic short-story film that appeals to them. Indians, cowboys, domestic troubles, daring deeds, elopements, the love-story, these are the common popular themes. There is much display of the sentimental. Many of the situations and experience of life that are more or less sacred or private are shown again and again to audiences of both sexes and of all ages. The movie



show does not recognize the child and the adolescent. Special shows for children would remove many of the objectionable features. At present the question is not, "What shall my son or daughter read?" but, "What moving pictures shall my son or daughter see?" The sensational and emotional novel is seen these days, not read.

In an investigation made in Rhode Island among children of the grammar grades, it was found that in the majority of cases the older pupils preferred the educational type of picture, the younger ones having a decided preference for the Western or cowboy type.

The question "What kind of motion picture do you like best and why?" was sent out among these children, and some of the answers received were: "I like where a man has a wife and three children and the wife has a fellow"; "I like where their husbands go and play pool and then when their money is gone they go home and take their wife's jewels and leave them and never come back again." These examples give evidence that there are types of pictures shown which undoubtedly exert an unwholesome influence.

With the majority of those preferring crime, it is rather because they like to see the triumph of justice, and equally the alertness of the detective mind. One writes—"I like the picture play named 'Quo Vadis,' for which I give three reasons: its historic views, its antique occurrence, and the tragical and disgraceful end of a tyrannical ruler."

The reason for the preference of comedies is voiced by our little chap. "If a person goes to a show, he goes to laugh and not to cry, for he has so many troubles at his home." The harm done to young girls by silly love stories is unquestionable. Many of them agree in spirit with the following, "I like love moving pictures best. It is exciting when two men want to marry the same girl."

Boys prefer pictures of deeds of bravery as voiced by this little boy, "I like fire engines because when we get big enough to be gentlemen we will know how to be firemen, how to drive



fire horses and how to help people to escape without getting hurt."

Most of the pictures shown in this country must first pass the National Censorship—a Board in New York. While many of the films passed by the board leave much to be desired in taste and refinement, as the board recognizes only too well, yet it must be remembered that many things have to be taken into consideration. The Board cannot bring in the ideal and most refined conditions at once; nor can it impose any individual standard or taste when there is a sincere difference of opinion as to what is admissible.

It is extremely difficult to establish a standard in the censorship of motion pictures, but if in time we can arrive at the moral effect produced by certain types of pictures on the most impressionable minds we shall come nearer to evolving such a standard. The motion picture is a recognized force for good or evil in our life today and has come to stay. There is no more direct way to educate and uplift millions of people than by putting an educating and uplifting influence in the "movies."

Neither managers or film manufacturers are wholly to blame that more films of this nature are not exhibited. It is business, not philanthropy with them; the public taste creates the mind. So it is the public demand which is after all, behind these shows, and until the owners can realize that they do not have to depict murder, kidnapping and bloodshed, they will probably continue to throw such scenes upon the curtain. On the other hand, when public opinion demands a change, the "movie" manager will do his share in presenting to the public valuable and highly commendable films.

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### "A SIX-FOOT STORY"

Doris Fredericks, '20

Two little feet in white satin slippers tripped along the sidewalk one night, beside two large feet in square-toed, black oxfords. The high heels of the satin slippers tapped the cement walk twice as often as the square heels of the black shoes. Each little slipper had a nifty pom-pom on the toe and each oxford

was tied with a black ribbon bow.

Soon they approached a gate in a cypress hedge. The big slippers moved quite close to the little slippers so that the toes of shoe and slipper nearly touched. Now the big slippers shuffled nervously, seeming to plead for something, while the little slippers tapped continuously on the side-walk with a decidedly negative sound. The big slippers stepped back ever so little, but still they pled. Were little slippers ever so relentless?

The gate opened and a pair of old carpet slippers, warm and comfortable, appeared. Never before did carpet slippers display such precision of movement as those very old and shabby ones showed that summer evening. Immediately black oxfords and white slippers moved apart. Not soon enough, however, for the carpet slippers possessed experience and wisdom. The right carpet slipper came up off the ground and the two oxfords flew into space, to land with a thud some distance away, with toes pointing sky-ward.

Then the carpet slippers moved quickly through the gate urging on up the path two lagging little slippers.

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#### A—AMERICAN

Olive Wolf, '18

Franz Schubert closed the door of his studio as his last pupil for the day departed. His ears and cheeks were reddened by a flush.

"Mein Gott!" he whispered, "they are cruel in their taunts."

He walked to the open window and gazed out upon the little street.

A balmy spring breeze cooled his face. A robin twittered on the bough of a tree opposite his window. The odor of spring was in the air. The vision of a little town in Saxony came to him. Spring, he thought, was awakening there too!

For a moment he stood with his arms folded behind him. His gaze shifted from the robin to a gay splash of yellow in the open window of the house opposite. A few potted tulips swayed there in the breeze.

"Spring and I do not agree," he thought, "it is happy and I—oh, well! I must be happy, too, for am I not now an American? I must forget."

He turned to his violin. As he picked it up, the worried lines in his face vanished, and a smile curled his lips.

"I shall play to the tulips," he said, half aloud.

He touched his bow to the strings. The opening notes of the "Spring Song" came forth, plaintive and sweet.

Franz Schubert forgot all else. The music floated across to the yellow tulips. They swayed a little more in the breeze. The curtain of the window behind them was drawn aside and a child looked out. Large somber black eyes accentuated the pale thinness of the face. Their gaze rested in rapt attention on the studio window.

Franz finished and started to lay the violin in its case. He was arrested by a tap at the door. He opened it and was confronted by a housemaid with tousled hair and soiled apron.

"Please sor, and would yez be so good as to play it again, sor?" she asked.

Franz smiled and answered simply, "Yes." Again he played. The girl stood awkwardly by and listened. As he finished, a smile broke over her shiny face.

"Thank ye, sor!" she said, and left unceremoniously.

He replaced his violin and walked again to the window and sat down on the sill. The yellow tulips caught his eye. On one side of them a little face rested on one hand. On the other appeared the top of a small crutch. A smile and a wave of the hand came over to him. He answered them, and muttered.

"Die kleine Franzoesen—es ist zu schade. Eine—eine—hum—a—a cripple."

His eyes gazed again into space. Again the breeze cooled his face. Up from the street came the sound of a hurdy-gurdy.

"My country 'tis of thee  
Sweet land of liberty!"

A smile came to his face again and his eyes sparkled, as he murmured:

"Es ist in der That sehr schoen!"

## THE SOROSIS

## A LEGEND

Margaret Thoburn, '19

In the evening glow by the hearth-stone,  
As the story-telling hour grew near,  
A baby boy came toddling  
To his mother's arms so dear.

"Muddy," a wee voice murmured,  
"Will you tell the best story tonight?"  
"How the little blue violets came to grow  
And from where came the stars so bright."

Mother's arms stole quietly 'round him,  
And her voice grew soft and low:  
For it's always in the hush of evening  
That the very best stories grow.

"Long years ago, on this big earth, dear,  
Not one single violet grew;  
And there wasn't a star in the whole wide world,  
With which to play peek-a-boo.

So the angels took bits of the clear, blue sky,  
And sprinkled this world of green;  
And since that day, with the coming spring,  
Blue violets have been seen."

"And the stars, too, Muddy?" the wee boy asked,  
Mother answered, for well she knew:  
"The stars are the little holes left in the sky,  
With the light of heaven shining through."

"Oh! Mother," he murmured, and as he looked  
Lo! her eyes were like violets blue;  
And too, like those same bright stars above,  
The light of heaven was shining through.

**"PLAYING THE BEAR."**

Elizabeth McClelland, '17.

Twilight was descending upon the city of Mexico and the "grand parade" was winding slowly down the Avenida de San Francisco. The street was narrow and the sidewalks crowded by the spectators. Down one side of the street and up the other side moved the procession at a slow walk. The smartest equipages with their beautiful ladies and large families of children form this parade and are gazed at with admiration by everybody. The balconies of the moving picture playhouse, which have been built so that the patrons might view this scene between films, are crowded and remarks of admiration as heard on every side.

"See the senorita in the carriage with the black horse. How black her hair and see how her eyes flash. Ah, she turns this way! See her smile in answer to my salute. Ah, how beautiful she is!" exclaimed a Mexican on one of the balconies.

An American near him glanced at the carriage and then at the man. He wore the usual sombrero, as large as the law would allow, beautifully embroidered in bead-work and bright colored embroidery. His sarape, which was even brighter in hue than the embroidery of his hat, was draped gracefully and the fringed end flung loosely over his left shoulder. His dark eyes were alight with admiration as they followed the carriage containing the beautiful senorita.

"The American was curious. "Do you know her?" he asked.

"Ah, no, senor, but is she not beautiful?"

The American agreed, and, as the parade had ended, they entered the play-house again.

The next morning, our American, Jim Stearn, and his friend Lloyd Kirkwood were strolling leisurely through the city.

"Un centavo, senor, whined a beggar.

Kirkwood tossed him a "cinco centavo" piece but was immediately set upon for more and only got rid of him by saying "Pardoneure por Dios. The two young men were engineers. Stearn had been in the country for some time but Kirkwood had just arrived a few days before. It was one of the numerous

## THE SOROSIS

Mexican holidays and the narrow streets were so crowded that in order to talk the men turned down a side street and came to the residential part of the city.

"How do you get these people to work?" asked Kirkwood. "You just get them started when they take a holiday and incidently two more days to sober up. No wonder it takes time to do anything in Mexico."

"The only way to make them work is to swear at them. If you can swear fluently and forcibly your job is practically finished. Come around someday and I'll give you a lesson or two. You'll soon be able to manage them.

"By George, look at that girl at that window! Say, she's a wonder. Look at her eyes and hair!" exclaimed Kirkwood.

"There, there, old chap, calm yourself. Yes, she is rather good looking. By the way that's the girl a friend of mine was admiring in the parade last night. I wonder who she is. Why this is where old man Boquilla lives! This must be his daughter. I didn't know she'd come back from the states."

"Who is she? Can't I meet her?"

"Why her father's a rich old chap and she's been up in the states being educated. Boquilla speaks nothing but Spanish but he wanted his daughter educated. She is a wonder if all I've heard of her is true. Why don't you play the bear? Buy yourself a sombrero and a sarape, as gay as possible; get a ladder and climb up to that barred window when you see her. You can speak to her and if she wishes to know you she'll talk to you. Oh, its perfectly proper, don't be afraid of that. Your credentials will have to be produced later on but go as far as you like now. I'd wait till moon-light though. It's much more romantic, you know," teased Stearn.

"But what about the bear?" asked Kirkwood earnestly. "What did you mean by playing the bear?"

"Well, you see all the windows are barred and when the senior peeps through them at his lady love, he presents quite a resemblance to a bear, and if he must use a ladder, often resembles a bear up a tree."



"By George, if you say it's all right, I'll do it. I'll do it tonight too. Let's see, I must have a sombrero, a sarape and a ladder. Well that's simple, so here goes!"

"All right, go ahead. I'm off to a cock fight. All kinds of luck to you! If you need any more suggestions, apply to me. I was there once myself. Adios senor."

The splendid equipages had just returned from their daily parade and the Senorita Boppa Boquilla was seated at her barred window. Perhaps she was expecting a lover or perhaps she was thinking of her school days in the States. She wished that she knew some Americans. She loved the Spanish language, but she was just a little lonesome for some one to talk English to.

A shadow crossed the bars and a ladder came to rest against the window sill. Could it be that American who had gazed so fixedly at her window that very morning? She hoped that it would be a lover, whether American or not. Ah, it was a sombrero which appeared above the sill! So it was a Mexican; maybe it was the one she had so rashly smiled at the evening before. Well, he was a lover at any rate and her family thought it was quite time for her to be married. Then the face appeared above the sill and two white hands grasped the bars of the window. So it was the American after all! Boppa drew back instinctively. Was he just doing this for amusement? She would wait for him to speak.

"Ah, Senorita, may I speak to you?"

She did not answer at once.

"You speak English, don't you?" he asked anxiously. He had not thought of anything like this.

"Oh, yes, senor, perfectly."

"I'm glad of that," Kirkwood replied, relieved. "How the deuce do you go about this thing anyhow? Couldn't you come down to the garden?"

"My no, senor. But you needn't stand on that shaky ladder. Sit on the sill."

"Well, that is better. Say, can't you go for a walk some evening, or must I do this stunt every evening. By the way, my name's Kirkwood, Lloyd Kirkwood, and I'm an engineer

down here. I guess your father knows my friend Stearn. Ask him anything you like about me. But won't you come for a walk some evening?"

"You needn't come, senor, but you may."

"Oh, I'll come all right, don't you worry about that, if I have to get here in an airship. But now let's talk about ourselves. What's your name and what makes you so beautiful? Tell me all about yourself."

And so, night after night, for several weeks the ladder was placed at the window and the American senor was to be seen perched upon the sill. By this time they were engaged to be married and Kirkwood was anxious to gain the consent of her father. Finally Boppa gave in, but reluctantly, for she feared lest her father should refuse his consent.

"Very well, then, dearest, tomorrow shall be. But let me tell you what you must do. Remember, my family speaks nothing but Spanish."

"Don't they understand any English?" demanded Kirkwood.

"No, and if they did it would make no difference. You must speak in Spanish."

"Good Lord, I can do nothing but swear in Spanish. How the deuce can I talk to them! Must I talk?"

"How are you going to ask for me if you do not talk, silly?"

"Well, can't I write it out and them read it, or memorize it? I'll get Stearn to write it out and teach it to me. Well, what's next?"

"When you come into the room you will find all of the relatives there. You will sit at one end of the room and I will sit at the other, and all the relatives will be in between."

"Can't I just see your father by himself and frame up something that way. All those relatives, I couldn't stand that!"

"Not even for me?"

"Oh, well, if you put it that way, I'll try. Go ahead."

"Well, you will have to come for two or three nights, and during that time my father and brothers will find out all they can about you and see if you will be acceptable."

"Good Lord, what have I ever done? Ah, Boppa, you must run away. I'll never succeed and you at the other end of the room."

"Ah, yes you will. I will speak to my father beforehand and maybe he will be a little lenient with you. But learn enough Spanish so that you will be able to ask for me, at least."

"Madre de Dios! but it is hopeless. If you love me you will run away."

"If you love me you will do it. Adois ma dulce."

"Till tomorrow, then. Try to see me first and I will repeat my lesson to you. Adois."

Early the next morning, Kirkwood presented himself at the Boquilla home. However, he did not place his ladder and mount to his lady love's window, but he knocked boldly at the front door. He would not let them think he was afraid, at any rate. The door was opened by a servant and he was let through a narrow dark passage-way into the patio or open court. Here there were a fountain and many flowers. The servant left him for a moment and Boppa motioned him to step behind some foliage.

"Do you know your lesson?" she asked, in Spanish, and much to her astonishment he answered, "Si, senorita."

"Well done! I need not hear it then, but come quickly and do your best. Listen to Pedro, who will sit next to you. I have bribed him and he will tell you what to say. Go quickly, they are waiting."

The servant appeared again and ushered Kirkwood into the room. Boppa was right. The relatives were all there, and the the Mexicans have large families. The greeting was easy. He was introduced to all the relatives and then was ushered to his seat at the end of the room. He looked with intense interest at the boy of fourteen or fifteen who sat beside him. The boy looked at him steadily and then solemnly winked at him. This must be Pedro. He slipped a centavo into his hand and waited for his host to speak. He had learned how to ask for Boppa, but on any other subject he was lost. If he only knew what they were saying to him he might answer yes and no, but Bo-

quilla talked so fast that he could understand nothing. He must depend upon Pedro.

Boquilla asked him about his business, where he lived, and about the States. He was always very cautious and Kirkwood, with the aid of his interpreter, managed to acquit himself credibly. He was offered some refreshments and invited to come again. Taking this as a sign for departure, he bid them all adios and departed. When he was outside he glanced up at Boppa's window, then quickly securing his ladder he climbed up to the window.

"Did I win, Boppa?"

"They haven't decided yet. You must come again tomorrow night."

"Anything, just so it is soon over. I'll learn a few more phrases tomorrow. Pedro is a brick! Until tomorrow, then!"

The next evening he repeated the visit and once more climbed to the window.

"Haven't they decided yet, Boppa? I can't stand this much longer. Have they found that I've committed some dreadful crime?"

"Oh, no; the trouble is that you're an American."

"For which let us give thanks!"

"But then, they can find nothing else the matter and since I should have been married long ago, why I'm twenty-two years old, and nobody else will have me, so . . . ."

"So, what, Boppa?"

"So I'll give you lessons in Spanish, but you don't need to learn if you don't want to."

"I adore Spanish, when you teach it, Boppa!"



enjoyable resume and discussion of the book. At the close of a most interesting and profitable programme, very lovely refreshments were served by Miss Pardee and Miss Claster.

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### Deutscher Verein

At the regular meeting of the Deutscher Verein, on February 19th, "Wagner" was the subject of a very interesting and quite extensive programme. Miss Davidson gave in full the life of the famous composer and, at the close of the program, there followed a short social hour, at which Miss Reinecke and Miss Black were hostesses.

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### Y. W. C. A.

Miss Coolidge spoke in Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday morning, February 7th. The theme of her subject was "Christian Belief," and the truth which she emphasized particularly was that, as through all the ages, so we must not forget that in our everyday living it is not what we believe but whom we believe. This meeting was very largely attended by all the girls who wished to welcome Miss Coolidge again to the midst of the Association.

Miss Temple led the meeting on February 12th, and Dr. Lawson was the speaker, choosing as his subject, "The Teachings of Christ." Dr. Lawson showed and applied the different methods of teaching which our Saviour used, when He preached to and taught His followers.

Under the direction of the Y. W. C. A., two Mission Study classes have been formed, which meet once a week. The books which are being studied are: "The Present World Situation" and "Southern Mountaineers."

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### Mandolin Club

The Mandolin Club played at Woodville, a county institution, on February 22nd. The programme was arranged by Miss Butterfield, under the auspices of the Tuesday Musical Club. Dinner was served at six o'clock, and the concert began at a quarter to eight. The audience consisted of the insane inmates

of the institution, and the nurses and doctors. Miss Butterfield sang, and Miss Paul read several selections. Additional music was furnished by Miss Steele and Miss Miller, who played piano solos.

On February 27th, part of the P. C. W. Mandolin Club played at an Equal Franchise meeting in the College Club rooms.

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### Phi Pi

A short business meeting was held on the regular club day, February 5th.

On March 5th, the drawing rooms were converted into a Greek theatre—the Theatre Dionysus—and Aristophanes' drama, "The Frogs," was given before the members of the club and a few guests. The programme was a form of the Greek festival, and at the close of the play, prizes were awarded the poet. Miss Hare, Miss Hill and Miss Errett were the hostesses of the afternoon.

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### LECTURES

On Wednesday morning, February 7th, Dr. Acheson gave a most interesting lecture before the College, his subject being "Appalachian America." Situated in the very heart of "God's own land," and surrounded by wooded mountains, we find a Scottish people living by themselves, and indeed isolated from the neighboring world. We listened to many fascinating stories about this mountaineer folk, and to the quaint traditions of their life and country. The ignorance in the schools and even among some of the religious leaders is appalling, and the need of real Christian leaders in that district was felt by everyone who was present.

Mr. Teller, from the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House, gave an illustrated lecture on the twenty-first of February, during the lecture hour. The theme of this address dwelt upon the recreation and play-time which everyone should enjoy. Mr. Teller emphasized the fact that it is not due to the people themselves, that they grow up with lax moral standards, and in



# THE SOROSIS

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## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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## Editorial

One of the most important duties, or privileges, which we as a College, are called upon to perform, is that of electing new officers to fill the places of responsibility left vacant by the officers whose terms expire in the spring. Our interest

**ELECTIONS** in having these offices capably and efficiently filled is proven by our attitude toward elections, and the careful contemplation we exert before we cast our vote.

The new system to be tried out this year—that of nominating the candidates before, and electing the officers after vaca-

tion, has distinct advantages over the old plan—that of nominating and electing in the same meeting. The new plan eliminates the necessity of voting on a name before one has scarcely had time to connect the girl with the office, much less to consider her efficiency and capability for the office. According to the new plan, each voter will be given ample time to deliberate a little and to decide in her own mind which girls are best fitted for the respective offices.

The fact that the intervening time between the reports of the nominating committee and the regular election is vacation, will enable each girl to form an unbiased opinion concerning the candidates, without the influence of the earnest conviction of a well-meaning friend who frankly and sometimes heedlessly expresses in a positive way her too personal and sometimes wrongly-formed opinions concerning the abilities of this one or that one. We are all desirous for the growth and steady development of all the activities of our College. There is no firmer assurance of such a growth than an interested and efficient leader for each of these activities. The improvement and the ultimate success of our respective organizations rests on the fact that by a little exertion and an increasing interest, each member of our Student Government Association can do her share in the election of their future officers and instead of "putting a girl through" on simply her popularity or her cleverness, we can, with a little forethought, select and elect to office the "right girl for the right place."

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## CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

### Omega

On Monday, February 5th, a special meeting of the society was held, at which several new members were initiated into the club. These new girls are: Esther Evans, Cristelle Jefferson, Mary Philput, Augusta Rogers and Margaret Thoburn.

The regular meeting of Omega was held on Monday, February 12th. The subject of this meeting was "Maeterlinck" and his drama, "Pelleas and Melisande." Miss McKenzie presented a sketch of the author's life, and Miss Shepard gave a thoroughly

nection with the problems which they have encountered.

Ruth Gokey and Martha Crandall, by reason of their investigations for Hospital Social Service, have become practiced in the art of eliciting the information usually called for by case-work schedules, and, moreover, have seen many by-paths for service which can never be indicated by printed schedules.

Marian Sallows, in a brief, though intensive, experience with the Associated Charities, has developed a specialty. She has found a method of persuading obstinate children (and their mothers) to undergo minor operations at hospitals. The object of these operations is to make the children physically fit to be educated and to make a living.



### EXPRESSION NOTES

"The Chinese Lantern," a play by Laurence Housman, which was presented by the Fourth Year Class of Dilworth Hall, transported, in a most pleasing fashion, the Land of the Fau and the Que. Poetry and fun joined hands to bring out the main themes of the play. Art, and its schools, and Romance with the picturesque setting in a Chinese studio. The play was given on the evening of Friday, March 16th.

The records of the department show that there are more private pupils in it this semester than there have ever been before. Four of this number are taking the certificate course. These students are branching out in a new line of work at present. Several short plays are being prepared by them for presentation in the near future. This idea of bringing the theatre into the club and drawing-room is somewhat like the Portmanteau Theatre and seems to offer opportunities for unique and interesting work.

Miss Kerst coached a play for the dramatic section of the Twentieth Century Club.

Eleanor Salinger is doing dramatic work at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement.

Mary Jane Paul, a special student at the college, is assisting Miss Kerst in her department.

## COLLEGE NOTES

One of the most progressive motions made in Student Government meetings this year was the suggestion that elections of next year's officers take place one month earlier in the year than has been the custom. It is obvious that the newly elected officers will have a most splendid opportunity to accustom themselves to a degree to their future duties, both by observation and by consultation with and advice of the present officers. Hitherto the elections have come in the busiest period of the year, and this fact, as well as the lack of time, has prevented practical observation and aid. It is fortunate that the motion passed unanimously.

A committee has been appointed by the Student Government President to rearrange the order of election and to observe and change, if desirable, the details of the point system.

The Student Body felt deeply the appeal of Miss Helen Losevitch in behalf of the suffering Serbs, whose condition she described so graphically on the occasion of her visit to us in December. A tag day was appointed for Tuesday, March 6th, for the benefit of the Serbian Relief Fund. There was strong competition between the Freshmen and Juniors on one side and the Sophomores and Seniors on the other. The outcome was most satisfactory, the total result from Faculty and Student Body being over one hundred dollars, which will be sent direct to Miss Losevitch, to be disposed of by her personally and according to her discretion.

Miss Marianne Rea extended to the College girls the very kind invitation to attend a lecture at her home by Dr. Hugh Black, on the afternoon of March 2nd. It was a wonderful opportunity for those girls who would not otherwise have had the privilege of hearing this renowned man. Mr. Black's "lecture" proved to be a very informal and delightful "talk" on "Influences"—our opportunity to use them to our advantage, and our duty in properly using our own to the advantage of others.

## THE SOROSIS

misery, but it is due entirely to their environment and condition among which they live. He also remarked that it was more to the credit of a large city to put its money in well-equipped playgrounds than in an over-abundance of sky-scrapers, which fact he proved by some of his most interesting lantern slides. At the close of this lecture, every one was awakened to the wonderful movement which is not taking place for the amelioration of the social status of living.

Robert Burns, "the poet of the hearth-stone," was the subject of Dr. Samuel S. Lindsay's lecture, which he gave on Wednesday morning, February 28th. The popularity and influence of the Scottish poet is deeply set in the heart of every one, and it was Dr. Lindsay's purpose to tell us the secret of his success. Burns is universally recognized by educators, and, in the lecturer's words, by all "humans." It was his genius which led to his worth, and his interpretation of the world in terms of friendship, and we, too, with Dr. Lindsay, love Burns as a lover and a true poet.

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### MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Miss Mae MacKenzie gave a studio tea on March 7th. Miss Florence Farr, Miss Lois Farr, Miss Mabel Shane, Miss Valerie Brockman, Miss Mary Pew and Miss Ida Bigg played very pleasing piano selections.

Mrs. Mayhew sang a group of songs for the Progressive Blind Woman's Association on February 20th. Miss MacKenzie played her accompaniment.

The Glee Club is preparing, among other compositions to be given at the concert on April 23rd, "Moonlight," a waltz by Hamilton Clarke, with accompaniment for piano, tamborino, triangle and castanets; "The Dance of the Leaves," by T. H. Warner, and "The Two Clocks," by James H. Rogers.

Miss Ruth Seaman is singing at the Calvary Presbyterian Church, Wilkinsburg.

The P. C. W. Alumnae Association will enjoy an afternoon tea on March 17th, in the rooms of the College Club, in the Bes-

## THE SOROSIS

Building. The officers of the Club will receive, and the program will include songs by Miss Elfa Norman and Miss Kathryn Robb.

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### SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

As the College year advances, the students in Social Service are making visits of observation and essaying tasks in field work of much greater difficulty than those which were undertaken at the beginning of the year.

Social Service 2, Washington Park Recreation Center and the Continuation School, on Duquesne Way, demonstrated for the class two of the newer forms of public social service. These visits were made in February.

The class has started upon a round of visits to public and semi-public institutions for the relief of special classes.

At the Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, under the guidance of Miss Grimes, we learned about the life of the blind students and we were permitted to see them in the classrooms reading and reciting by the use of the Braille system. On March 7th, a visit will be made to the West Penn Hospital. The special subjects of interest on this visit were the Social Service work of the Hospital and the care of the destitute sick in the wards.

Social Service 6. This certificate class is about to spend less time in field work and concentrate upon the preparation of their certificate essays. The 1917 candidates for certificates in Social Service are Leah Claster, Martha Crandall, Ruth Gokey, Virginia Hackney, Katharine McKenzie, Louise Reinecke and Marian Sallows. Their essays deal with subjects of special interest related to their field work. Virginia Hackney and Louise Reinecke will write about phases of recreation and community church work. Katharine McKenzie has been successful in initiating and carrying forward a movement for girls' clubs in Aspinwall, and her essay will treat of this movement and its possibilities. The other members of the certificate groups have been doing neighborhood visiting and investigation, and they will write about subjects which have interested them in con-





# CLASSNOTES

## "The Wise Old Seniors"

### Childhood Frolics.

Miss Louise Reinecke was the hostess at a coasting party, held somewhere (or anywhere) on Squirrel Hill. Her grandmother "Gruddy" did everything, except coast down dill, to make us have a good time. The night was glorious in spite of (or because of) the blinding snow, but after a dozen "thrills" we were easily persuaded to partake of "wieners" and other dainties at "Gruddy's" hospitable coal fire. A few minor accidents occurred during the evening, but lack of space prevents us from going into the sad details.

### "Do Not Saw the Air Thusly"

The Senior Contest went off with a flourish, even if the would-be actors did have a few qualms so to speak. The long-suffering judges found it necessary to debate for a considerable time before they could arrive at any definite conclusion. We all did our best to put up a hard fight and the fun of the contest was enough to compensate us for our hard work. We will endeavor to act as rationally as possible now in order to allay all suspicion as to our mental condition. We quite agree that anyone who raves around her room in a wild rage in the dead

of night should be regarded with suspicion, but, nevertheless, treated in the most sympathetic manner.

#### In Honor of Our Maternal Ancestors

Miss White has produced her long threatened Mothers' Party, and thereby proved her genius for showing everyone a good time. After several cute stunts by the children, the mothers offered their contribution. It's a clever daughter that can beat her mother in these advanced days. The den, which was in its usual perfect order, was on exhibition and all the mothers came away expressing the wish that such clever parties would happen oftener.

#### At the Sign of the Tea-Ball

Dessert days have been coming around with welcome regularity. Various dainties have been offered and enjoyed to a degree. In all seriousness, this is a splendid idea. It encourages cooking in the home frequently among the mothers. Perhaps we might say as a result of this, several damsels have been inspired to learn something of the art for themselves, which is a highly laudable purpose on their part. This arrangement enables them to test out their little recipes without any danger to their immediate families. We regret to say that we can report no fatalities as yet, but watch this space for further particulars.

#### Tempus Fugit

Several of our members were thoughtful enough to have birthdays, which occasions furnished opportunities for the indulgence of some quiet humor. These little celebrations, however, have a more serious aspect in that they remind us rather forcibly of the fact that we are growing old. These large figures will lend some weight, however, to our teacher's applications, so we may console our declining years with the knowledge that even age is something to be desired.

#### Faculty Eccentricities

The Seniors have finally had their fondest hopes fulfilled in witnessing the stupendous production of the faculty play. We

## FACULTY NOTES

The College wishes to extend to Miss Bennett, its heartfelt sympathy with her in the death of her father.

---

If murder will out, the same must be said of that extreme virtue—modesty. In other words, it is absolutely impossible to keep a really great personage in the shadow. We have not been privileged to divulge names—that superlative modesty again—but may we offer that we think it no slight thing to receive autographed letters from no less a personage than Sir Beerbohm Tree, and to have the letter—a personal invitation to Sir Beerbohm's performance—it quite takes one's breath away! And to have spent several summers, at least, at Sir Beerbohm Tree's country estate in "deah old England"—with all hunting, fishing and golfing—or was it polo—privileges! The best of it all was that these facts had to be literally dragged from the lucky recipient of all these favors, so unobtrusive and unassuming was he.

A little school girl with the proverbial reverence for her teacher, coming upon the lady one day as the latter was partaking of a "feed" in the company of other teachers, remarked to a little friend in horrified tones: "Teacher's eatin'." It is with somewhat of this attitude that we watched the entertainment provided for some of us most fortunate ones on the night of the Valentine dinner, when members of our highly respected, revered and hitherto awe-inspiring faculty provided us with an hour's entertainment of the most high class and respectable nature. Lest some one accuse the writer of tactlessness for her use of the word hitherto, she begs to be permitted to insist that the faculty are still awe-inspiring, but in a different way. Now it is their histrionic, rather than their purely intellectual, ability which incites our keenest if most envious admiration.

The most important society event of the season took place on the evening (in itself rash) of Tuesday, February 28th, when the elite of College attended en masse the performance of

"Mother Carey's Chickens" at the Duquesne Theatre. The two lower boxes were occupied—and if but time permitted we might enter into a description of the gowns which would turn the more unfortunate ones who were not present (not invited) a sickly green with envy. As it was, "a most enjoyable time was had by all" and, after the performance, "a sumptuous banquet was held at Reymers'," the guests returning home at the frightful hour of 11:45. (Other papers please do not copy this last remark.)

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### ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

The marriage of Christine Cameron, '13, and Harvey Bryon will take place March 30th. They will live near New York.

The engagement of Margaret Brown, '14, to Scott Cleland, of Wisconsin, was announced in December.

A baby girl has arrived at the home of Fay Atkinson McCune, '13.



admit that we could not have done better ourselves. The audience was most appreciative and even became rather boisterous in their applause. Several members of this worthy body tried to put one over on us, so to speak, but the disguise was too obvious and the plot was revealed.

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### Junior Notes

The Junior Class wishes to offer its most sincere condolences to Miss Bennett upon the death of her father, and to proffer its fondest sympathy.

Betty Hoffman, we are sorry to hear, has been taken to the West Penn Hospital to have a slight operation performed.

A tag day for the Serbian Relief Fund took place as a friendly rivalry between the classes. A representative from each class did her best to collect the largest amounts of the "root of all evil."

The digestion of the Juniors is growing too weak to stand the daily strain put upon it by forcible noon feeding, by numerous aspirants for culinary honors.

At least one of our members (Kitty Meyers) has been forced to leave town for a change of diet and environment. Grove City College having helped her to recuperate, she is again in our midst. "Dot" Minor wished to take the same treatment, but circumstances prevented.

Our caps and gowns arrive in a few days and we have hopes of looking really intellectual, if not beautiful. Incidentally, in the head measuring contest, Betty Shepard, Lorena and Janet tied for first place at 7½.

### Great Larceny Case Decision

Miss Olive Wolf was found guilty of the complicated crime, in which Miss Emily Kates was implicated. The Psychology Class was a trifle confused by some of the evidence, but Miss Wolf, confused by the prosecutor's attack, admitted her guilt and absolved Miss Kates from all responsibility.

### The Sophomores

Augusta Rogers was obliged to wend her weary way to the infirmary last week, on account of a very severe and wretched cold. We are all glad to have her back again in a much improved condition.

We all miss Virginia Hoeff, who has been absent from College, due to illness, and extend to her our sympathy and hope for a very speedy recovery.

Did some one say nothing was beyond the penetrating ability of Helen Ailes? Oh! yes. And when she and Mary Richards are together, little need be said as to the consequences. The most recent occurrence was breaking through the glass door. Mighty was the fall thereof—of both glass and girl!

May we take this opportunity to remind everyone of the progressiveness of Miss Greene. Her latest advance is her move to Room 65, on the fourth floor.

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### Freshman Doings

We are all very much pleased that Miss Ely has consented to become our Honorary Member. She has already won her way into our hearts and we welcome her into the famous Class of 1920.

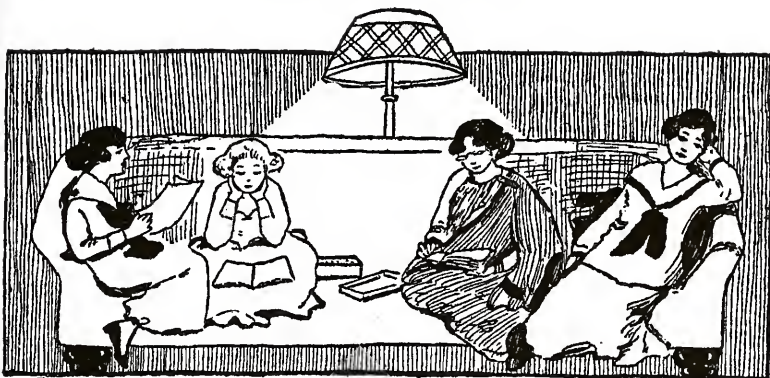
An athletic and a social committee were elected at our last class meeting. The latter committee has already proved its alacrity in planning functions, at any rate, which materialized in a fracas in the drawing room, given for the Juniors on March 15th.

We are glad to realize how much profit the Freshmen are receiving from their History Course. We were enlightened recently by the statement that Flemish linen was made of wool. This is an interesting phenomena, to say the least.

If the number of text books purchased for a course of study assures a deepening interest in that course, we venture to assert that our Rhetoric will become so intensely interesting that all other studies will be cast aside in favor of so fascinating a subject. Only five books have been procured by us this semester, but cheer up, girls, the semester isn't half over yet!

N. B.—We would suggest to the heads of other departments that more books be procured for us in Math. and History.





## HOUSE NOTES

On Sunday evening, February 11th, Miss Coolidge spoke at Vespers. Her subject was "The New England Church and Its Present Work." The Glee Club sang during the service.

Mr. Kerr, of Kingsley House, and Dr. Lawson were speakers at Vespers during the past month.

Of all the signs of spring at P. C. W., moving is probably the foremost. Within the month, Jane Lobmiller, Lillian Nair, Mildred Knox and Hazel Henry have moved from Berry Hall to Woodland Hall.

We are glad to have Louise Reinecke as a household member of Woodland Hall.

The Valentine Dinner was held on Friday evening, February 16th, at six-thirty o'clock, in the dining-room of Berry Hall. Between courses, candy hearts bearing tender little messages were sent from one person to another. The room was prettily decorated with hearts and arrows and the tables, too, carried out the suggestion of St. Valentine's Day. After dinner the faculty entertained in the Chapel. Miss Abbott danced the "Nightingale" and Miss Butterfield gave an amusing vaudeville sketch. An Irish farce, in which Miss Maloy, Miss Greene and Miss Stewart took part, was extremely humorous and was thoroughly enjoyed. The entire program was unique and the evening's enjoyment passed all to quickly.

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# THE SOROSIS

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## BURGUNDY SILK.

Olive Wolf, '18.

Editor-in-Chief of "The Sorosis," 1917-1918.

Miss Elizabeth Watkins sat in her room in a low chair before the chiffonier and removed the contents of the lowest drawer. On the floor about her were sundry articles, most of them carefully covered with tissue paper. She worked slowly and deliberately. Sometimes she considered a package for a moment as if to recall its contents.

Finally she took out a large paste-board box. She set it down hastily on the floor beside her, turned to the drawer, and stopped. She picked up the box again and removed the lid.

On the top of some tissue paper lay a ring box. She picked it up slowly and pressed the spring. The top opened a little. Her forefinger moved to lift the lid, and then quickly pressed it shut. She dropped the box into her lap.

With a jerk, she drew off the tissue paper from the top of the large box and took out a bundle encased in muslin. She removed the covering and there appeared a roll of reddish silk, still folded as it had evidently come from the dealers.

She gazed at the silk a moment then unrolled part of it and held it against her. She turned to glance at herself in the mirror opposite. The splash of dull red color against the white hair, the still lustrous dark eyes, and almost youthful face was by no means unpleasant, but Miss Watkins shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly and drew away the silk. The dull gray of the dress she wore changed the image in the mirror. The hair seemed not so white nor the eyes so bright. A sort of grayness ap-

peared upon her face. Miss Watkins gazed for a moment at her image and then into space.

Presently she recalled herself and started to return the silk to its folds. Footsteps sounded upon the stairs and a girlish voice came into the room humming a popular air.

Miss Watkins jerked nervously at the silk. Her fingers fumbled awkwardly. The muslin covering refused to fulfill its duty and she was still holding the silk in her hand when a young girl appeared at the door.

"Cleaning house, Aunt Betsy?" she asked, and as she noticed the silk, without waiting for an answer, she exclaimed, "Oh, what's that?"

With a single glide across the room, she was on the floor beside her aunt. She took the silk impulsively in her own hands and hastily examined it.

"Why, Aunt Betsy, when did you get this, and what's it for?" she asked.

Miss Watkins smiled slightly.

"Thirty years ago," she answered.

Her niece looked at her with a wondering expression and then quickly back at the silk.

"I got it, my dear, to—wear," she resumed.

"Oh!" the niece murmured with a somewhat awed expression, and then collecting her wits, she exclaimed, "Thirty years, and to think it hasn't split! You've taken good care of it, Aunt Elizabeth, haven't you?"

"Yes," Miss Watkins answered simply. She watched a smile of youthful joy spread over the face of the girl "Aunt Elizabeth, it's just the shade they're wearing now!" There was a wistful note in the young voice. "It's burgundy!"

"Is it?" Miss Watkins asked. "We called it 'wine color.'"

She watched her niece as she rose and went to the mirror. The girl unrolled a few yards of the silk again and draped it over her shoulder.

"Oh Aunt, its lovely!" The young face glowed with sheer joy.

Miss Watkins looked on in silence. Her niece turned away from the mirror. The loose end of the silk fell to the floor. She started to roll it up again. Suddenly the roll jerked in her hand. She was standing upon one corner of the loose end of it.

Miss Watkins involuntarily started and then controlled herself. Her niece hastily finished rolling the silk and gave it back to her.

The girl's glance fell upon the ring box. "You do have curious things, Aunt!" she exclaimed and reached for the box. Her aunt stayed her hand gently and said simply:

"No, dear."

The girl blushed as though at the first consciousness of her rudeness, and withdrew her hand. She stayed a moment and then left the room.

Miss Watkins turned to the silk and carefully examined the edge near the end. A small drawn place outlined the shape of a sharp heel. An expression of impatience passed over her face. She held it to the light. The mark was unmistakable. She examined the rest of the silk. No sign of the usual splitting was visible. As she unfolded it, it dropped in shimmering billows at her feet. She came to the end and found it to be perfect. Her expression changed from criticism to admiration.

A flush spread over her face. The vision of her niece before the mirror admiring it came to her. "It's too bad to keep it so selfishly. It's downright wasteful, too," she murmured.

She crossed to the bureau. The ring box lay where she had dropped it, upon the tissue paper. She looked at it a moment, then picked it up and went back to the silk. She unrolled a yard or two of the silk again, then laid the ring box carefully in the folds, and rolled it up again.

She crossed the room to the door, with the silk on her arm. The gray dress did not make her homely now as she called,

"Martha!"



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### THE WANDERER.

Rachel Alexander, '18.

I was a lonely wanderer  
In a land that was bare and drear,  
For winter had taken away my friends  
And left me desolate here.

But I saw one day a tiny flower  
In a warm and sheltered place  
Which whispered to me of the coming spring.  
With its friendly, smiling face,

And it seemed that I heard the stir of the leaves  
And the birds calling softly anew;  
And happy once more I went my way,  
For I knew that the message was true.

---

### EVANGELINE.

Eva Weston, '19.

John B. Mathews, well known artist, was enjoying an after-dinner cigar at his club, when his physician accosted him. "You look worn, tired out, old man. What's up? Need a rest? How about a little trip up the St. Lawrence—Acadian country—Romance, all that sort of thing? Bruce says the tides of the Bay of Fundy are unsurpassed.

"And well I know it." The artist's deep set eyes flashed—"Have you forgotten the picture that made me famous?"

"Now, now, I know I am a stupid old bear and not educated up to your friendship, John, but deal gently and tell me about it."

Not noticing that several other men had deserted their newspapers to listen, Mathews began in his low, musical voice.

"I had been home from Paris two years and had accomplished nothing worth while. I decided to cut my friends, go away and paint something worthy enough to present at the fall exhibit. Now Longfellow was a favorite of mine and I had always longed really to breathe the air of that Acadian land."

his, that had inspired him to such heights, and so it was that I set forth, up the St. Lawrence, on to the little village of Grand Pre, subconsciously expecting to meet a veritable Evangeline.

I was young then, and as no Evangeline came forth to meet me, I found that the people were commonplace, I was disappointed. I was bored; I could not paint. I idled away the time, sometimes wandering along the shore, sometimes listening to the murmuring pines, but always seeking inspiration, and like the bluebird, I found it right at my hand.

I often met Jean, the daughter of a fisherman. Tall and slim was she, but quiet and dull-eyed with work. To me she was merely one among the many rude, dull workers of the village.

One day, I was sitting on the rocks looking out at the sunset. The last lingering rays caressed the waters of the bay. The spray dashed up in my face. The rush of the water brought a dreamy deafness and like a curtain of sound shut out the world beyond. I slept. In my dreams, I was back in the days of the real Acadia. I walked through the streets of the old village to the little church. At the gate stood Evangeline herself; quite naturally I took my place beside her and we walked on, down to the shore. As we drew near the hut of the fisherman I turned to look at her and looked into the face of Jean, the fisherman's daughter. In some intangible way, Evangeline and Jean seemed to be one.

I awoke with a shock. The dream was a God-send to me. The next morning I began the picture that has made me what I am today. The picture was a portrait of Jean. I called it Evangeline. Some people have devined the meaning of that name and to me she is quite pure and sweet enough to bear it."



### THE ETHICS OF THE LEGITIMATE THEATER.

Elizabeth McClelland, '17.

Editors Note:—Last month we published "The Ethics of the Moving Picture." We now offer the following article, which is in the same vein, but approached from a different standpoint.

We consider the general subject worthy of careful attention and hence we submit it to our readers.

Through all the ages there have been good men and women who have warned us of the evil influence of the theatre. Not one of these men and women have failed however, to see the importance of the drama as a means for education. They condemned the theatre not as an institution but as a means by which great evil was brought about. No one can minimize the powerful influence which the drama possesses to imprint more vividly than any written word the ideas that it presents. But the question is what are these ideas and suggestions that the theatre offers. Are they to produce a moral or an immoral effect upon the audience? Perhaps the legitimate theatre answers the question. But just what is the legitimate theatre? Who is to judge and upon what basis? To be sure there are certain theatres that endeavor to live up to a certain standard and many well-meaning people feel that anything that is presented in these theatres must be all right. Then there are others who pretend to decency only so far as the law compels. These latter, ordinary people shun with honor but the fact remains that great crowds of people frequent them and find enjoyment there.

However, we shall not deal in this paper with the worst shows but with those that appear to be respectable. Let us consider then how we are to judge. Mr. Walter Prishard Eaton says that "a play which confuses our sense of right and wrong is more harmful than a downright immoral play." "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was hailed as a drama of great moral import and regeneration. It was the story of a benevolent gentleman who by his gentle words and kindly manner reformed the lying, quarreling inmates of a tenement by calling them back to their better natures. Mr. Eaton says of this play that it is immoral because it makes spiritual regeneration a matter of external and immediate suggestion; a kind of hypnotic process instead of an inward education of the will and moral senses. In spite of its allegorical beauty it inspires no real purpose and no real thought because it is based by the dramatist on no real

thought. It does not touch real principles of moral reform. It is a travesty upon the patient and painstaking work which real social reforms must do. It sends the audience away with the pleasant feeling that all that is needed to set the world aright are a few thoughts and a call to our better natures."

He also discusses "The Man from Home." We acclaim it for its glorification of the sturdy virtue and democratic simplicity of Kokomo, Ind., as against the rottenness and snobbery of effete Europe, but thoughtfully considered, this play renders these virtues contemptible and mean by ignoring and falsifying all the rest of the picture. Rudeness, ignorance, narrow-mindedness are never admirable. The man who thinks, acts and speaks at any time and all times on the assumption that the town hall of Kokomo, Ind., is more beautiful because it is in Kokomo, which is in Indiana, which is in the United States of America than St. Peter's in Rome or the Acropolis in Athens, is no whit less a snob than the European aristocrat who thinks that his fifteen generations of fine-mannered ancestors make him the superior of Daniel the hero of the play. If the authors had held up Daniel Voorhees Pike as a type to be studied that would be another matter, but they have obviously held him up as a type to be admired."

In John Goodman's play "Mother," the heroine shoulders all trials and all blame for her children who lie, forge and insult her. Actually, Mr. Eaton insists, the speech and conduct of her children show that she was ill-fit for the duties of motherhood.

Many people would have classed the above plays as perfectly moral and at least harmless. The fact is there is no uniform standard for the drama. Let us see if we can find some way of judging. The only method to estimate the moral value of plays at present is police censorship which is bungling, inefficient and more than half the time hits the wrong play altogether. Take the problem plays for instance. There are three points of view in judging art works which deal with physical phases of the sex problem and the problem of evil.

The first is that of the artist. Nothing is immoral in art except bad art. Art for art's sake. The novels of D' Annunzio

are all right but "The Follies" are bad because there is no art in them."

The second view is based upon a complicated system of taboo which has grown up through centuries upon centuries of religious and social custom, till it is held by millions who are totally unconscious of its origin. According to this point of view it is often all right to look at a spade but more right to mention it. While the bantering indecencies of imported French plays awaken no ire the serious work of serious books and plays are unsparingly condemned. The reason is that the latter have an unescapable air of reality about them. It is too much like life. We wouldn't talk about such things in our parlors so we must not on the stage or in books. What Henry James calls "the decent privacy of the imagination" is unknown to those who hold this view. They feel a personal defilement in considering all subjects which to them and to their ancestors for generations have been traditionally taboo.

The third view combines some of the esthetic value of the first, and the morality of the second which tempers art with justice and unreasoned moral aversion with critical distinctions. The morality of a work of art is ultimately determined by two factors neither of them being the subject matter. First, the sincerity and earnestness of purpose of the artist, and second, his truth to the facts of life, in short to the successful combination of honesty and skill.

If therefore an artist elects to treat, let us say prostitution, the holders of this view point would ask two questions; first, did he choose his subject honestly with the intention of letting us see a little more clearly the workways of this terrible fact in our civilization and second, has he told the truth, is his picture a fair one so that it does not breed false impressions? If he chose his subject in order to create a sensation, then the work will show it and from our third point of view will be immoral no matter how artistic it may be or how truthful. It is this point of view which justifies the public performance of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" a play dealing powerfully, frankly and in medical solemnity with the curse of venereal diseases but possibly with-

out that technical perfection the disciples of art for art's sake would demand. The subject is taboo and double taboo. But the facts are truthfully set forth and set forth in such a way that they inspire thought. We feel the author's moral sincerity and reasoned judgment behind all he says.

The remedy for all this is proper censorship but this must be done outside of New York. If the manager is certain that his play will not be patronized while on tour outside of New York he will never put the play upon the stage. This is where the Drama League can do its best work. By condemning the plays in the towns and cities outside of New York the plays would be a financial failure and would soon be forced off the stage.

As regards most problem plays they fail because they do not depict vice in it's real colors. It is not made hideous but commonplace. It takes the responsibility from the individual and places it upon society in trying to reckon not with sin but with heredity and economic determinism. They often present cheap solutions for they must have a happy ending. This "happy ending" is one of the greatest evils. As a result, the audiences are not horrified by vice but remain quite unmoved. As for sex education the drama is not the place for enlightenment on this subject. This is a transitional period and some few are benefited but a great majority are harmed.

Mr. Frederick Wenson in an article on "Boys and the Theatre" gives the following objections: "It is bad for the boy's health because it keeps him out late at night, gives him indiscriminating tastes and creates a craving for artificial amusement. But more important than all this is the question of his morals. The idea of keeping himself unspotted and unsullied for the sake of playing fair with the unknown woman whom he will some day marry is often the strongest incentive that a young man can have to keep himself clear of demoralizing influences and to lead a decent, clean life. Indiscriminate theatre-going is the most dangerous and the most subtle of all the influences which work against this ideal."

Bad plays are more effective than bad books and Mr. Wenson puts harmful plays in three classes. The problem play, the



salacious farce and the musical comedy. The last is the most dangerous of all because the influence is most insidious. The most serious incidents are made funny. We introduce our children to men and women whom we would never let them know in real life. Drunkenness, infidelity and immorality are laughing matters. If we do not show our disapproval of such things what can we expect of our children? The only safe rule is never to let your children see a play that you have not seen yourself and if there is anything indecent in the play, discuss it with him and show him your attitude.

We have Rabbi Harris' definition of an immoral play. "An immoral play is one that treats on an immoral situation with jocularity, or that shows the life of sin idealized and made appealing to the sympathy or desire, or that bungles in its technique. For the more delicate the problem, the fairer should be the hand to portray it." He also states that it is our duty to patronize the right kind of plays.

Shakespeare's definition is also interesting. "To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature, to show Virture her own features, Scorn her own image and the very age and body of time his form and pressure with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature."

There have been a great many charges against the theatre, especially the American theatres. It has been accused, as have the American people themselves, of excess, lack of restraints, too much slang and too thrilling. Dr. Sheldon says, "Actors and actresses will say and do things on the stage which could not be said and done on the streets of any town without subjecting them to arrest. The billboards also are indecent."

Bernard Shaw has been severely condemned for his play "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Shaw himself admits that it is not for the general public because he says, "Let the reformer in and keep the rest out." The reformer, however, knows just as much as Shaw does about conditions of prostitution and does not need to go to the theatre to see examples of it.

Brander Mathews, however, defends the theatre of today. He says, "Fifty years ago the drama of England was simply

contemptible. So bad were conditions that respectable people were driven away from the theatre except when they went to see a great actor—Booth, Kean or Cushman—for example. In those days respectable and discriminating people never went to the theatre to see pictures of contemporary life for such pictures were not to be found upon the stage. At that time our stage was mainly filled with adaptations from the French drama. These, bear in mind, were deprived of their original value and meaning as picturing existing life in France because they had to be warped into conformity with British or American life."

Twenty-five years ago people generally went to the theatre to see an actor or company of actors. Now an increasing minority go to see what Shaw or Barrie or Thomas has to say. This intelligent consideration of the drama is growing for one reason, because the modern stage has no longer the dominating personalities of thirty or forty years ago. There is no Forest, Booth, Cushman, Irving or Jefferson on our stage today as a towering personality. No one of these actors took an interest in the contemporary drama of his own language, no one of them ever produced a good new play. They were wholly satisfied to play the great parts in the great plays of the past.

Julian Street says that the audience makes the theatre what it is. If we have vulgar shows, it is because we have vulgar people to attend them. It is so easy to be vulgar! You needn't even try—just let yourself go. What is the thing they call a typical Broadway show but one group of vulgar people who get upon the stage and let themselves go before another group of vulgar people. Isn't it simple? Isn't it easier than to create and put upon the stage clean-cut musical comedies like "Mlle. Modiste," "The Arcadians" or "The Chocolate Soldier?"

"There has been in New York recently a show called "Girlies." It was advertised by the manager with the catch line, "None of them married, none of them twenty. "Can you not see a Turkish slave driver with a caravan of women going to market with that exultant cry? Girlies, none of them mar-

ried, none of them twenty. None of them protected. None of them old in the ways of the world."

Mr. Street also says that in one ordinary company four of the eighty-eight girls were graduates of women's colleges, sixteen had gone to college, twenty-seven were High School graduates, thirty-one finished grammar school and ten left school too young to go to work. These facts give us just an idea of the ethical problem on the other side of the footlights.

Although there is a great deal that is bad in the theatre, we still have hope for the future. We have some young managers such as Mr. Winthrop Ames, and Mr. Williams who are producing such plays as "Prunella," "The Pigeon," "Pendennis" and "Children of the Earth." They are called high brow, but they are college-bred, cultivated men who will do much for the theatre."

We have also John Galsworthy, who gives us an honest, truthful and emphatic presentation of a human situation together with literary skill and distinction and technical expertness. His themes are sober and thoughtful and lack excitement. "When Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Riders of the Sea" and "The Admirable Creighton" are splendid examples of the best of our modern drama. When "Quality Street" was produced in London, Mr. A. B. Walkley concluded his review by saying—"It shows us the sweetness of life as lived by old maids and by young maids who are honestly determined not to be old maids if they can help it. It makes us, like St. Augustine in his youth, in love with love. It has laid us up in Lavender."

In our efforts to reform the drama, the phrase "Literary drama" has grown up. To a great many people literary drama is any drama that loves the rank and file of the public. The great masters, however, such as Shakespeare and Moliere, did not succeed because they were literary but because they put into their plays the fun, pathos, poetry, humanity and the dramatic punch to please the rank and file of the people there—they have pleased the rank and file of the public since and become classics.

Literary drama is any drama which has, in harmonious combination, the completeness of dramatic form, the aptness and beauty of speech, the truth of characterization and the charm and depth of idea to make it of interest and value in the practical theatre and to educate men. The test, however, is effectiveness in the theatre. The dramatic classic of tomorrow is somewhere in the practical theatre of today. We shall know it because it rouses our emotions, satisfies our intelligence, charms our ears and seems a vital picture of our humanity.

Even a comedy by George M. Cohen or George Ade stands a better chance of being a classic tomorrow than a poetic drama written by a professor under the shade of the college library in imitation of the finest "literary" models. The drama is a living thing. To be true literature it must strike close to the lives of men and women.

There has been a great deal of talk about a repertory theatre as a solution for this problem. Northampton, Mass., has tried this idea in establishing a municipal theatre. The actors are called the Northampton players and make their home in the city where they are reorganized socially and are looked upon as contributors to the better life of the community. Every week there is presented a new play satisfactory to discriminating supporters and yet attractive and popular enough to insure good audiences. The rates are reasonable and many of the factory workers attend the performances. This seems to be the most promising solution of the question and it will bear a fair trial.

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### THE SLIPPERS' TRIUMPH

Estelle Shepard, '17.

Nell deliberately inserted her key in the door, unlocked it and replaced the key in the purse she held. She pushed the door wide open. For a moment she stood outside the door, looking into the hall, with the white staircase leading up, just opposite her. She even took time to glance at the few pictures on the wall and the handsome oriental rug on the floor, lighted in

ots by specks of sunshine. Then slowly she stepped across the threshold, and closed the door by backing up against it. With her head held high, and with precise measured steps, she most glided to the staircase.

Her dignity and poise seemed strangely out of proportion to the girl, from her jaunty little hat, tilted on one side of her head to the stout pair of low heeled walking shoes, rather worn and decidedly muddy. Most of all did it seem incongruous with her young, ruddy face, dear gray eyes, turned up nose, and large smiling mouth.

As she drew near the first stair, she caught a glimpse of herself in the big mirror above the mantel piece. She turned her head slowly, and looked at herself. Suddenly all her dignity vanished, she threw back her head, for a long gurgling laugh.

"Who says I can't be grown up and dignified? Am I not a sophomore at college?" she asked the image. She laughed again and gathering up her short skirts, she raced up the stairs, which shook at each of her quick vigorous steps. At the top she stood breathless and laughing.

"Nell! Nell! is that you?" called a wearied voice.

"Yes, mother!" The girl's smile disappeared. She walked to her mother's room. "Are you feeling better?" she asked. "How's your head?"

Mrs. Hemple smiled weakly from her couch. "It is better thank you, but I must have perfect quiet. You made some noise when you came in."

Nell came over to the couch, and laid her cold hand on her mother's hot head.

Mrs. Hemple shut her eyes and murmured gratefully, "That feels good."

Nell stopped for a few moments while she flung her hat and coat in a heap on a chair. Then she began to stroke her mother's head firmly and regularly. Once or twice she straightened her back as though she were tired, but she kept her strokes even



and regular. At last Mrs. Hemple's breathing became slow and deeper. Nell's strokes became slower and slower.

When she was sure her mother was asleep, she gathered the heap of hat and coat, and tiptoed out of the room, closing the door after her gently.

She went across to her own room, walked in and shut the door behind her with a finality that seemed to shut out the rest of the house and all the world. After a glance at the tightly closed door she slipped across to the half opened cupboard door. She took from it a long, white something supported by a hanger. Carefully yet eagerly she removed the white covering and held up before her a pink satin evening gown. She turned it round and round and viewed it from every side.

"It seems to me," she said with a smile, "that somebody or other said 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.' Well, here's one joy forever." She hung the hanger on the chandelier. "And here's another," she said as she set two high-heeled pink satin slippers on the floor beneath the dress. She gazed at the combination and then began to laugh. She checked herself sternly. "Nell Hempel," she admonished. "Don't be crazy. Remember you've had a party dress before. And remember your mother is sleeping in the room across the hall. And remember you are a Sophomore at college. And remember——" she broke off with the same joyous laugh.

"Well, I've got to dress." She tossed one stout shoe after the other. They landed with a thump, perilously near the pink satin slippers. Nell opened her door and quietly went out.

"Dear me," piped a delicate, faint voice, "how rough and dirty and muddy you are." It was the little high-heeled pink slippers that spoke.

"No wonder," boomed the walking shoes in reply. "If you'd been everywhere I have, you'd be dirty too. You are quite pretty. But—aren't you rather—useless?"

The little pink slippers seemed to rise a little higher on those heels, as they answered proudly. "Useless? goodness, no! We are the joy of Nell's life. Didn't you see how she placed us



here?" They looked disdainfully at the walking shoes, lying sidewise on the floor in irregular angles.

"But we are workers," defended the prostrate shoes.

"And muddy" added the upright slippers.

"You are too proud, and you are worse than useless; you are——"

The door opened and Nell came in again.

She began an elaborate coiffure. Before she had quite finished her mother opened the door.

"I'm much better Nell," she said. "Can I help you dress?"

"Yes," answered Nell almost petulantly. "Do see if you can fix that side of my hair. 'I've fussed with it till I'm tired.'" She dropped her arms limply at her side.

"There," said Mrs. Hempel. "How does that look?"

Nell picked up a hand mirror and surveyed herself critically. "That's all right."

She walked across the room, picked up the pink slippers gently and put them on. "Aren't they adorable, mother?"

"Yes," her mother admitted, they do look nice."

Nell put on her dress and then took a long look at herself in the mirror. She started across to the door, with her eyes still on her reflection. She stumbled and almost fell on one of the walking shoes.

She looked down at them for a moment. Then she stooped and picking one up in each hand very gingerly, she held them at arms length. She walked to the cupboard and tossed them in. She shut the door and dusted the fingers that had carried the shoes.

"I'm ready now, mother," she looked again into the mirror and smiled complacently.

With her head high she almost glided to the door, so smooth and regular were her steps. The little pink high heels clicked with every step.

## THE SOROSIS

## BROWN EYES CLOSE

Emily Kates, '18.

The mother wren in the tree  
 Lulls her babes to rest;  
 The little evening breeze  
 Rocks their cradle nest.

The baby roses sleep  
 On the brown bush by the wall;  
 The crickets chirp good night  
 Among the grasses tall.

The wee stars in the sky  
 Creep close to mother moon.  
 Little baby in my arms  
 Will be dreaming soon.

The crescent moon keeps watch  
 O'er sleeping bird and rose.  
 Little brown head rests,  
 Little brown eyes close.



## LINES COMPOSED ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.

Augusta Rogers, '19.

In "Lines Composed Above Tintern Abbey," we have one of the noblest poems in the English language, both in thought and expression. In it, Wordsworth goes to the very heart of things and reveals his soul, and the soul of nature as he knew them by his calm, intensive meditation.

We notice that again the poem is the result of "remembered emotion." The visit to Tintern Abbey is his second, and in the knowledge of what the memory of "these beauteous poems" has been to him "in lonely rooms and mid the din,  
 of towns and cities . . . ."

he stands there trusting "that in this moment there is life and food

For future years."

In his youth, when first he visited the banks of the Wye, he rejoiced in the beauty of nature, he loved "these beauteous poems" with a fresh passionate joy. But beyond this delight he did not go. They delighted his eye and stirred his soul, but did not make him think or muse over the deeper problems of the universe.

"The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion, the tall rock mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood. Their colors and their forms were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unharrowed from the eye."

But that tune is past for him now,—

"And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures."

Nature is now something more, infinitely more than a delight to the eye. He has gone deeper and remembering the loveliness of the scene in those vacant hours he speaks of elsewhere.

"We are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things."

It is no less thing than the moving power of the universe that he sees and feels, a universe that comprises not merely the things of nature, but man and his life. In those wonderful lines, as sublime as his own conception, he tells us how he has seen "into the life of things."

"And I have felt  
 A pressure that disturbs me with the joy,  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things."

He has felt and seen in these aspects of nature the living soul of the universe, that animates all things, but we notice, "all thinking things and all objects of all thought." Its dwelling is not only in "the light of setting suns" but in the "mind of man." In nature he hears "oftentimes,

The still sad music of humanity."  
 The same spirit which animates nature animates man.

But further still, to Wordsworth, nature has taught him to live, and has the power "to chasten and subdue." The completeness of his dependence is well expressed in the lines,—

"Well pleased to reorganize  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the muse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,  
 Of all my moral being."

She stimulates him intellectually, she guides him in life, she guards his heart and moral being. She leads from "joy to joy." In the past she has through "remembered joy," led him to do those,

"little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
 of kindness and of love,"  
 which are an important part of life. Nature gives him the strength and understanding by which he may live among men

happily and serenely. She will teach those who love her how to live.

“for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feel  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all,  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e’er prevail against us or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessing.”

Nowhere has Wordsworth expressed more vividly his philosophy than in this poem. He has revealed the deepest feelings of his soul to us. He is, as he says, a worshipper of Nature,” “unwearied in that service,” and as the years go by, he worships with “warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal of holier love.”





# EDITORIALS

“At this time of national trial, when every one is keyed to a spirit of particular sacrifice and desire to help,” says Eliot Wadsworth, Acting Chairman of the American Red Cross, “the American Red Cross must bear the burden of national relief and command the loyal and devoted help of the entire country.” The Red Cross is an official organization, chartered by the government, through which volunteer relief is rendered to the Army and Navy in time of war. Not only in war time, however, does this official organization appeal to the citizens’ humanitarian instincts and their sentiment of interest in their fellowmen, for “in its relief measures in time of peace,” the Editor of the Red Cross magazine tells us, “it helps in flood, famine, pestilence, in devastating fires; in finding shelter for the homeless; in caring for the injured.” At the official head of the American Red Cross stands the President of the United States. Representatives from the army and navy act upon its central



committee. The fact that it is the only volunteer relief organization recognized by the United States government, and that it is a neutral society, lessening suffering, and giving relief wherever it is necessary, wins for the Red Cross a place of international reputation and respect.

In a national crisis like the one through which our country and other countries are passing today, we must obtain the undivided support of every patriotic citizen. The time has come when we must unify our national efforts. The American Red Cross is only a fractional part of the International Red Cross Society. In spite of the fact that within a year we have added more than a quarter of a million members, still the enrollment in the American Red Cross, in proportion to our population, falls far below the enrollment in the belligerent countries. A movement is on foot to secure 1,000,000 new members at once.

In response to this call, a large number of faculty and students in our College have already responded; a hearty enthusiasm for the work of the Red Cross prevails throughout the school, as is shown by the fact that the enrollment for the First Aid Classes is unusually large. Red Cross work is one of the many activities in which women and girls can serve their country in time of war, and give expression to the loyal, patriotic sentiments which rise within them. In an era like this, with war impending, it may not be our privilege to enter into the actual fighting and sacrificing our lives for our country, but every woman can join the volunteer army of the Red Cross. And, as a recent Red Cross editorial puts it, there are fields of service for every one. "Some volunteer to go into hospitals to help nurses and to be assistants. Some volunteer for ambulance service. . . Others roll bandages and pack boxes. Still others can help practically by increasing their actual contributions to the Red Cross, by continuing their memberships, and by bringing in new members."

## THE SOROSIS

### CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

#### Omega.

The Omega Society held its open meeting of the year in the drawing room on the afternoon of Monday, March twelfth.

The program consisted of John Heywood's play, "The Play of the Wether," which was enjoyed to a degree by all the guests. It was a great honor and pleasure to the Society to have present so many of its alumnae members.

In the evening of the same day, Miss Coolidge entertained at dinner, the members of the Society. Dinner was served in Woodland Hall, and the appointments were carried out in yellow and white, with spring flowers as decorations.

#### Dramatic Club.

The members of the Dramatic Club are concentrating their time at present on the Latin play, "Menaechmi," which will be given in the latter part of April. Several members of the Latin department have joined the Dramatic Club in presenting this play, to which everyone is looking forward with such great interest. The play is to be given in compliment to the visiting delegates of the Classical Club which is to hold a convention.

#### Deutscher Verein.

The regular monthly meeting was held Monday afternoon, March nineteenth. No particular programme was arranged, but the afternoon was spent in discussing favorite German poems, and Fraulein Randolph sang several German songs, which were particularly enjoyable.

Miss Fuller and Miss Hooff were the hostesses.

#### Y. W. C. A.

The Junior class had charge of the Y. W. C. A. meeting on March seventh, and Miss Paul led the meeting. The subject was "Personality," and many questions concerning it were dis-

cussed at this meeting, and several very helpful and very interesting editorials were read by different members of the class. The programme was closed by a very delightful solo by Miss Younkins.

Miss Reinecke conducted Y. W. C. A. on March fourteenth, and the speaker for the morning was Miss Pomeroy. While she chose no really formal subject, the theme on which she spoke was "The Great Brotherhood," and she talked and quietly taught about the very urgent necessity and call for spiritual womanhood in this great world now and in the needs of its cities.

The Y. W. C. A. met at its regular time Wednesday, March twenty-first, and Miss Workman led the service. Mrs. Crehan, a guest in the college, sang during the devotional part of the programme, and the subject of the meeting was, "The College Girl's Debt." Miss Workman fully developed her statement that debts are responsibilities, whether physical or moral, by mentioning and emphasizing certain facts, some of which went straight to the heart of every individual.

#### **Mandolin Club.**

On March 21, the College Mandolin Club gave a joint concert with the Glee Club at the Kingsley House. The programme lasted for about an hour and a half and was much appreciated. It proved that both clubs are in good form for the annual concert on the evening of April twentieth.

On March twenty-third, the Mandolin Club played at the House for Incurables. The rest of the programme consisted of readings and vocal solos.

The Club is looking forward to the Concert with the Carnegie Tech Musical Clubs with much interest.

#### **The Ariel Club**

Since Christmas, a new club has been organized and is known as the "Ariel Club." The members meet every month, and study together bird life, and examine different species of birds. Many field trips are being planned for the early spring

now, which are anticipated to bring great pleasure as well as an enrichment and enlargement of knowledge about birds.

The officers of the club are: Miss Fuller, president; Miss Ruth Long, secretary and treasurer; Miss Holcomb, advisory member.



### LECTURES.

Edmund Vance Cooke lectured on March first and a most delightful hour was spent by all who heard him. He spoke briefly of the importance of poetry as the bright form of literature, because in poetry there is more impulse and emotion than in any other form of literature. He spoke also of the decadence of poetry at the present time which is due, to a great extent, to the decay in home life and to the everlasting rush and hurry. But most enjoyable of all were the poems of his own composition, which he read so very expressively. It may readily be recalled how many various types of poetry he presented and some characteristics of each. There is poetry even, in which impertinence plays the leading part; and of the type of verse which expresses real joy in existence, we remember the happy little poem "Moo-Cow-Moo." To peer further into the depths of poetry, we find portrayed there the conception of life in several philosophical poems, of which perhaps, the "Englishman's Philosophy of a German Friend" was enjoyed the most. A fourth type of poetry is that of "Patriotism," and we found that the lesson which America had given to the world is that of freedom in thought, trade and intercourse, which has been expressed in various patriotic poems.

The week following this lecture of Mr. Cooke's, Miss Coolidge gave an address on "The Poetry of the Present War," a subject which is of such great interest now. The present war poetry is mostly mediocre, because war is no longer a great ideal and therefore cannot be the source of a great literature, and too, because most of the men of genius are in the war. Taken as a whole we found that in this poetry, there is no talk of glory at all, but of pity. All the nations are writing, but up to this

time, only a few poems have been translated. Among these are found poems of honor, pathos and a few of humor, and among all are found poems, picturing individual experiences, and those dedicated to the different countries. Another new feature in this poetry is that so large a number of the poems are concerned with the new methods of warfare, there being many poems of horror composed about aeroplanes, submarines, et cetera. After this most delightful lecture, every one was ready to be wide awake and to make a search for herself for the new poetry which is being composed in the very heat of the present conflict.

Miss MacKenzie gave a very delightful recital during the lecture hour on March twenty-first. Her programme was particularly enjoyed, because before each number, she gave a short sketch of the composer and the conditions under which each composition was written. Among the numbers most enjoyed were groups from Chopin and Leschetizky.



### MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

The first of the ever pleasing series of Thursday afternoon recitals took place April 12th. As usual, this interesting program was a promising herald of one of the most delightful College events of the year.

Miss McKenzie entertained her students at a tea-musical in her studio on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 7th. The Misses Mabel Shane, Lois Farr, Valerie Bruckman and Ida Bigg presented the musical program.

The Misses Ruth and Helen Seaman sang at the Vandergrift Teachers' Institute on March twenty-third. Two groups of duets, together with a group of songs sung by Miss Ruth made up the program. They were accompanied by Mrs. Mayhew.

**SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT**

Alice Laidlaw, '16, has resigned her position in the advertising department of McCreery's store and will enter Y. W. C. A. work. Her special work will be with young women in industry.

Grace Woodrow, '16, has been in social work since January. She has recently become executive secretary for the Children's Aid Society of Allegheny County.

Social Service I. is ready to begin the study of juvenile delinquency. The class has already learned that in many cases which are brought before the Juvenile Court, the parents, not the children, are the real delinquents.

The visit to the Pennsylvania Training School, at Morganza, will be made early in May.

**EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.**

Little can one realize into what depths conversations of argumentative nature may hurl him. Quite innocently the Sophomore and Freshman classes, respectively, took up for their class work the silver art of debate. Alone and unmolested each class discussed for and among "itself" the subject of "Resolved that Movie Censorship is Desirable." All progressed peaceably until one memorable day one meritorious (or will it be notorious) Soph. suggested that there be an inter-class debate on some one subject to be chosen. The dire decision was made—we wait tense for further detail and feared result.

Josephine Paul a special student of Expression gave several readings for the College Alumnae at a tea at the College Club rooms.

**COLLEGE NOTES.**

The Spring Vacation in all its glory is over. Somehow it seems even more satisfactory than the Christmas holidays, for the hustle and bustle is eliminated and one can find so much time for



actual rest (?). Naturally everybody had the most perfect time in the world, but school is rather nice, too, and "P. C. W. is so lovely in the spring."

Every available moment is being taken advantage of for elections for next year. As ever, much interest is being manifested. The Seniors are slightly depressed!

Shortly before the vacation, Dr. Acheson made a very urgent plea to the College concerning the country's needs in this greatest crisis for co-operative citizenship. He pointed out particularly the splendid work being done by the Red Cross Society of America and brought home to us in a graphic way the marvelous amount of work done by them in comparison with the shamefully tiny amount taken up by individual groups or citizens of the country. The comparison in statistics furnished by Dr. Acheson of what we have done and what we should do was appalling. There was no doubt about the arguments having reached home for soon after the announcement that registration for Red Cross membership was in order here at the College, reports showed an enlistment of one hundred members—faculty and students—and a fund of one hundred and twenty-five dollars as our share in this stupendous work.

It is not surprising that, when immediately after vacation Dr. Acheson announced that there would be offered at the college—instruction in first aid, there should be so hearty a response. In a very short time, there was a registration of one hundred five faculty and students. The Red Cross Society is for the most part unable as yet to supply a sufficient number of capable instructors, so that the College has special reason to congratulate itself upon securing five of the best city physicians, who will be able to handle all the classes nicely.

The courses will consist of two hours a week—an hour's lecture by the doctor in charge, and an hour's laboratory work, under Miss Marshall—nurse of the College. The regular course includes text book instruction and an examination at the completion of the same. Those students who have creditably passed

this examination will be placed upon a Government reserve list and will receive a certificate which will give them an opportunity to volunteer their services first, if the need is felt. The fact that any work done is entirely voluntary and further that absolutely no personal benefits—except moral ones—be accrued to the individual, makes any work done doubly valuable.

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### FACTULTY NOTES.

Apparently Miss Coolidge believes thoroughly in the doctrine of retribution, for not only has she been working overtime during the school term, but also during vacation. On Friday and Saturday, March 30 and 31, Miss Coolidge attended the College Vocational Bureau Conference in New York City as a Pittsburgh representative of the Central Committee of Vocational Bureaus. Other cities now represented in this Central Committee, on organization recently founded to deal with national policies and to bring about the co-operation of all bureaus, are New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Chicago, and Boston. The movement is becoming nation-wide and each local bureau, many of which have not yet become members of the Central Committee, is hoping to do so on especially needed work in the present crisis, through the medium of trained women who will be ready for service in all the professions.

During the week of April tenth, Miss Coolidge will attend the Biennial Convention of the Collegiate Alumni Association in Washington City as one of two Pittsburgh delegates. Some of the most interesting programmes will present new lines of women's work in government service.

Miss White made an address at the Current Events Club on March 21st, on "Americanizing the United States."

Miss Abbot together with Mr. Karl Heinrich and others of his pupils danced at the Schenley theatre on the evening of April thirteenth at a benefit performance for the East End division of the Red Cross Society.

## ALUMNAE NEWS.

Mrs. Anna Pitty Irwin, '03, has a new daughter.

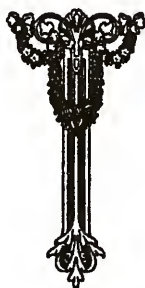
Harriet Kerr '05, has been very ill but is now quite recovered.

Marguerite McBurney, '14, visited with Miss White for a few days.

Lyda Young '04 has been transferred from the Central Library to the library at Soho Settlement.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Armstrong '88 was a guest at Mrs. Early's Faculty Tea on Tuesday, April 3.

An interesting Alumnae Tea was held at the College Club Rooms on March 17. Kathryn Robb sang and Josephine Paul read in her usual charming manner.





# CLASSNOTES

## Senior Scandal.

Leah and Ada spent those few days allotted to us in the Springtime of the year with our friend Dorcas who showed these unsophisticated school girls the time of their lives.

## Genius Rewarded.

Jane has had a tremendous honor thrust upon her capable shoulders. She has been offered a fellowship at Mt. Holyoke. We expect wonders of you, Jane. Uphold the honors of '17.

## To the Colors!

The Seniors have risen valiantly to the call for Red Cross workers and the recruiting office has been mobbed by would-be nurses. Let us hope that no violence will be practised in our midst just to give the First Aides an opportunity to show their skill. If you have a broken arm or a dislocated rib, conceal it from these well-meaning citizens on penalty of your life.

## The Beginning of the End.

Elections have passed safely off. It gives the Seniors a rather queer feeling to bestow all the offices on others and yet we feel rather superior to all these things when we consider what tremendous things we may be accomplishing next year.

The question seems to be whether we have been urged to take a school or whether some one has urged us not to.

The Seniors are learning some very practical things these days, one of which is to read with the eyes upon the class rather than on the manuscript. One of our members seems to have great difficulty accomplishing this feat but, as she admitted, one must be familiar with one's manuscript (and we might add, hand-writing) especially when the manuscript is one's own and was written but the night before.

### **The Rights of Women!**

The advantages of a girl's college in comparison to a co-education institution are many and diverse but one distinct advantage is that women are coming into their own sphere as head of the house. Let no mere man wrest this right from you, girls! Much depends on you!

---

### **JUNIOR NOTES.**

Vacation is again a thing of the past and we're once more firmly established in our beloved but almost unrecognizable den. In the extreme neatness which prevails, we poor mortals, accustomed to our usual pleasantly chaotic state are pitifully confused and naturally being used to finding our belongings by our woman's intuition—we never think of its being in the spot originally planned for it. However, careful labor is gradually returning us to our former happy state.

Elections have just taken place and we're certainly proud of Olive Wolf, Jo Paul and Martha Temple, who were elected, respectively, Editor-in-chief of the Sorosis; President of the Student Government Association and President of the Y. W. C. A.

Esther Evans is the proud owner of a tender valentine inscribed in her English book by a gentlemen whose name we will keep secret, lest upon his talents becoming known to the clamoring public, he should be overwhelmed by requests for similar gentle messages.

We have been greatly shocked at a terrible sign of profanity in Miss Bennett, which we hitherto never suspected. In

speaking of a certain problem she, horrible to relate, said, "Now we'll all go to L."

The Red Cross, First Aid, classes offered to the college began their good work the day of the announcement. Ask Molly Davidson, who is in training for the eighth of a mile sprinting contest—if you doubt our word.

---

### SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

One advantage of an unusually early vacation is that some of our girls, who are now at different colleges, have been able to come back for some little visits during their vacations. Gladys Leech, who is now at Wells, Bonnie Taylor and Marion Post of Smith, have all been back for a short time.

The following bit of verse has found its way from the heart of one of the Sophs, which expresses the attitude of every loyal member of the Chemistry class this semester:

#### "Lost Happiness."

Alas, we knew it couldn't last,  
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past,  
Ever thus from earliest hour  
We've seen our fondest hopes decay,  
When e'er they first burst into flower,  
They faded, wilted, died away,  
Now, too, the joy supreme, divine,  
Of all we ever dreamt or knew—  
Those "Chem." note books, bliss sublime,  
Oh, Misery! Must we lose them too?  
How grand to write them up so neat  
And then, to have them checked, how sweet,  
(Poor "Droopy," tho' she drooped somewhat before)  
Looks quite fatigued, and droops a little more,  
But now they're gone, all gone,  
Those precious burdens of the Sophomore song,  
For, snatched away by fate unkind,  
They're passed, and left a score of broken hearts  
behind.

M. A. C.



E. W. (hesitating in translating a passage of the *Menaechmi*)  
—"I don't remember what 'haereo' means."

Miss G. (prompting her)—"Say, 'I'm stuck.' "

A large number of guests were present at the Sophomore party, Friday evening, March 9, despite the fact that Carnegie "Tech" gave a concert on the same evening. It was a very nice party—even the Juniors admit that—and the Freshman thought it most considerate having it in their honor. (They got that idea from the St. Patrick Day decorations).

During the earlier part of the evening we danced, and then there were some "stunts." In the thrilling romance, filmed by Red McElroy, Marg. Hamilton was exactly like Lou Tellegen, except that she didn't get the girl, and had to be content with the fair Eve, because Monsieur Richards, the graceful waiter, captured the charming Mary Philput Pickford.

Musical numbers by the world's great artists were greatly appreciated. Madame Schumann-Heink rendered her delightful "High-lo" from the summit of a step-ladder, with great gusto, at the same time the inspiring notes of the "so-lo" poured from the golden throated Enrico stationed below.

Several exquisite duets were "picked" by Miss Ethel Davis and Sir Henry Leopold. The quality of tone in "The Music of Paradise" and the technique of "Spiegelsleisen" were superb.

"Bud" Salinger and "Fisher" Crawford, the Sophomore twins, with the art peculiar to their illustrious name sake, edited the latest copy of "Who's Who," much to our enjoyment—and to the delight of the faculty, the antics of the latter venerable body being portrayed with astonishing exactness.

After all this we danced until the contents of the punch-bowl had disappeared and then the most delicious refreshments were served. Green and white ice-cream and shamrock cakes and candy! Being still quite early, just about eleven o'clock, we danced until the eleven-thirty bell rang, and finally, tired and sleepy, every one departed, already looking forward to the Freshman party, the last of the series.

**FRESHMAN NOTES.**

The members of the Freshman Class have successfully passed through that period of strenuous recuperation popularly known as vacation. By this time our recitations have almost regained their natural and customary brilliancy.

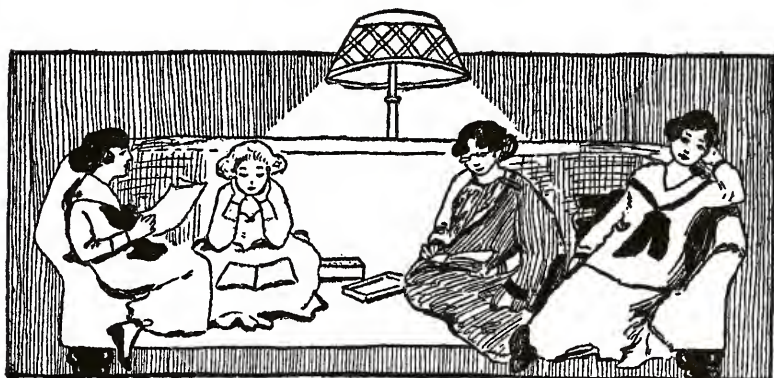
At present one of the most discussed subjects in the den is the "Freshman Party." Although it does occur on Friday, the thirteenth, we hope no one will stay away on account of superstition.

Owing to the illness of her mother, Lilian Nair has not yet returned to college. We also regret that Elizabeth Davis is still absent because of ill health.

The proposed "First Aid" classes have excited much interest. The Freshman seem anxious to learn the art of graceful and picturesque bandaging. Perhaps, too, they wish to test the becomingness of a Red Cross uniform.

Rosalie Morris and Helen Bennett spent part of their spring vacation in visiting several of the large Eastern colleges.





## HOUSE NOTES

At Vespers, Sunday evening, March eleventh, Mr. Hines read Tolstoi's "Where God Is, There Love Is Also" a most beautiful short story. Special music was furnished by the Glee Club.

Reverend McGowan, of the Bellefield Presbyterian Church, was the speaker at Vespers on Sunday evening, March eighteenth. He chose for his text, "When ye lift up the Son of Man then shall ye know." During the services both Miss Younkens and Mrs. Creahen sang solos.

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## EXCHANGES

We feel ourselves called upon to resent the repeated assertions that the short stories, as produced by the various College monthlies, have no originality and very little real worth.

It is true, no doubt, that some stories, such as "After Two Nights" in the last "Phaetra," leave one with the feeling that our emotions have been keyed up and then left drop again with an unsatisfactory thump at the end. It is probably the writer's striving for the realistic that puts in so many confusing words, such as "Babano-Maestro-Bandido" and other "o's" equally unusual to the ear. However, there is no denying the real worth and ingenuity of such stories as "Mary" in the March "Smith

Monthly." It is written humorously, and with seeming ease. A "triangle" situation "not the eternal one so popular with 'The Ladies' Home Journal' . . . where a baby occupies one of the angles" is certainly a happy change from much of the melodramatic literature of the day and it is such writers from which we can expect the genuine realistic modern short story.

The "Barnard Bear" is surpassing itself lately with a group of remarkably good stories, such as "Essentials," a homey sketch full of worth while philosophy, and "The Leisure of Mrs. Warren," another story quite worth reading.

"Mount Holyoke" makes up for its dearth of short stories by an excellent little play entitled "The Singing Pool."



# THE SOROSIS

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MAY-JUNE, 1917

No. 8

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## SONG

Elizabeth B. White

Honorary Member of Class '17

We came this far together,  
Through bright and stormy days;  
We never cared for weather,  
But gaily went our ways.

But now the road's a-forkin',  
I canna' see the end;  
I only know you're leavin' me,  
Oh! What's beyond the bend?

Some are for the cities,  
Some will seek the sea;  
Some will go a-dreamin'  
Wherever they may be.

Some would seek the starry heights  
Where only great ones go;  
And 'ithers love the poor folk,  
That walk wi' us, below.

Some are for the chimney-nook,  
Oh! happy be their home!  
And some there are wi' gypsy blood,  
Oh! far their feet must roam!

Where you go I canna' go,  
You canna' stay with me;  
Will you no' forget me quite  
When the road is free?

Take my love, I pray you,  
Leave a thought behind;  
Then still we'll be together,  
Where e'er the way may wind!



**LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT**

Helen Pardec, '17

We, the Senior Class of 1917, of the Pennsylvania College for Women, of the City of Pittsburgh, County of Allegheny, and State of Pennsylvania, whereas the time is now at hand when we must depart these halls of learning and, scattered throughout the wide world, seek our fortunes elsewhere; and likewise, whereas, such being the case, much of our property and possessions must be left behind; therefore, being of sound and disposing mind, we make and publish this our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time made.

First: We give and devise to the present Junior Class our solemn dignity, honorable station, elevation of mind and character, the respect and reverence tendered us by underclassmen, and all the privileges attached thereunto, namely: the responsible offices and duties of President of various college organizations, the front rows of seats in Chapel (relinquished with a sigh), the opportunity of guiding the heedless feet of innocent young Freshmen as Senior Counselors, the right to see the Faculty Play and to attend the Woodland Hall dance, and perhaps greatest of all, the privilege of securing patronesses for the Dramatic Club Play.

Second: We give and devise to the present Junior Class our beloved Senior Sanctum, papered by our own hands, together with whatever oatmeal may still be clinging to said wall paper. The rug in said sanctum, we give and devise to (Mrs.) Sarah L. Drais, charging her to treat it with the respect due its venerable age and years of service. The chafing dish in said sanctum, ancient and dilapidated though it be, we give and devise to our dear sister class, the Sophomores, hoping that they will duly appreciate and enjoy it.

Third: We give and devise to the Day Girls of the present Junior Class our weekly Desert Day with all its wonderful sur-

prises and delicious fulfillments, and to the House Girls of said class, the privileged Senior Table.

Fourth: We give and devise to some favored and discerning class of the future our loved and respected Honorary Member, who, through her unceasing interest and loyal sympathy, has entered heartily in all our plans and has proved an invaluable counsellor, only on condition that said class does not wholly usurp her time and interest and cause her to forget her loyal friends of '17. Whatever originality and cleverness our class may boast, largely inspired by said Honorary Member, we give and devise to our sister class, the present Sophomores.

Fifth: We give and devise to the incoming Freshman Class of 1921 our beautiful colors, red and white, and in symbol thereof, the bulbs of the red and white tulips which recently bloomed on our campus.

Sixth: We give and devise to the present Junior Class the social life of Seniors, the Senior Play, and all the joys and sorrows of Commencement.

All the rest and residue of our property, real and personal, which we do not retain ourselves, we give, bequeath, and devise to the present Freshman Class.

Lastly, we constitute and appoint Miss Elizabeth B. White as executrix of this, our Last Will and Testament, and she shall serve without giving bond.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this nineteenth day of May, nineteen hundred seventeen.

CLASS OF 1917.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named Class of 1917 as and for their Last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names at their request as witnesses thereto, in the presence of the testatrices and of each other.

JOHN C. ACHESON  
CORA HELEN COOLIDGE.  
HELEN LOUISE PARDEE.

**THE GREAT CLASS**

Estelle Shepard, '17

(Tune: "Coming Through the Rye")

There's a great class in our college,

The class of seventeen;

There's a class that's full of knowledge

The class of seventeen.

Chorus: All the students sing our praises,

Best class ever seen;

The Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors all are

Proud of seventeen.

**HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1917**

Jane Errett, '17

In the days when we are filling out teachers' application blanks, we look back to the days when with similar qualms we signed our registration cards with the secretary, Miss Stewart. Since that day we have repeated the performance with more indifference, except that we have stood beside younger girls in an attempt to inspire them with greater confidence.

First of all, let it be accepted without controversy that we have studied and have brought great credit to the class. Moreover, Omega has honored us by inviting many of us to join that society; the Dramatic Club has found that our talents were indispensable.

One of the most interesting lines of research in this present historical sketch has been that of photographs. They display what might be called a cycle of fashions.—the farthest removed styles being the most interesting: namely, our Freshman costumes. The skirts were long; oh, certainly! long! For we were growing old.

Significant of our launching into College life, our first class party was a "Middy Hop." With this event the "stars began to twinkle." Fish nets and seaweed greeted the eye as they adorned the walls, and the sturdy masts. Cosy deck chairs, steamer rugs

and life preservers were within easy reach. Ruth Gokey has served many times on Committees for Decoration, but no results have ever given so much satisfaction. The ship's concert relieved the monotony of the rolling waves. Baby Louise, clinging fast to her Teddy Bear, and prompted by her over anxious mother, Estelle, held us spell-bound by her recital of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." The touching parting between the tar and his sweetheart, as sung by Dorcas and Martha, stirred our sympathies. A gentleman voyager who was requested to take part in the program did so with trepidation which bordered on the ludicrous. The song hit of the evening, with Martha Crandall as soloist, although harrowing in detail, revived our confidence in young girls who rely on "Heaven to protect the Working Girl."

In due time most of us became Sophomores, and one of our earliest steps showed our magnanimity. We gave a "Baby Party" for the Freshmen, entertaining them with games suitable to their ages, but with refreshments more palatable to ourselves. Thus, we duly impressed them with our superiority. In this memorable year, Louise found a twin and started the Titian Club. At our party that year, the shamrock and the clay pipe were in evidence in honor of Saint Patrick, and the class paraded in Tipperary hats, and green sashes. In the May Day pageant, "Paskennodon," we represented "Hills and Valleys." It was unfortunate that on both of these occasions we had to frolic in the colors of 1916, but the blame lies with the Irish and Mother Nature.

How the children do grow up! By Junior year we had begun to show signs of dignity, even among the youngest. We now had a sister class below us. Moreover, with the purchase of class rings, and our appearance in caps and gowns, Commencement began to draw closer. We were proud of those gowns--at first. We even had our pictures taken in them, without having to be urged. You will find one picture of which we are particularly proud; for in the center of it is Dr. Brashear.

Due to our stateliness, we were permitted to dance the Pavan before Queen Elizabeth, in the Shakespearean pageant,

in 1916. In order to relieve the strain, and to have a taste of the old days, we celebrated with a feast between the afternoon and evening performances, and so with frills and feathers of our Court Life, with sweeping trains and mustaches, we gathered around the festal board only to famish politely for one hour, while one of the courtiers hastened home for some forgotten sandwiches. We feasted until dark and then prepared for a second performance—of the pageant.

A certain custom has been instituted in College, the name of which is odious to Seniors of any year. We believed in it when we were Juniors, but years have brought discretion. We must have realized its sadness, however, for we seized our last chance to appear young and happy. The picture reveals a group of little girls with flowing locks, huge ribbon bows, and short dresses. Would that we had prolonged the occasion.

Now Senior days are almost ended. But all good things come to an end. Now, lest we should leave with sadness and sorrow, we have plunged into our play, "The Barber of Seville." The play—what qualities does it not discover? In our selection of it, one can discern our generosity. We could decide upon one play per week, and vote for a different one the next. One fact is absolute—Shakespeare did not write it. We are grieved that every girl could not have an important part; but all the competition of the contest will be forgotten in the glory of its production.

---

## OPENINGS FOR WOMEN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

Elizabeth McClelland, '17

In the new opportunities which are everywhere opening up for women, especially in these days of vocational training, we must not neglect the many positions which are opening and have been opened to women in the service of the government. Many women do not know that they are eligible to these offices or what training and requirements are necessary. We shall try to put this matter before you and give you some idea of what other women are doing in this field.

In the first place, the law places no restrictions upon the appointment of women as clerks and for other positions. There is one exception to this, namely, that no married woman, whether supporting her husband or not, may be employed in a classified position in the Postal Service. A divorced woman, however, is not debarred from these positions. Women may therefore apply for any position in the service, but the nature of some kinds of work, such as surveying, engineering, etc., presents physical obstacles which even the most advanced of our sex have not overcome. The opportunities in all lines are very good in comparison with other branches of work for women, and with the success of "The Cause", women's voices may be more frequent if not louder in these matters.

Most of the positions that are now filled by women are clerkships, library and secretarial positions, etc. One-half of the women in the service are employed at Washington, but there are still many positions outside of Washington for the woman who prefers her native city. Evening classes are conducted at Washington, which give the employees chances of improving along a great many lines. Positions are filled by appointing officers, and women may continue in the service without fear of removal on change of administration. Women are paid the same salaries as men and, as men will not accept these salaries, women are in great demand. The salaries for women are higher, however, than they would receive elsewhere for the same work.

There are many women employed as postmasters and as rural carriers. The Indian service employs 1,500 women as matrons, teachers, etc., 300 of whom are Indians. The superintendent in this service receives from \$1,200 to \$1,500 per year. Of the 4,100 employees in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, 2,300 are women; of the 4,000 employees in the Government Printing office, 882 are women. As the proportion of women depends upon the nature of the work, the Department of Commerce and of Agriculture have the largest per cent. of women employees. Twenty-seven per cent. of the employees in the Department of Commerce are women and their salaries range from \$1,800 to \$2,400 per year, the majority about \$1,200. Twelve and a half per cent. of



the employees in the Department of Agriculture are women. These salaries range from \$3,500 for a Specialist in Home Economics, down to \$1,300 for assistant physicians. Some of these positions require high specialization, but the salaries make them worth while. It may be of interest to enumerate some of these positions and their salaries.

Chemical Bacteriologist at Philadelphia..	\$3,250
Expert on Sanitation, Children's Bureau	2,800
Patent Examiner .....	2,100
Librarian, Geological Survey.....	2,000
Specialist in Foreign Educational Systems	1,800
Translator, Patent Office.....	1,800

In addition to these positions and innumerable clerkships, there is a demand for map and chart colorists, statisticians, scientists, etc.

Besides the opportunities in the Federal service there are also a great many positions in State institutions, such as playground workers, school nurses, probation officers, dietitians and inspectors of various kinds. The salaries for scientists in New York City range from \$600 for laboratory assistants to \$1,800 for bacteriologists. Social workers receive from \$900 to \$1,500, inspectors from \$1,200 to \$1,500, stenographers from \$600 to \$1,800, and much higher for court stenographers. Nine states and 200 cities offer civil service commissioners; Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston offer the best opportunities.

Now we come to the examinations. The examination is in three parts, consisting of (1) an experience paper, including education and previous work; (2) physical examination; (3) mental examination, based on the nature of the duties. Examinations are held when previous lists are exhausted. It is possible, however, to paint this in too rosy colors. There are a few drawbacks. You must pass the examination with high enough marks so that your name may be reached before the list of positions is exhausted. If you must have a position immediately, do not rely upon civil service appointments. Take the examinations when they are offered and keep in touch with the Civil Service Commis-

sion, who will be glad to keep you informed. Civil Service schools are maintained to prepare for these examinations, but these schools should be thoroughly investigated. Some are good, others are poor, and still others are downright frauds. For information, write to the U. S. Civil Service Commissioner, or to the State or City Commissioners, for the manual of examinations and the book of rules.

It might be interesting just to note some of the exceptional positions which are held by women in this service. The following are good examples:

Librarian of Department of Agriculture.

Mycologist in charge of Herbarium, Bureau of Plant Industry.

Superintendent of Division of Hygiene, Children's Bureau.

Clerk of Commission on Foreign Relations, U. S. Senate.

Expert on Indian Music, Smithsonian Institute.

As this paper is purely for purposes of information, the addresses and directors of College Employment Bureaus in the largest cities may be of use for reference:

Boston Appointment Bureau

264 Boylston Street

Boston, Mass.

Director—Miss Florence Jackson.

Bureau of Occupations

130 E. Twenty-second Street

New York, N. Y.

Director—Miss Frances Cummings.

Vocational Bureau

1300 Spruce Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

Director—Miss Theodora Butcher

Collegiate Vocational Bureau

Bessemer Building

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Director—Miss Esther Smith

There are now 700 women employed in the municipal building in New York and many more are needed. The college woman should have additional vocational training. The field is broad, however, and in the next two or three years fifty or sixty commissions will be open for trained women in New York City alone.

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### ORIGINALITY

M. J. C., '17

(Tune original)

We are the members of the class  
Of nineteen seventeen;  
For anything that's full of fun  
Our class is always keen.  
In stunts of any kind,  
We never are behind,  
Then let us give a cheer for Seventeen.

#### Chorus:

Rah, rah, rah, rah, we are feeling gay,  
For we are on our way  
To our Commencement Day;  
And now, as in the future years,  
We'll shout aloud and say,  
Rah, rah, rah, rah, it's seventeen for aye.

We're not a very boastful class,  
We'd like to have you know;  
But when we start to do a thing  
We always make it go.  
Our motto ought to be  
"O-rig-i-nal-ity";  
The Class of Seventeen is not so slow.

## THE SOROSIS

## SONG

Elizabeth McClelland, '17

(Tune: "Stein Song")

Give a rouse then all together  
For the class of seventeen,  
For you'll never find another  
That's as great as it has been;  
For we always are ready,  
To join in the fun a-plenty,  
With a cheer for our college  
And the class of seventeen.  
And the Seniors are loyal,  
They're jolly and just as clever;  
Here's a cheer for our college  
And the class of seventeen.

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## BROWNING'S THEORY OF ART

Helen Louise Pardee, '17

No English poet has written so fully upon art nor has had such accurate knowledge and keen appreciation of it as Robert Browning. Rosetti has said that no one he had ever met was so thoroughly versed in early Italian art as Browning and that his knowledge was "encyclopedically beyond that of Ruskin himself." Browning was able to enter into the feelings of artists in their attitude toward their paintings and also to use their vocabulary for he had worked himself to some extent along that line. While in Italy, he studied modelling and his technical allusions are those of a workman. Sometimes Browning has been criticized on the ground of obscurity in the use of such technical terms, but it only shows that he is a master of the power of self-expression. He seemed to have a fascination for doing things aside from his foremost gift. In "One Word More," we see his apparent longing to reach into other branches of art.

"Aye, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper dowry,—  
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—  
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,—  
Put to proof art alien to the artist's."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I shall never, in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,  
Make you music that should all express me;  
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.  
This of verse alone, one life allows me;  
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.  
Other heights in other lives, God willing:  
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Lord!"

Some art critics, who are literally accurate, would probably find fault with Browning's assertions. They might say that some of Andrea del Sarto's paintings show spiritually and reach a higher plane than cold realism. Again they might say that Botticelli (Sandro) should not be ranked with Giotto and Cimabue as he belonged to the next period of Italian art. But these things do not spoil the truth of Browning's poems on art. He passed over such details and classed the various painters according to the types of character they revealed in their work. Thus Andrea del Sarto, though able at times to portray spiritual beauty, generally worked on a low level without inspiration. Botticelli, on the other hand, though of a later school than Giotto, might be classed with him because of his spirit of originality.

Browning felt that art had something beyond the mere form which appeals to people in general. His intellect sought in painting, deep meaning which could be analyzed. The passion for collecting pictures merely for their outward appearance, he considered ignoble unless a deeper purpose lay beneath it. He tells with scorn of the connoisseur who wished to have inscribed on his tomb that he alone possessed a snuff box, "A Grignon with the Regent's crest." Art is praiseworthy, not for what it accomplishes, but for what it aspires to. If the artist is satisfied,

his work is not true art. True art lies in the spirit of the artist constantly seeking higher aims. Browning thought that the best way to present truth was through artistic forms. At the end of "The Ring and the Book," he says:

"Why take the artistic way to prove so much?  
Because, it is the glory and the good of Art,  
That Art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Art,—wherein man nowise speaks to men,  
Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth  
Obliquely do the thing shall breed the thought,  
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.  
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,  
Beyond mere imagery on the wall."

The first great period of Italian art, we find covered by Browning in "Old Pictures in Florence." The Renaissance had brought new ideas, both Christian and pagan, to artists. Previous to this, they had sought to portray religious themes by suppressing all individuality and by making allegorical figures. Now the dictates of the church, which dominated them, were modified so that less formality and more truth to life were introduced in the pictures. Grotto was a leader in the new work and Browning admires him greatly for his idealism and individuality. He also highly praises Cimabue, Taddeo Gaddi, Sandro, and Nicolo Pisani as worthy men who began a revolution. In this poem, he contrasts the perfect beauty of Greek sculpture with the imperfections of the early Christian painters. The Greeks had an intense love for beauty as revealed in the perfect human form. Therefore, they expressed their ideal in statues of Greek gods. But later we find a period of decadence in Greek art, due to seeking sensuous beauty as an end. Christianity came to the world making no connection between virtue and bodily beauty. The early Christian painters sought to express spiritual beauty and, therefore, far surpassed the perfection of Greek art because they were conscious of the inner truth of the



soul of man. Mere form is of little importance when compared to the deeper meaning revealed. Thus imperfection was a sign of progress.

"Growth came when, looking your last on them all,  
You turned your eyes inwardly one fine day  
And cried with a start—What if we so small  
Be greater and grander the while than they?  
Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?  
In both, of such lower types are we  
Precisely because of our wider nature;  
For time, theirs—ours, for eternity."

\* \* \* \* \*

"On which I conclude, that the early painters,  
To cries of 'Greek art and what more wish you?'  
Replied, 'To become now self-acquainters,  
And paint man, man, whatever the issue!  
Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,  
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters:  
To bring the invisible fall into play!  
Let the invisible go to the dogs—what matters?'"

Browning, essentially a Poet of Character, appears in this phase also in his poems on art. In these, he studies artists of various temperaments. We find three typical painters in *Pictor Ignotus*, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, and *Andrea del Sarto*. In *Pictor Ignotus*, the monastic painter is shown who paints in adoration. *Fra Lippo Lippi* represents realism entering into religion and art. *Andrea del Sarto* shows how compromise is ruinous, since he sacrificed idealism to popularity.

*Andrea del Sarto*, called the Faultless Painter, was very skillful and his pictures are technically perfect, but Browning shows us how the artist felt that they lacked soul. His ideal was lower than men less skillful than he. He felt that his works were nearer heaven than he was, but he thought himself unfit for

heaven and made no attempt to reach it. Speaking of less skillful painters, he says:

"There burns a truer light of God in them."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Their works drop groundward, but themselves,  
I know,

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,  
Enter and take their place there sure enough,  
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.  
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?"

So he realized how much he fell short of what he might have been, all because of the influence of a woman. Dr. Berdoe says scornfully of Andrea, "No woman ruined his soul; he had no soul to ruin." But Browning shows us the sadness of Andrea's life and his submission to fate, rather than drawing any lessons from his failure.

A decided contrast is seen in Pictor Ignotus, the sensitive artist in the cloister, absolutely apart from the world, where he painted deeply religious pictures. He could have painted pictures that would have brought him fame which would have been very dear, but fame would have brought with it harsh criticism and merchandise of his pictures, the very expression of his soul, and so he prefers to paint unknown.

"Wherefore I chose my portion. If at whiles  
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint  
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles  
With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,  
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,—  
At least no merchant traffics in my heart;  
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward  
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart."

Fra Lippo Lippi, according to Browning's interpretation, was a monk in life, but not in heart. He represents the youthful, fun-loving artist with a keen appreciation of art true to life. The Prior set him at painting the walls as he early showed a gift for it. But the Prior's standard of art was very narrow and he criticized Lippo Lippi for painting body instead of soul. But the artist did not wish to suppress his individuality, but longed to paint beauty though in outward conformity to the church. He thought that beauty and soul belonged together and one heightened the effect of the other.

"Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—  
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)  
If you get simple beauty and naught else,  
You get about the best thing God invents:  
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you  
    have missed,  
Within yourself, when you return him thanks."

Fra Lippo Lippi had a passion for "the beauty, and the wonder, and the power, the shapes of things, their colors, lights, shades, changes, surprises." He believed that the beauties of nature and much more the figures of men and women should be admired and truthfully painted. So he gives us the purpose of art,—

"We'er made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we  
    have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;  
And so they are better, painted—better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that,  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out."

**CLASS OF SEVENTEEN**

Esther McCracken, a Former Member of '17

(Tune: Russian Hymn)

Hail, Class of Seventeen,  
United, we stand;  
Our name shall ever sound  
Throughout the land;  
Proud of our colors,  
The Red and the White;  
Hail, Class of Seventeen,  
The Class of Might.

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**THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**

Estelle Shepard, '17

Helene stood in the doorway of her room and looked around her listlessly. Her dark brown eyes wandered from the handsome blue carpet to the curtains, which blended harmoniously in color with the carpet, and to the furniture, handsome in itself and appropriate to the room.

"Such good taste," she said, softly, "and how perfect the combination." But her voice expressed a doubt, as though she missed some one thing to complete the room, and didn't know what was lacking.

Helene was a girl of twenty, with a tall, lithe figure, a handsome face, and a strong, determined chin. Her dark eyes and dark hair contrasting with her fair complexion suggested delicacy as well as strength.

"It is—perfect," she said. Yet her voice did not convince her. She frowned.

"Dislike a thing for its perfection?" She smiled at the thought. But the perplexed frown soon returned.

After a few moments she put on her hat and coat and started for a walk.

As she got nearer the business section, she heard someone call, "Helene, oh Helene."

She turned quickly. Her cheeks reddened and her eyes grew bright as she saw a young man lift his hat and hurry to catch up to her. He was a large, square-shouldered man with a round, jovial face and clear, friendly, gray eyes.

"Why, Ben," said Helene with a smile, "where have you been? I didn't expect to see you!"

"Nor I you," he answered with a broad grin. He fell into step with her and took her arm gently, yet as though he had a right to do so.

"How are you?" he asked.

The question as he asked it seemed more than a commonplace to be answered trivially.

Helene's answer showed her sincerity. "I wish I could say 'All right'."

"Can I help you?"

Helene looked up into his sympathetic face and shook her head. "No," she said with a smile, "I don't know exactly what is wrong, myself."

Ben nodded sympathetically.

"When I have discovered what is wrong, I may ask you."

"Thank you."

They walked on for several minutes in silence, a silence of comradeship.

"How is your patent coming, Ben?" Helene asked softly.

Ben's mouth twisted into a wry smile. "It has its ups and downs like everything. This is an "up" day, but yesterday wasn't."

"Tell me about it."

Ben shrugged his shoulders. "It really wasn't as bad as you seem to think—a couple of drawings lost that have to be replaced."

"That means most of your work over again?"

"Yes," he said with a careless nod. After a moment he added, "Have you seen the splendid work that Jack Burroughs is doing in the settlement?"

"The new superintendent you told me about?"

Helene's face grew bright with interest.

"Yes," she answered. It is splendid. He works too hard, I think, from what you say."

"Jack needs a good many helpers."

"You have been his greatest helper, he says," Helene smiled up at Ben showing the pleasure she had in anyone's praise of him.

"You are very appreciative. Once in a while you make me believe you have kissed the Blarney Stone."

"Why, Ben," she said. "It's you. You are such a modest person, you try to make me believe you never do anything. Besides, it was Jack who said that about you, not I."

Ben laughed heartily and happily. Helene caught his joyousness and laughed with him.

"Joking aside, Helene," Ben said, seriously, "I've often wondered why you don't do some work of that sort. You have the ability and the time—"

"I?" she asked in surprise. "I doubt if I can do anything of that sort. Do you really suppose Mr. Burroughs could use me? I should like to help. Your enthusiasm is very contagious. But I've never done anything like that. The only experience I've had is helping Aunt Mary at—charity balls." She made a grimace and laughed at herself.

"I'm sure you could if you would." Ben's voice expressed such a firm belief that Helene smiled.

"I'll ask Aunt Mary," she said. "Perhaps she won't object."

"I hope not."

There was silence for several minutes till they reached a cross street.

"I must go back," said Helene. "You see, I came out just for a little walk, and I didn't tell Aunt Mary I was coming." She held out her hand.

Ben held it for a moment, looking steadily into her brown eyes. "I shall see you tonight?"

She nodded.

"And your aunt, too?" he added. "You know what I want to tell her, don't you?"



Helene looked down quickly. "If she has no engagement for tonight," she said.

Ben gave her hand one more shake and then crossed the street.

Helene walked happily toward home. Several times she smiled as she thought of Ben's contagious laugh.

As she came in sight of the big, gray, stone house, with its driveway and well-kept lawn, the vague feeling of discontent and unhappiness again came over her. The whole house had the same lack as her room, but the nature of that lack was still vague in her mind. The house was beautiful in architecture, in furnishings and in taste. Helene loved that beauty in spite of the evident lack.

The butler opened the door as she stepped up on the porch. "Mrs. Mason wishes you to go to her room as soon as you can, Miss Ralston," he said.

"Very well, Howard."

Helene hurried to her aunt's room without waiting to remove her wraps. Her cheeks were glowing with exercise, and her dark eyes shone. She tucked some of her loosened hair under her hat.

"Come in," she heard in answer to her knock.

Her aunt turned from her desk as Helene entered.

Mrs. Mason was a handsome woman, with fair hair and complexion. Her dress was both graceful and becoming. Her bright cold eyes glanced quickly and sharply at Helene.

"Sit down, Helene," said Mrs. Mason, with a slight motion of her shapely, jeweled hand. "I was a trifle worried about you. I had not known you were going out."

Helene sat down on the edge of the chair her aunt had indicated. She toyed with her gloves. "I really didn't know, myself. It was just a sudden whim for a walk."

"I see," said Mrs. Mason coldly. "You might at least have left word with Howard or one of the maids."

"I'll try to remember," Helene answered meekly.

"I was just accepting Mrs. Hole's invitation to be chairman of the charity ball next spring. You will be able to help me won't you?"

"Why—yes—I guess so."

Mrs. Mason turned to her desk as though to dismiss her niece.

Helene rose and stood playing with her gloves. "Aunt Mary, have you ever heard me speak of Mr. Burroughs?"

Mrs. Mason looked at Helene in surprise. "No, who is he?"

"He is a friend of Ben's who has been chosen as the new superintendent of the settlement house," the girl began, enthusiastically. "He is doing splendid work there, but he needs others to help him. It is interesting work. Ben has been doing some, and he thought I could do something for——" Her voice trailed off into silence as she saw the growing displeasure in her aunt's face.

"Helene! What interest can you have in such low work as that? Of course, if you want to give them some money, that's all right. But to go down there yourself! You surely weren't thinking of that?" Mrs. Mason wiped her hands with her fine lace handkerchief.

"Yes, Aunt Mary," Helene said calmly, "I was thinking of doing that very thing." After a moment she added, "We do so little here."

She paced back and forth nervously as though the slight inaction of standing still was distasteful.

Mrs. Mason looked at her niece pityingly. "You aren't very well, Helene. I shall call Dr. Wain to see what is the cause of your sudden nervousness," she said in a low, calm voice.

"I'm not nervous, nor ill," answered the girl quickly. "But I'm tired of doing nothing."

"My dear," Mrs. Mason's voice still had the trace of pity in it. "What has excited you so?"

"Don't treat me like a baby," Helene pleaded, her face more flushed than when she entered. "I want to do something. I've just begun to realize that fact. The chance at the settlement house is a good beginning."

"Do something!" Mrs. Mason sighed. "For goodness sake aren't you busy enough with all your affairs now?"

Helene sighed wearily. "Yes, too busy!"

"Then," suggested Mrs. Mason, "if you really want to do charity work, you can help a great deal with this ball."

She did not see Helene's look of disgust. "There's enough to do to please even you," the older woman continued, more to herself than to the girl, "decorations, invitations, programs, refresh——"

"Aunt Mary!" Helene's eyes were blazing. "Do you call that charity work, paying a little more money for pleasure than we usually do, and turning the surplus over to some wealthy institution?"

Mrs. Mason raised her eyebrows and shook her head disconsolately. "Really, Helene, I think you had better go to your room till you become a little more composed."

"Can't you see what I mean?" Helene pleaded, ignoring her aunt's suggestion. "I have just begun to realize it myself. Sometimes I almost hate——"

"Then you haven't been happy here?" Mrs. Mason's voice showed her anxiety, though her face was as cold and calm as usual. She waited a moment for the girl's answer, and then continued. "I have tried to make you happy here, and hoped you would like our lovely home."

"Oh, I do, Aunt Mary, I do," Helene said earnestly. "It is the most beautiful house I have ever known. You know how I love its beauty, don't you?"

Mrs. Mason looked around her own room with a satisfied air. "I have spared neither thought nor money in planning it all."

"And the result is lovely, but——" the girl hesitated. "It's this way. You and I love all these beautiful things—and we have them. But there are girls who love them as much as I do, and who can't have them. You have shown me so much of beauty that I should like to pass some of it on to others. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Mason had been sketching idly with her pen, while Helene spoke. The girl's appreciation had pleased her more than she wished to show.

"Well," she said slowly, "I suppose if your heart is set on doing that work, you might as well."

"Thank you," Helene said simply.

Mrs. Mason turned again to her desk and sorted the pile of letters there. Helene made no movement towards the door.

"Aunt Mary," she said softly. "You have the sense of what is beautiful. May I come to you when I need help?"

Mrs. Mason nodded. Helene could not see her smile and her glistening eyes.

The girl walked out shutting the door softly behind her. "I'm sure she'll be nice to you tonight, Ben," she murmured, "I'm sure she will."

She walked to her room and stood once more in the doorway. Her eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks were still aglow. She glanced quickly around the room, and then took a few steps forward. She stood still again, looking around as though finding something strange and yet appropriate. What was it? The room was unchanged.

"My beautiful room," she said. There was no doubt in her voice.

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### GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

Louise Reinecke, '17

It is vitally interesting to see the practical development of a plan about which one has read. Recently, I visited the George Junior Republic.

One might call this a "branch republic" because it is managed on a smaller scale than the one at Freeport, N. Y. It has only eighteen boy and fourteen girl citizens. These children have been sent for various reasons, some through the Juvenile Court, and others by parents because the children are unmanageable at home. Most of these citizens are holding public offices in this miniature republic, elected by the other citizens. It is interest-

ing to know that the President of the Republic is a girl, since woman's suffrage holds sway here.

The buildings are rather plain and unattractive, with the exception of the girls' dormitory, "Apple Blossom Inn," and the boys' dormitory, "White House Inn." The other buildings are a court house, a school building of two rooms, one for High School and the other for Grades; a church, power house, and laundry. The court house contains a jail and here the judges meet every week to try all the cases which come up. These boy and girl judges who make the rules themselves are far more severe than any adult would be. The penalties for crimes consist of wearing a certain uniform, signifying that the culprit is "under the government" and no other citizen can speak to him; departure to one's room directly after school hours, and deprivation of other privileges.

The work consists in helping to keep the houses clean, farming, laundry work and school. Self-support and earning money find a basis here. The republic's coinage is aluminum money, with which the citizens are paid for any work they do and which they use to hire work done for them. They pay for room and board, also.

Social life is not lacking. Any opportunities for celebrations, such as birthdays and holidays, are taken advantage of.

The whole spirit of the Republic can be summed up in this extract from a letter of one of the citizens, the "chief arresting officer":

"We have grown very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Brunner (superintendents), they are indeed fine people and they help us to see more of the right instead of the wrong. Our government is progressing fine now; it is indeed clearer and purer in its workings than I have ever seen it before. . . ."

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# EDITORIALS

It is with mixed feelings that the Seniors, in this, their number of The Sorosis, express their sentiments concerning their departure from their Alma Mater. We say "mixed feelings"

**AFTER COLLEGE—WHAT?** for, while there exists in the heart of every one of us a feeling of satisfaction over the fact that we have practically reached the point in our academic career for which we have so long been striving, still we are seized by an uncontrollable reluctance to pass out of the life in which we have been participating for four years, and to leave the friends with whom association has meant so much. Hence Commencement is a time of both pleasure and sadness.

But fortunately for us, we do not pass out of P. C. W. forever, for as members of the Alumnae Association, it will be our privilege and pleasure to deepen our interest in the welfare and development of our Alma Mater. We owe much to our school for all it has done for us. And whatever we can do, educationally or materially for its advancement, we shall consider a privilege.



At any rate, we are equipped to repay in some form of service the College, the individuals, the community and the state that have made possible for us a College Education. What particular forms such service may take is of secondary importance; the fact that we make use of the power we have acquired in these sixteen years of training, is of vital significance. College women are being continually called upon today in every activity of life. We have no idea in what field we shall be asked to concentrate our efforts, but in whatever community we may find ourselves, it is our duty and privilege to enter into the activities in which we are needed and to repay in a small measure the opportunities which society has for years been bestowing upon us.

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to express her appreciation to the members of the Staff and to the members of the Student Body for their loyalty and co-operation throughout the year.

“Miss Coolidge will end her official duties as Dean of the College at the end of the school year.” This announcement, made in Chapel, fell like a thunderbolt—and a most heart-rending one—on the hearts of the assembled group. Of course, individuals had heard rumors before the announcement, and indeed these rumors had been all too sufficiently verified, but there was something about the actual and official statement that made the fact loom darker than ever.

It is not only needless and superfluous to mention how much our Miss Coolidge has meant—no, does mean—to us; it is impossible. The practical results of her labors are easily defined. Miss Coolidge came to the College at the time of its most critical crisis; we all know in what a chaotic and dangerous condition affairs were at that time, and especially obvious to us is her great part in raising the College to its present splendid academic and social rank.

But as for her more subtle and valuable influence, it is just as obvious as the practical work but so much more difficult to de-

fine. It seems unfortunate that the most expressive words of our language are made trite by all too constant and often unfitting usage. Just now we could wish that this were not the case, for we feel the need of the strongest word to express a beautiful thought and we find this word to be "Personality." For it is her loving interest in "each" girl's welfare—her beautiful kindness to all, that has made her the dominant influence in the finer sides of the College life.

That our school will go on, even progress, we realize. Miss Coolidge's work has been too valuable and deep-rooted to warrant anything but the utmost success. Although the formal statement in Chapel occasioned emotion of the deepest sadness, we all felt there was one redemption in the statement. "Official" duties were designated as those which Miss Coolidge would sever, and although this break is sad enough, we find the utmost satisfaction and joy in the knowledge that she will continue to be ours in heart and mind, and that her personality will manifest itself through all the future history of the College.

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## CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

### Omega

The regular monthly meeting of Omega was held Monday afternoon, April 9th. The program consisted of the presentation and discussion of the novel "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Miss Claster, and a sketch of the writer's life by Miss Sterling. The hostesses for the afternoon were Miss Fournier and Miss McKenzie.

### Deutscher Verein

The members of the Deutscher Verein are planning to have a gala celebration for their next meeting, which will be an outdoor one, attended by a feste of song and an all round good time.

**Y. W. C. A.**

The Y. W. C. A. meeting on April 11th, was a Sophomore service. Miss Farr was the leader, and her subject was on "Friendship."

The Freshmen had charge of the service on Wednesday morning, April 28th. Miss Shipley led the meeting, and several very interesting articles were read by members of the class.

Miss Evans led the Y. W. C. A. on May 9th. The subject was on "Conferences," and Miss Marjorie Errett gave a very interesting talk on last summer's Conference at Eaglesmere.

**Mandolin Club**

The Mandolin Club has fulfilled a number of engagements under the auspices of the Tuesday Musical Club.

On Thursday evening, April 19th, the P. C. W. girls, with some of the members of the Tuesday Musical Club, gave a concert at the Springfield School. The audience was large and very appreciative.

On Thursday evening, April 26th, the Club gave a programme for the Men's Club of Homestead. Miss Butterfield sang several charming selections, and Mrs. Mellor, an alumna of P. C. W., played the violin. The programme was completed by a reading by Miss Paul.

The Mandolin Club was invited to give a programme on Saturday afternoon, April 28th, for the Italian Mission. It was the last meeting of the Children's Club before their removal to the recently completed Italian United Presbyterian Church.

The Mandolin Club undoubtedly showed the results of laborious and intelligent practice this year, when the annual Tech-P. C. W. concert took place in the Assembly Hall, on the evening of April 20th.

**Phi Pi**

One of the great events of the Spring term took place, when the members of the Dramatic Club and of Phi Pi presented

Plautus' "Menæchmi," on the evening of Saturday, April 28th. The success of the play was evident by the warm expression of appreciation and thorough enjoyment by all who were in the audience.

The closing meeting for this year of Phi Pi was held Monday afternoon, May 7th. A most delightful programme was enjoyed, at which Miss Green presented her paper, "Exsequitus Præcepta Sibyllæ," which she had read the week before, before the the Classical Association, when it was convening here in Pittsburgh. The hostesses for this afternoon were Miss Hooff, Miss Warriek, Miss Lowman and Miss Woodburn.

### Titian Tinters

At last the Titian Tinters have made their annual spring appearance in skirts of a "reddish" hue. The Club is slightly diminished each year, so get busy and canvas among your "Titian Haired" acquaintances and increase the membership for next year.

Qualifications for membership consist of a red head (anyone found with dyed hair will be court-martialed), freckles, and a fiery temper; also a jar of cold cream! Mrs. Draiss, because of previous similar affliction, has consented to be our honorary member.

Miss McEllroy is President for the season of 1917-18. Big things are planned.

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### LECTURES

On Wednesday morning, April 11th, it was the privilege of everyone to attend a most interesting and enjoyable presentation of the Luther Anniversary Celebration. The programme was arranged under the kind supervision of Miss Brownson and aided by the students of the History Department. The College students and Faculty entered into the spirit of the occasion by singing two of Martin Luther's most famous hymns, directed by Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew. Mr. Mayhew also sang a solo from one of the most well-known compositions of this celebrated au-

thor. A portion from the opera "Martin Luther" was delightfully given by the Misses Estelle Miller and Mary Richards. The following is the order of the programme:

Hymn—"All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord."

"The Significance of the Year 1517 in German History"...

.....Miss Claster

"Martin Luther as a Poet and Musician of the Reformation"

.....Miss Sterling

Solo—"Great God, What Do We See and Hear?"

.....Mr. Mayhew

"Martin Luther as a Translator and Interpreter of Scriptures"

.....Miss Workman

Music—March from Opera "Martin Luther".....Lortzing

Misses Estelle Miller and Mary Richards

"The Influence of Luther upon the Present Day World"...

.....Miss Estelle Shepard

Hymn—"Ein Feste Burg."

During the lecture hour April 18th, Mr. Mayhew, accompanied by Mrs. Mayhew, gave a most delightful musical recital. He prefaced his programme by describing briefly the very early musical instrument, the lute, and by presenting in short, the growth and development of music. Following one or two shorter compositions, Mr. Mayhew sang a cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud." Running through it, will be remembered the three distinct themes of madness, war, and longing, which made the interpretation so realistic.

In Chapel Wednesday morning, April 25th, Dr. Usher, a missionary to Armenia, gave a most interesting little talk. In telling about his work there, he spoke particularly of his relations with the Turks, and gave some of their ideas concerning their own religion, with which he contends continually when working among them.

In Chapel, April 26th, suitable celebration was observed of the French and Lafayette, when Miss Rogers, representing the student body, gave a very interesting and delightful sketch of Lafayette and his coming to America one hundred and forty years ago.

Professor Knapp, of Bernard College, gave an intensely interesting lecture April 26th, on the subject, "Roman Travels of Plautus and Terence." After speaking for a little time about the works of Terence and Plautus, and about the style of each writer—the extraordinary narrative ability and perfect art of the one, and the inartistic, but amusing fun of the other—he told us about several customs observed in traveling as implied in the plays. There was very little travel by land, but mostly by boat and beyond the seas, and it seems that there were three motives which always prompted the mediaeval people to travel. The longer trips for business, which lasted two or three years; war travel; and lastly, but by no means least, travel for pleasure. The conveyances used were ships chiefly, and also chariots.

These and many more customs, Dr. Knapp related to us as freshly as he had found them among our Roman writers Plautus and Terence.

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### MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Thursday afternoon recitals continue to be events of joy. The programmes vary most delightfully, and it is extremely gratifying to see the large number of students who take part each month.

On the evening of Friday, May 11th, in the Assembly Hall of the College, the Misses Estelle Miller and Ruth Seaman gave a most delightful concert. Both artists did splendid work and the innovation (since it was not a commencement concert) was most agreeable. Mrs. Mayhew accompanied Miss Seaman.

The Commencement concert was held in the Assembly Hall on the evening of Friday, May 25th. It did not fall short of the usual excellence of these concerts.

The open meeting of the Whitmer Musical Club was held on Monday, April 30th. A splendid programme was given, which a large audience most sincerely appreciated.

It is with a feeling of great pride that we should consider the many musical programmes, participated in by the girls of our College. The splendid concerts which take place right at



the College speak for themselves in their excellence, and it is only necessary to mention the great increase in the number of girls who so efficiently take part in them.

But it must be remembered that our fame is spreading far abroad and very numerous are the requests for our musicians in outside entertainments. It is noteworthy that in spite of the manifold duties, common to all the girls, these talented members are unselfish enough to devote a large part of their time to extra work, thereby graciously giving great pleasure to many and especially showering laurels upon their Alma Mater.

In no department of the College is there shown a more enviable record than in the Music Department.

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### SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Under the supervision of Captain N. Mollie Davidson and Lieut. Minnie E. McGrew, the Azalea Troop of the National Organization of Girl Scouts has undertaken to help along the movement for home farming. A lot on S. Evaline Street that was offered to the Troop, is now being developed, and they hope soon to show some good results.

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### EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

The first public appearance of the "Woodland Players" took place on the evening of May 9th. A very delightful program was given before the Bellevue Woman's Club by these notable players—Charlotte Hunker, Josephine Paul, Mary Jane Paul and Eleanor Salinger.

On April 30th, Miss Kerst appeared in an interesting programme at a club in Vandergrift. The proceeds are to be used for summer playground work.

The Faculty Tea, at which Miss Kerst was hostess, May 16th, was a particularly delightful one. Under Miss Kerst's direction, an extremely interesting programme was presented by the above-mentioned "Woodland Players."

The private students in Expression will give their annual recital in the Assembly Hall of the College on the evening of June 1st. The programme will be as follows:

- "The Selfish Giant".....Oscar Wilde  
Musical Setting—Lisa Lehman  
Charlotte Hunker
- "Tradition" (a play).....George Middleton  
Mary Jane Paul
- "His First Wife".....Alice Brown
- "Mother Goes a-Marching" (illustrated)..Edmund Vance Cook
- "War" (illustrated) .....Alter Brody  
Eleanor Salinger
- "The Lost Silk Hat".....Lord Dunsany  
Josephine Paul

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### COLLEGE NOTES

Miss Florence H. Root, of Northampton, Massachusetts,, will succeed Miss Coolidge as Dean. Miss Root will be remembered in the College and in the city as an instructor here for three years. She has, since that time, been teaching at Smith College, besides pursuing work at that College and at Columbia University, from which place she comes to us. Miss Root has left with those who knew her here, a very loving memory which has been handed down to us and she will be sure of a most hearty welcome and sympathetic co-operation.

Can too much be said upon the subject of the Latin play in which the entire College had so vital an interest? Its excellence has been remarked by all; its perfection marveled at. We hope that one more slight mention may not be trite—that is to remark upon the great pride we must all take in its hearty reception by the connoisseurs who were our guests that evening.

The criticisms—and these all favorable to the n-th degree—were too hearty and sincere to be merely formal. Our noted visitors really appreciated the splendid performance and were

not loath to tell us so. After all, hearty guffaws and outbursts of most enjoyable laughter are not signs of forced politeness.

The true sign of the waning year—elections finished! We have much reason to congratulate ourselves over the sanity of early elections for much of the flurry and worry of former years (how antique we do feel) have been eliminated.

It need scarcely be said that the elections are most satisfactory, and aside from the fact that the officers on duty now feel almost “out of it,” everybody seems well pleased.

When an individual “now and then” complains of over work, she can very readily be stopped short by the inquiry of “What if you had May Day practice?” Lovely as this event always is—and delightful—we think the College as a whole can not help considering it as too much work for an annual event. Especially is this true since our former May Days, on account of their superior degree of excellence, hold us up to so high a standard that even a similar degree seems most difficult. This year we have further reason to be thankful since the elements would have been unfavorable to any out-door performance. As it is, they are so conducting themselves as to have nature burst forth in all its elegance for the occasion of the Senior Play.

The graduating class of this year are innovators as respects their handling of their class play. They are the first to charge admittance, but to such a noble purpose are the receipts to be put, that in spite of the sorrow which always accompanies radical reform, they can not help feeling a certain degree of pride and satisfaction. The fund is to be turned over to a committee who are to use it in the Y. M. C. A. camp work, which is receiving such deserving attention at this time. The College feels that no purpose could be more noble than that of moral uplift among our country's young men in the military camps with their peculiar dangers and temptations. The entire faculty and student body have taken up the financial end of the play with a most hearty

and sympathetic diligence and the glory of the work cannot help but reflect upon the College as a whole.

Red Cross Classes are continuing weekly. They are very largely attended and aside from the fear of the hovering examinations, the members find them most interesting.

The noted French diplomats who are the guests of our country, could not help feeling a great degree of pride had they but known our interest and appreciation over their intended visit and our grievous disappointment over its failure. We surely would have been "there" to greet them and we know they would have cared for us.

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### FACULTY NOTES

We learn with deep regret that several members of our faculty will not be with us during the coming year. Those who are leaving are Miss Abbott, Miss Allen, Fraulein Randolph, and Miss Marjorie Stewart. We shall miss each one of them; wherever they are, our very best wishes for their success will follow them.

Mrs. Mayhew has just completed her term of two years as president of the Tuesday Musical Club, and has been elected first vice president for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew appeared on the programme of the musical festival, held in Kaufmann's Auditorium during the entire week of May 14th. They both appeared in groups of songs.

The faculty wishes to make known to the public generally, a change of interest in selection of plays. Although there was no theatre party as in the case of "Mother Carey's Chickens," many of the faculty attended, individually or in groups, Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." They thought the dialogue very clever and aside from a certain doubt as to the author's real purpose or meaning, they enjoyed it quite as much as they did their former theatrical treat.

N. B.—This occasion was not a dress-up one.

Our President, Mr. Wilson, asserts that one of the chief requirements for a volunteer is complete knowledge of the particular sphere of duty, he—or she—is about to enter. Acknowledging this, we beg leave to claim and assert that we have as capable and efficient a group of volunteers as the country could produce. In the deepest and most obscure departments of science are they versed and, furthermore, they are not selfish in devulging their remarkable knowledge. Of course, it is of the faculty that we speak, and merely as an example of their scintillating brilliance we have been officially permitted to publish the following, volunteered at the Faculty table: "The duty of the mosquito fleet is to sail close along the length of the Atlantic coast, enter the coves and pour oil on the stagnant waters there, to drive away the mosquitoes and thus remove the danger of malaria."

We ask you: In the light of this marvellous knowledge, is not the absolute lack of any ostentation almost appalling in its wonder?

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### ALUMNAE NEWS

Jean Gray, '13, has secured a position as physical director at Cornell Summer Cehool.

The Sorosis extends its sympathy to Mrs. Jennie McSherry Smith, '03, on the death of her husband, Spencer Ramsey Smith.

Edith Gray, '06, has been visiting in Philadelphia, where she spent several days with her classmate, Willa McMitt.

The Sorosis extends its sympathy to Mrs. Helen Thomas Larimer, '04, on the death of her mother.

Mrs. George Porter, '99, visited her home in Cincinnati, O., at Easter time.

Eleanor Fitzgibbon, '03, entertained out-of-town members of the Drama League, at the William Penn. She also entertained the League at tea the next day.

Janet Brownlee and Anne Rutherford, both of '14, visited their respective sisters over the week-end and enjoyed the Latin play immensely.



# CLASSNOTES

## SENIOR SQUIBS

### Miss Coolidge's Departure

The Seniors wish to express their appreciation of the fact that we have been allowed to sit at the feet of a master. We cannot tell what Miss Coolidge's personality has meant to us, but she has inspired us with her ideals and her philosophy of life. We have known her more intimately in our class work than any of the other classes and love has been added to our respect for her.

### Seek and Ye Shall Find

The Sorosis takes great pleasure in announcing the addition of a member to the Van Eman family. His return was quite as abrupt as his departure, but he seems to have acquired some very aristocratic tastes, which may have to be overcome. A taxicab seems to be his favorite mode of conveyance and it may cost the Van Eman family considerable cash before they break him of this extravagant habit. The three years of his disappearance seem to have dropped completely from his mind, for he is unable to enlighten them as to his experiences. Even his name seems



to have slipped from his memory. This experience will furnish Aline with a nice little problem in psychology which she may work out at her leisure. Dick is certainly "some" canine!

### **A Sketch of the Imagination**

Have you seen the Seniors' tulip bed? If you haven't, just take the incline and gaze at this marvel of color and symmetry of form. Of course, one couldn't expect them all to come out on the same day, but let's blame that on the weather. It's a nifty idea at any rate. We shall be glad to see any bed rival this one for beauty and subtle significance.

### **"Dust Unto Dust"**

We are down to last things and nobody realizes this more than the Seniors, who hear this mournful lament continually: "This is the last time!" So here we are in the Sorosis again and we appreciate the delicate tribute of making the last number a Senior number. Read, undergrads, and bow before the accumulated knowledge of years! Of course, we don't feel superior, but you will be in the same position, yourself, sometime and then you will join with us in the acknowledgement of how little you do know.

### **The Donning of the Cap**

The Juniors have attained their majority and have exposed themselves to public view in the academic cap and gown. There was quite an imposing procession of Juniors and Seniors, and we feel quite sure that we can intrust the dignity of the College to these worthy successors. Wear them often, Juniors, wear them often!

### **In the Language of the Departed**

We must not neglect to mention the distinguished efforts of our members in the Latin play. At last Helen has revealed her true nature and we see her as she is. We have always suspected it of her, but now she admits her shrewish disposition by this remarkable piece of acting. Miss Crandall and Miss Gokey

rendered music in the most feeling manner. Their souls seemed so carried away that frequently they forgot to stop, but these professional actors did not allow this to interfere with the rendering of the lines and the play went merrily on.

### For the Inner Man

Not having had a square meal for some time, the Seniors lately regaled themselves with a lucious spread. Our customary decorations of a table cloth and ice-in-the-water were carried out charmingly and the "eats" were quite superior, as usual. Sparkling wit graced the board and the trenchers were plentifully filled and refilled. No one has suffered any ill effects as yet, which all goes to show what a healthy bunch we are.\*

### A Study in Anatomy

Miss White has proved indisputably the fact that she has a backbone. We have always suspected this, but she can conceal it no longer for it has bravely come to the front. She has refused a request of the class which would undoubtedly cover her with honor and incidentally some of this glory would reflect upon our class. But we forgave her on the promise that she would never again exhibit her backbone in this unseemly manner.

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### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Anyone desiring a musical training, with special attention directed toward the aesthetic sense, can inquire at the Junior Den, where all the latest tunes are not only massacred by song, but also by tasty illustrations on such tender love ballads as "They're Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii, etc."

We are glad to announce that we are the proud possessors of a Debating Club. The subject of the previous debate was: "Shall We Send Our Man to War?" "Dot" Minor and Ruth Logan advanced strong patriotic arguments for the defense, but Helen Leitch appealed to the tender feelings of their hearts and ended with the same sob that Miss Rankin used when she gave her "No" on a similar occasion.

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\* Editor's Note: "The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee."

Aren't we just the grandest, noblest and most impressive sight, in our caps and gowns? Could any spectator gaze upon our sombre procession into Chapel without a feeling of awe and wonder at such a bevy of intelligent beauties? How proudly we wear our new collars!—a few were inside out and a few were not as straight as nature had planned, but the judicial poise of our caps alone made up for all such minor deficiencies.

Tell us, fond reader, what has come over our dear friend, Mr. Putnam? Have you heard that he gave a cut to not only his Thursday class, but also—wonderful to relate—to his Friday class also. This is the first time in the history of our noble class that this has occurred.

Also and moreover—Has Mr. Putnam reversed his ideas on Woman's Suffrage? As we passed his classroom we distinctly heard: "Mrs. Carlisle was well nigh as gifted a man as her husband."

The Red Cross work is progressing nicely and our progressive students are looking forward to the day when some one of their acquaintance will require some bandaging. We are proud to state that Marianne Rea has been elected president of the Junior Red Cross.

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### SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

#### To the Seniors

We've known you but a brief two years and loved you well  
And now, when you're about to leave, we'll have to tell  
That school for us will be quite dull and gray,  
When you have finished here and gone away.  
But what we wish the most to say is simply this:  
We wish you joy, success, the best of happiness,  
We wish your lives full, rich and deep  
With all the blessings which good deeds can reap.  
And in the years to come, while memory yet  
Holds fast her office here—we shan't forget  
How high a place you've held in our esteem  
Beloved sister-class of Seventeen.

—M. A. C.

## Astronomy

O Heavens, boundless, great beyond compare,  
 How ignorant we mortals stand and stare  
 At scenes too marvelous for earthly thoughts,  
 Those mysteries in the sky which God hath wrought.  
 The gems that dot the azure wall,  
 Such constellations our pigmy minds appall!  
 How can the planetary system move just so—  
 What makes our world turn—we don't know;  
 But one thing we can know and understand—  
 How great is God whose perfect hand made such  
                   things be,  
 While Man, most noble earthly being, how small  
                   and insignificant is he!

—M. A. C.

We are constantly discovering new and strange phenomena in Chemistry. The latest is Miss Butterfield's idea of a saint. A few weeks ago, she startled us with the following outburst: "Ladies! I'm going to be a saint, for a change." (and breathless we waited). "I'm going over the entire first four groups in the Qualitative Analysis with you, and all you'll have to do for tomorrow will be to memorize them." !!!!!!

Another wholly unexpected discovery was the one Miss Butterfield announced only a day or two ago. "Putty," she said, is a mixture of calcium carbonate and oil." (We extend our sincerest sympathies to poor Mr. Putnam.)

The Current Events class is about to publish a dictionary of exceptionally new and novel definitions like the following: Vodka—Russian council which meets every once in so often. The Slough of Despond—Germany. Embargo—Load which a vessel carries. Greatest University in the world—P. C. W.

Miss Green entertained the Sophomores Friday afternoon, May 13th, in the Drawing Rooms, which were artistically decorated for the occasion with rose and white. A thoroughly delightful, happy afternoon was spent, during which an informal

musical programme afforded much pleasure, and very lovely refreshments, which were carried out in the class colors, were served. The enjoyment and real pleasure which everyone had, only formed a fit close to a year's festivity and fun together, and I dare say every Sophomore now feels herself bound more loyally than ever to her own true class—1919.

Margaret Thoburn has a very keen method of identifying unknown persons. In trying to "place" a woman who had asked for her, Margaret inquired, "Does she have sort of straight teeth?"

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### FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshmen are entirely too modest even to mention the great success of their class party. That event is passed over in silence.


After much excitement and many attempts at class meetings, Clara Graham was elected president for next year.

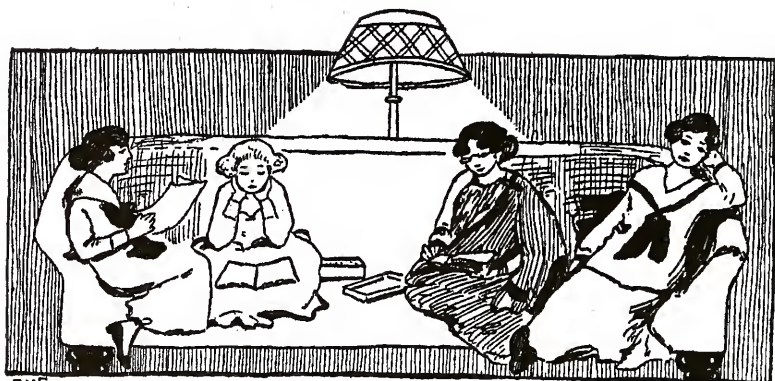
One of our members does not strongly favor the present "back to the soil" movement. She announced quite publicly that a farm-hand would not appeal to her.

The members of German 6 are endeavoring to cultivate a sense of humor. Everyone can see the point of her own joke, but those of the others are quite obscure.

The Freshmen are seriously considering financing a theatrical venture. After the great talent exhibited at the class party there should be no trouble in producing opera, farce, or melodrama.

A chafing-dish has been found to be as complicated as an aeroplane and as dangerous as ocean travel. If you don't believe it, just ask Rita.





## HOUSE NOTES

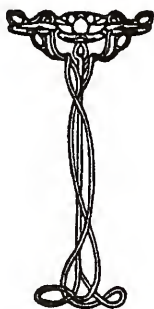
There is one thing that cannot be taken away from the House Juniors—they are an exceptionally congenial group. Seeing what a beautiful time the Seniors were having at their private table, and incidentally noting how brilliant they were becoming as a result of the tri-daily intercourse of exclusive and superior wit, sharpened by various and variant mental combats, the Juniors realized the benefit resultant from a class table. They claimed and received for their own exclusive use, an exclusive table with a most exclusive and delightful head. From the improvement in their general conduct the project has surely not been in vain.

Woodland Hall claims itself a factor than which there can be no more patriotic in the City of Pittsburgh. The whole house was down for breakfast on the tap of the last bell on the morning of May 7th, in anticipation of being among the first to greet the noted French visitors. Those not intimately acquainted with the habits of our dormitory cannot realize the infinite significance of this promptness, but our matron claims that the advertisement of the anticipated visitors was not wholly in vain.



On Easter Sunday, Miss Coolidge was the speaker at Vespers. The soloists of the evening were the Misses Seaman and Mr. Mayhew. The entire service was a beautiful one, and appropriate to the occasion.

Miss Brownson, Dr. Lawson and Rev. Kerr, of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, were also speakers at Vespers during the past month, and interesting subjects were presented by all of them.



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